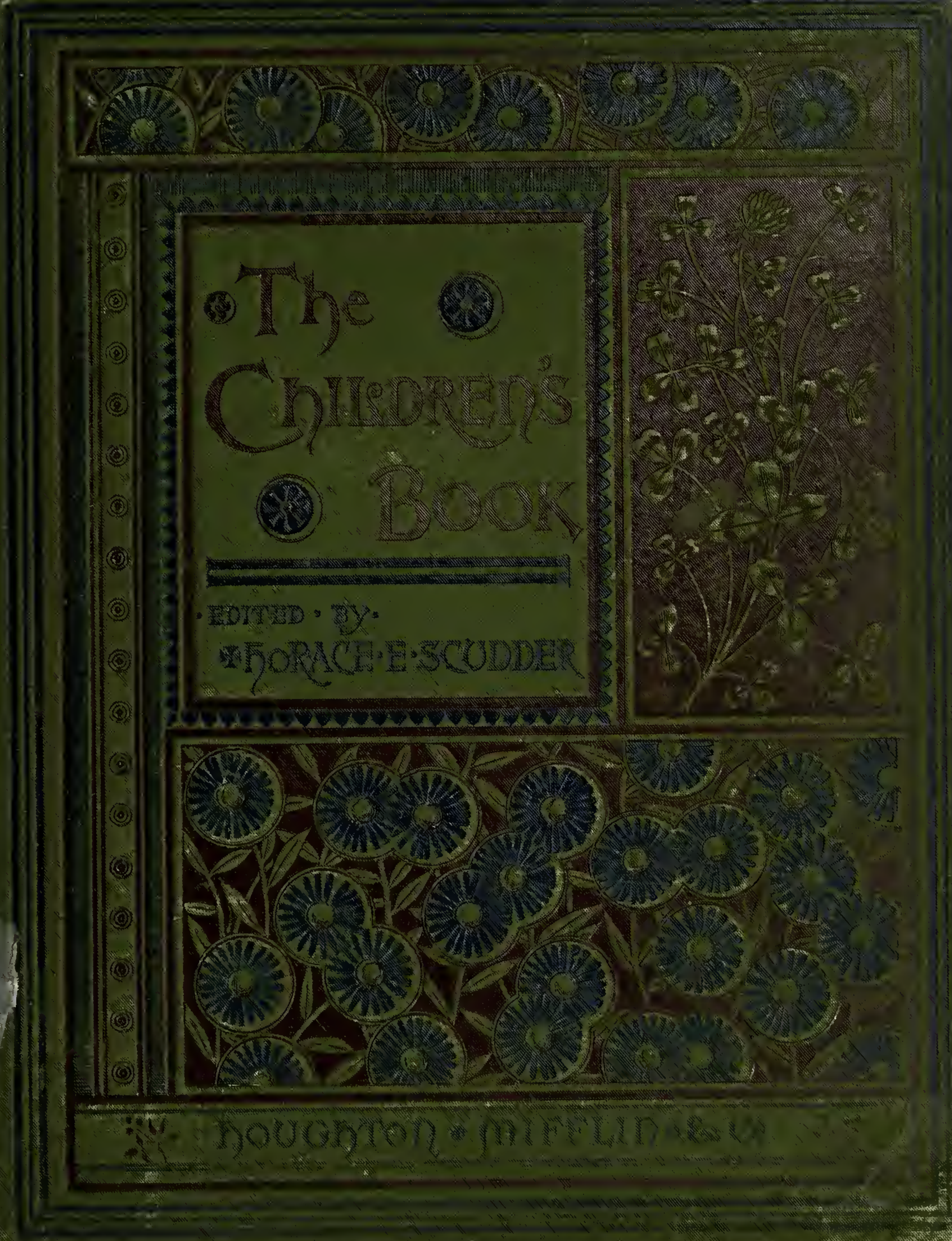

The Children's Book

EDITED BY

HORACE E SCUDDER

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THE CHILDREN'S BOOK

A COLLECTION OF THE BEST AND MOST FAMOUS STORIES AND POEMS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

CHOSEN BY

HORACE E. SCUDDER

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON
PUBLISHED BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

THE BOOK OF FABLES.

PAGE
The Wolf and the Lamb 1
The Fox and the Grapes 1
The Tortoise and the Hare 1
The Cat and the Mice 2
The Farmer and his Sons 2
The Woman and her Maids 2
The Two Packs 2
The Frogs ask for a King 3
The Fox in the Well 3
The Wolf and the Crane 3
The Cat, the Weasel, and the Young Rabbit . 4
The Lion and the Mouse 5
The Goose that laid Golden Eggs 5
The Boys and the Frogs 6
The Lion, the Ass, and the Fox 6
The Astrologer 6
The Shepherd-Boy and the Wolf 6
The Farmer's Sons 6
The Stag and the Lion 7
Hercules and the Wagoner 7
The Sun and the Wind 8
Belling the Cat 8
The Farmer and the Stork 8
The Crab and his Mother 8
The Cat, the Monkey, and the Chestnuts . . 9
The Crow and the Pitcher 9
The Lion and the Fox 9
A Country Fellow and a River 9
The Belly and the Members 10
The Fox that lost his Tail 10
The Archer and the Eagle 10
The Ant and the Grasshopper 10
The Crow and the Fox 11
The Jackdaw and the Doves 11
The Fox and the Lion 11
The Tortoise and the Eagle 12
The Boy and the Nettle 12
The Dog and the Wolf 12
The Boy that stole Apples 12
The Fox and the Stork 13
The Wolf and the Goat 13
The Lion in Love 13
PAGE
The Kite and the Pigeons 13
The Ass in the Lion's Skin 14
The Dog and his Shadow 14
The Lark and her Young Ones 14
The Traveler and the Viper 15
The Frog and the Ox 15
The Dog in the Manger 15
The Flies and the Pot of Honey 15
The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing 15
The Country Maid and her Milk-Pail . . 16
The Country Mouse and the Town Mouse . . 16
The Lioness and the Fox 16
The Miller, his Son, and their Ass . . . 17
The Wolves and the Sheep 17
The Spendthrift and the Swallow . . . 17
The Arab and his Camel 18
The Old Man and Death 18

The Choice of Hercules 18

THE BOOK OF WONDERS.

The Story of Chicken Licken 21
The Three Bears 22
The Elves and the Shoemaker 23
The Frog-Prince 24
The Jew in the Bush 25
The King of the Golden Mountain . . . 27
The Fisherman and his Wife 30
Jorinda and Jorindel 32
The Six Swans 34
Rumpel-Stilts-Kin 37
The Fair One with Golden Locks . . . 38
Little One Eye, Little Two Eyes, and Little Three Eyes 43
The Traveling Musicians 47
The White Cat 49
Prince Cherry 56
The Golden Bird 60
Riquet with the Tuft 64
The Nose 66
Hop-o'-my-Thumb 69

A FEW SONGS.

Little Birdie 75

PAGE
The Lamb . . . 75
The Child's Desire . . . 75
The Little Doves . . . 75
Pretty Cow . . . 76
Twinkle, Twinkle . . . 76
Willie Winkie . . . 76
The Same, with the Scotticisms changed . . . 77
Good-Night and Good-Morning . . . 77
Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild . . . 78
Lullaby . . . 78
Cradle Song . . . 78

THE BOOK OF POPULAR TALES.

Cinderella; or, the Glass Slipper . . . 79
Hans in Luck . . . 83
The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood . . . 85
Jack the Giant-Killer . . . 89
Tom Thumb . . . 96
Puss in Boots . . . 99
Little Red Riding-Hood . . . 103
Beauty and the Beast . . . 104
The History of Sir Richard Whittington and his Cat . . . 109
Blue Beard . . . 114
The History of Fortunatus . . . 117
Jack and the Bean-Stalk . . . 122
The History of Valentine and Orson . . . 127
Clever Alice . . . 132

THE BOOK OF STORIES IN VERSE.

The Children in the Wood . . . 134
Mary's Lamb . . . 136
The Spider and his Wife . . . 136
The Notorious Glutton . . . 137
Dirty Jack . . . 138
The Chatterbox . . . 138
Meddlesome Matty . . . 138
The Pin . . . 139
Never play with Fire . . . 139
The Pond . . . 140
The Cow and the Ass . . . 140
Nose and Eyes . . . 141
The Wind in a Frolic . . . 142
The Diverting History of John Gilpin . . . 142
The Spider and the Fly . . . 146
A Visit from St. Nicholas . . . 147
The Mountain and the Squirrel . . . 148
Holy Thursday . . . 148
An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog . . . 149
The Pied Piper of Hamelin . . . 149

STORIES FROM HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

The Constant Tin Soldier . . . 154
The Emperor's New Clothes . . . 157
PAGE
The Daisy . . . 159
The Ugly Duckling . . . 162
The Fir-Tree . . . 167
The Flax . . . 172
The Swineherd . . . 175
The Lovers . . . 178
Little Claus and Big Claus . . . 179
The Darning-Needle . . . 186
The Red Shoes . . . 188
The Nightingale . . . 191
The Princess on the Pea . . . 197
Holger Danske . . . 198
The Shepherdess and the Chimney-Sweep . . . 201
"What the Good-Man does is sure to be Right" 203
The Little Match Girl . . . 206
The Bell . . . 208

TALES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

I. Introduction . . . 211
II. The History of the Fisherman . . . 219
III. The Story of the Enchanted Horse . . . 222
IV. The Story of Aladdin; or, the Wonderful Lamp . . . 230
V. The Adventures of the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid . . . 255
VI. The History of Ali Baba, and of the Forty Robbers killed by one Slave . . . 284
VII. The Story of Sindbad the Sailor . . . 296
VIII. The Story of the Little Hunchback . . . 304
IX. The Story of the Barmecide Feast . . . 307

THE BOOK OF BALLADS.

John Barleycorn . . . 310
Robin Hood and Allin a Dale . . . 310
Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford . . . 312
The Hunting of the Cheviot . . . 313
King John and the Abbot of Canterbury . . . 318
Sweet William's Ghost . . . 320
Sir Patrick Spens . . . 320
The Heir of Linne . . . 322
The Dragon of Wantley . . . 326

THE BOOK OF FAMILIAR STORIES.

The Renowned History of Goody Two-Shoes . 328
The Renowned History of Mrs. Margery Two-Shoes . . . 335
Eyes, and no Eyes; or, the Art of Seeing . . . 339
The Boy without a Genius . . . 342
A Tale of Potted Sprats . . . 344
Waste not, Want not; or, Two Strings to your Bow . . . 346
The Discontented Pendulum . . . 360
A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT . . . 362

PAGE
TRAVELS OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN . . . 393
THE BOOK OF POETRY.
The Pet Lamb 403
Poor Susan 404
Epitaph on a Hare 404
Llewellyn and his Dog 405
Paul Revere's Ride 406
Lochinvar 409
Goody Blake and Harry Gill 410
How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix 412
Lucy Gray 413
PAGE
Old Ironsides 414
Horatius 415
The Skeleton in Armor 420
The Burial of Sir John Moore 423
Lord Ullin's Daughter 424
The Wreck of the Hesperus 425
The Beggar Maid 427
THE BOOK OF ANCIENT STORIES.
The Horse of Wood 428
The Cyclops 431
The Story of King Crœsus 436
The Expedition of the Argonauts . . . 441

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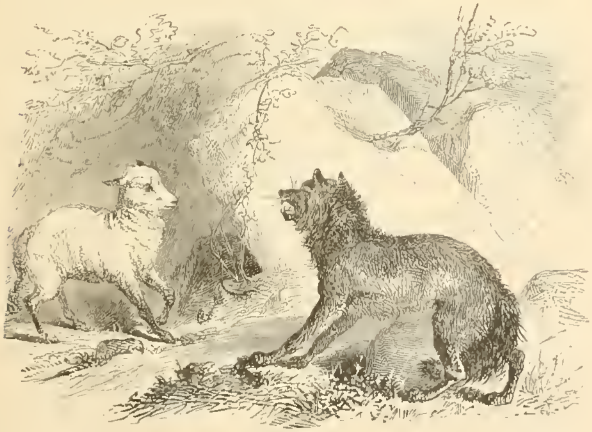
THE BOOK OF FABLES.

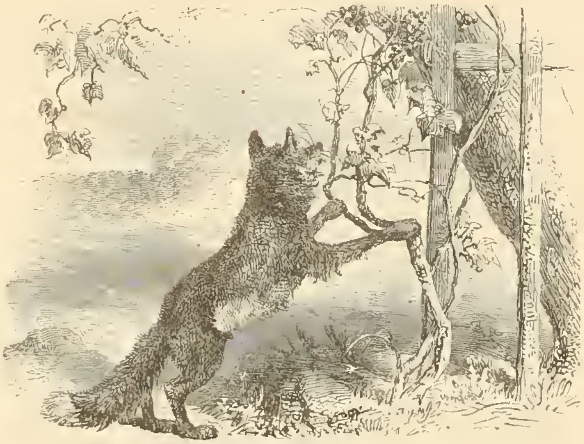
THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

As a Wolf was lapping at the head of a running brook, he spied a stray Lamb paddling at some distance down the stream. Having made up his mind to seize her, he bethought himself how he might justify his violence. “Villain,” said he, running up to her, “how dare you muddle the water that I am drinking?” “Indeed,” said the Lamb, humbly, “I do not see how I can disturb the water, since it runs from you to me, not from me to you.” “Be that as it may,” replied the Wolf, “it was but a year ago that you called me many ill names.” “O Sir,” said the Lamb, trembling, “a year ago I was not born.” “Well,” replied the Wolf, “if it was not you it was your father, and that is all the same; but it 's no use trying to argue me out of my supper;” and without another word he fell upon the poor, helpless Lamb and tore her to pieces.



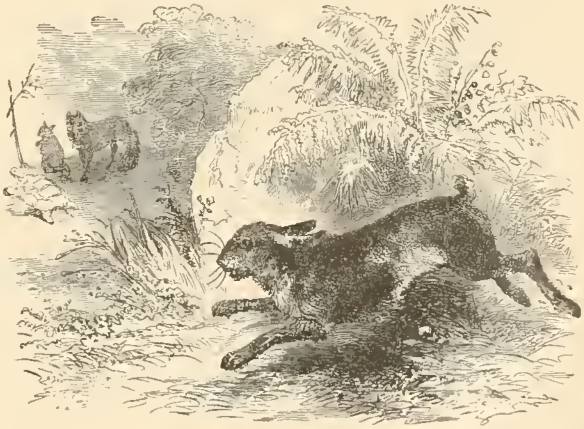
THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A Fox who was hungry discovered some bunches of grapes hanging from a vine high up a tree, and, as he gazed, longed to get at them, and could not: so he left them hanging there and went off muttering, “They 're sour grapes.”



THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE.

“What a dull, heavy creature,” says the Hare, “is this Tortoise.” “And yet,” says the Tortoise, “I 'll run with you for a wager.” “Done,” says the Hare, and then they ask the Fox to be the judge. They started together, and the Tortoise

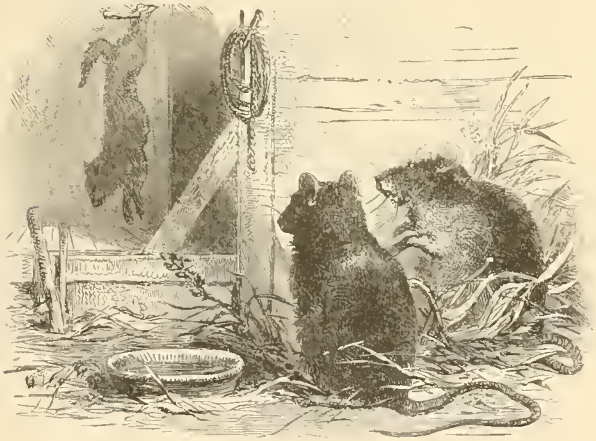


kept jogging on still, till he came to the end of the course. The Hare laid himself down midway and took a nap; "for," says he, "I can catch up with the Tortoise when I please." But it seems he overslept himself, for when he came to wake, though he scudded away as fast as possible, the Tortoise had got to the post before him and won the wager.

Slow and steady wins the race.

THE CAT AND THE MICE.

In a certain house there were many Mice. Now a Cat, hearing of this, went there and began to catch them and eat them up one by one. When the Mice were having this sorry time, they said among themselves: "Let us take time by the forelock and make our way to the eaves, that we may not be every one of us destroyed, for since the Cat cannot get there we shall be saved." Now when the Cat could not get at the Mice, he thought something must be done, and began to plan to get them out by some trick. Climbing up to a peg, and throwing himself off, he hung from it and pretended to be dead. One of the Mice peeping out saw him there and said: "Ah, you fellow, if you were a bag of meal itself we would n't come out to you."



The fable teaches that prudent men, when they have found out rascals, are not to be caught by their make-believe.

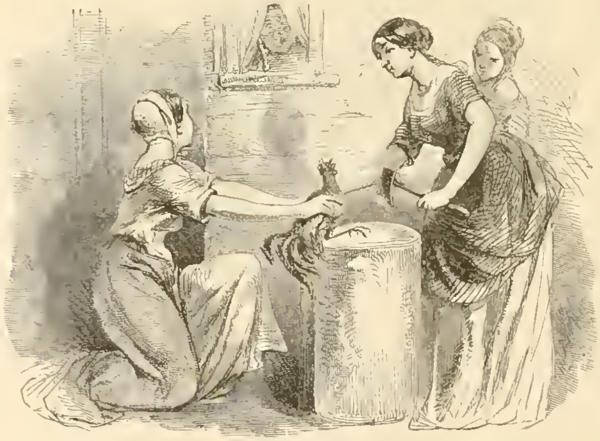
THE FARMER AND HIS SONS.

A farmer who had come to the end of his life wished his sons to make a trial of farming, and calling them to him, said: "Children, I am now finishing my life, but you will find all that belongs to me in the vineyard." So they, thinking it must contain a treasure-pot, took spades and plows, after the death of their father, and eagerly dug up all the soil. The treasure-pot, to be sure, they did not find, but the vineyard, being well dug over and improved, yielded an abundant store of grapes and made them rich.

The story teaches that hard work is man's treasure-pot.

THE WOMAN AND HER MAIDS.

A Widow, who was a notable housekeeper, was wont to wake her Maids and set them at work by cock-crow. And they, taking this very hard, thought it was only necessary to strangle the house cock, for they thought he was the cause of their ills, because he waked the mistress before dawn. When they had done this the lady of the house waked them earlier still, in the very middle of the night, for she could not tell when it was cock-crow.



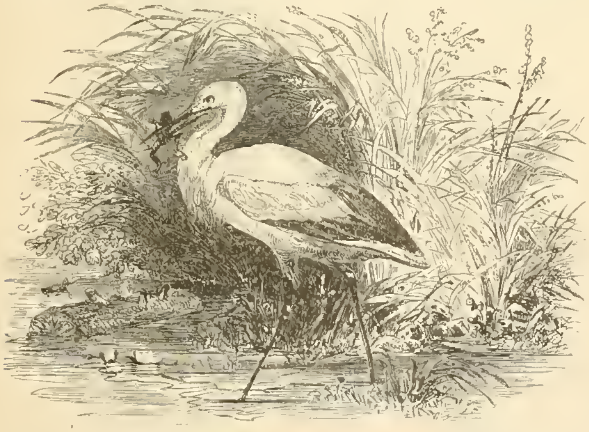
So it is that their own devices become the very breeders of evil to many men.

THE TWO PACKS.

Every man carries two packs, one in front, the other behind, and each is full of faults. But the one in front holds other people's faults, the one behind holds his own. And so it is that men do not see their own faults at all, but see very clearly indeed the faults of others.

THE FROGS ASK FOR A KING.

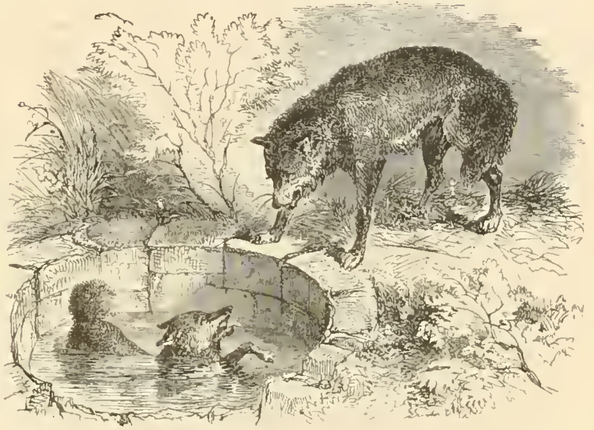
The Frogs being concerned at the free and easy way in which they were living, sent their elders to Jove to beg him to send them a king. Now he saw what simpletons they were and tossed a Log into the middle of the lake. The Frogs, frightened out of their senses, plunged at once into the very deepest holes. But after some time had passed, when they saw that the Log was stock still, they forgot their fright, and felt such contempt for it that they jumped up and sat on it. Thinking such a king not worth having, they went a second time to Jove, and asked him to change him. Then he gave them an Eel, but when they saw how stupid he was, they refused to receive him. So they went a third time to Jove, and wanted him to change this one too. And Jove, who was now angry, at once sent a Stork to them, who caught the Frogs and ate them up one by one.



The fable shows that it is well to trust God, and so to avoid wicked and troublesome rulers.

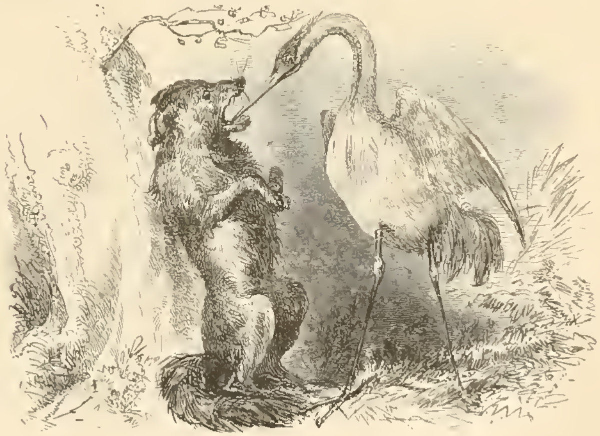
THE FOX IN THE WELL.

An unlucky Fox dropped into a well, and cried out for help. A Wolf overheard him, and looked down to see what the matter was. "Ah," says Reynard, "pray lend me your hand, friend, and get me out of this." "Poor creature," says the Wolf, "how did this come about? how long hast thou been here? thou must be mighty cold." "Come, come," says the Fox, "this is no time for pitying and asking questions; get me out of the well first, and I will tell you all about it afterward."



THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

A Wolf once had a bone stuck in his throat, and offered the Crane a large reward if she would thrust her head down and draw the bone out. She did so, and claimed the reward. At that, the Wolf set up a laugh, and showed his teeth: "Is n't it enough for you," he said, "to have this, and

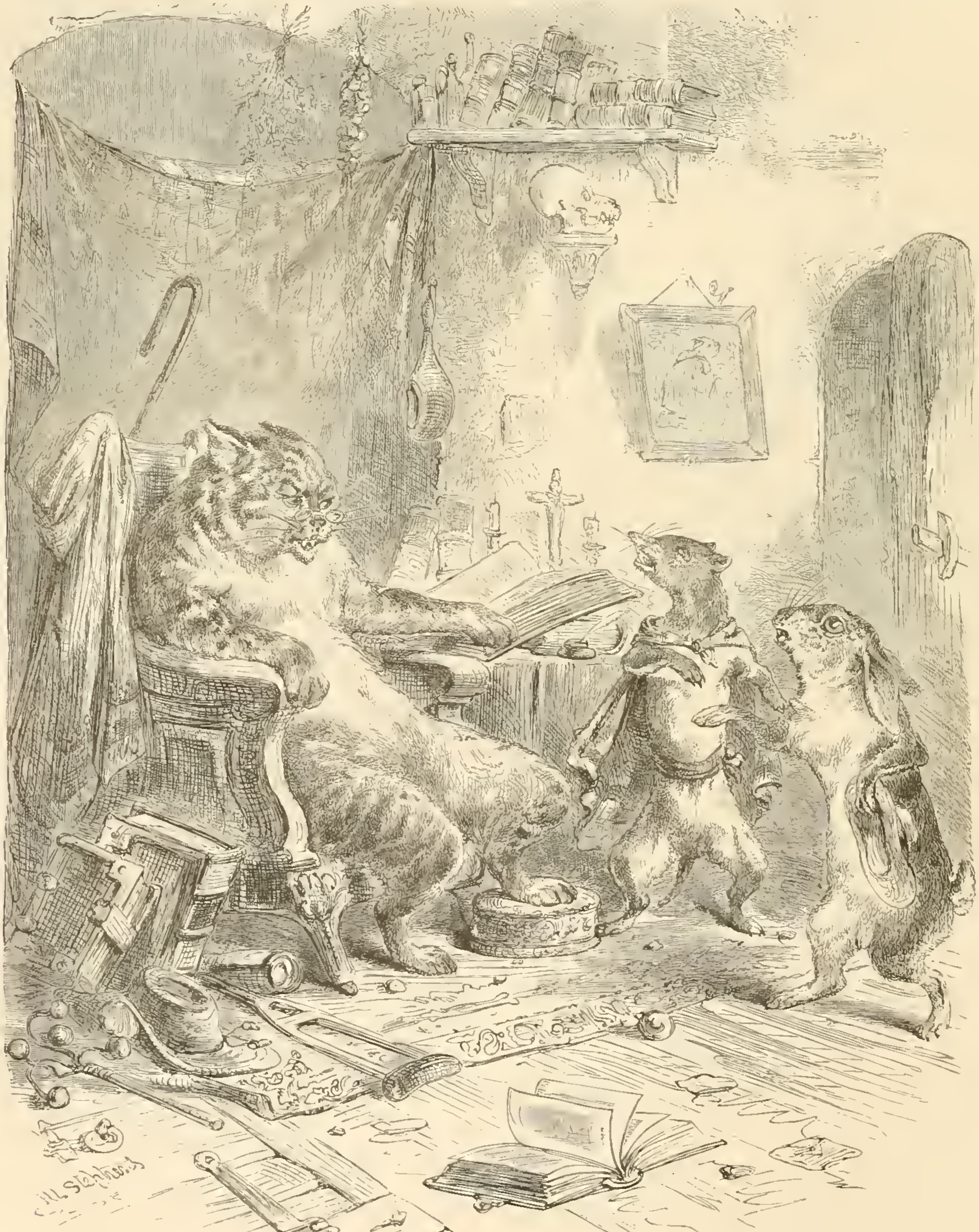


nothing else, that you have drawn your head safely out of the jaws of the Wolf?"

The story points at crafty men, who, when they are rid of danger, offer this to their benefactors for thanks, that they did them no injury.

THE CAT, THE WEASEL, AND THE YOUNG RABBIT.

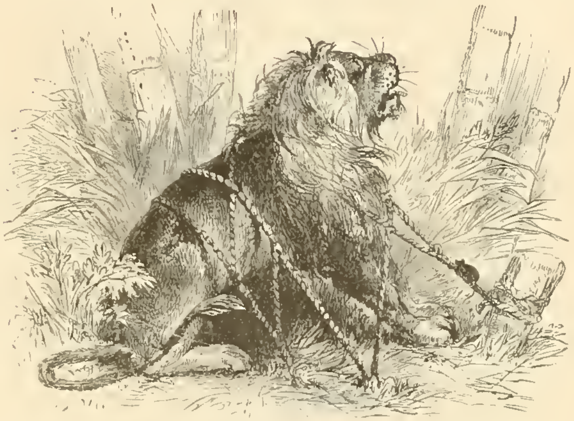
A YOUNG Rabbit was living contentedly at home, respected by his neighbors, and not disposed to get into difficulty with any one, for he was



peaceful and temperate in his habits. He went out one morning to the parsley market, to get his dinner, when a Weasel, that was going slyly by, slipped into the Rabbit's house, and made herself at home. It was very comfortable, and quite to her mind, so she decided to remain, and settle down there at housekeeping, and enjoy the society of the neighborhood. By and by the Rabbit returned, and saw the Weasel sitting at the window, poking her snout out. "Do you not know that this is my house?" he asked. "Tut, tut," said the Weasel. "What makes it yours? you only scratched the ground a little and came in here where the earth was gone. Do you pretend to own the earth?" "The law gives it to me," said the Rabbit, "because I made it fit to live in. If you do not leave, I shall send for the constable." "The law, indeed!" said the Weasel. "And pray what right has the law to give away land? But we will have no more words. We will lay the matter before Grimalkin, and leave it to him." The Rabbit consented, and they went together to Grimalkin, an ancient Cat, who was old, wise, and learned. "Come nearer, my children," said Grimalkin to them, as they both began talking together; "I am very deaf, and borne down by the weight of years. Nearer still, that I may hear every word." Both approached fearlessly, each loudly protesting that the other was unjust. As soon, however, as the learned Grimalkin had them within reach, he darted his claws out on either side at the same moment, and had them both in his clutches, when he settled their dispute by devouring them at his leisure. The house then belonged to him.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

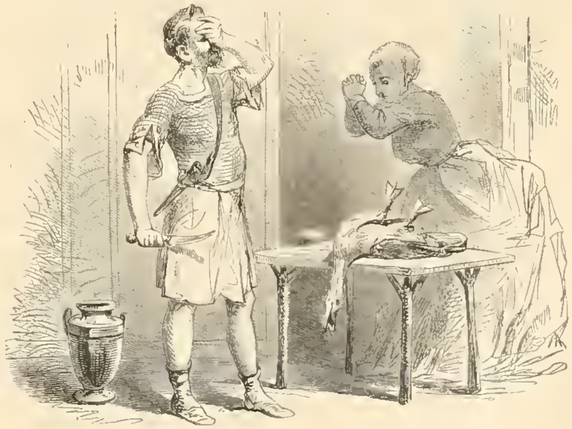
A Mouse happened to run into the mouth of a sleeping Lion, who roused himself, caught him, and was just about eating him, when the little fellow begged him to let him go, saying, "If I am saved, I shall be everlastingly grateful." So, with a smile, he let him off. It befell him, not long after, to be saved by the Mouse's gratitude, for when he was caught by some hunters and bound by ropes to a tree, the Mouse, hearing his roaring groans, came and gnawed the ropes, and set him free, saying, "You laughed at me once, as if you could receive no return from me, but now, you see, it is you who have to be grateful to me."



The story shows that there come sudden changes of affairs, when the most powerful owe everything to the weakest.

THE GOOSE THAT LAID GOLDEN EGGS.

There was a Man who once had a very handsome Goose, that always laid golden eggs. Now, he thought there must be gold inside of her, so he wrung her neck straightway, and found she was exactly like all other geese. He thought to find riches, and lost the little he had.



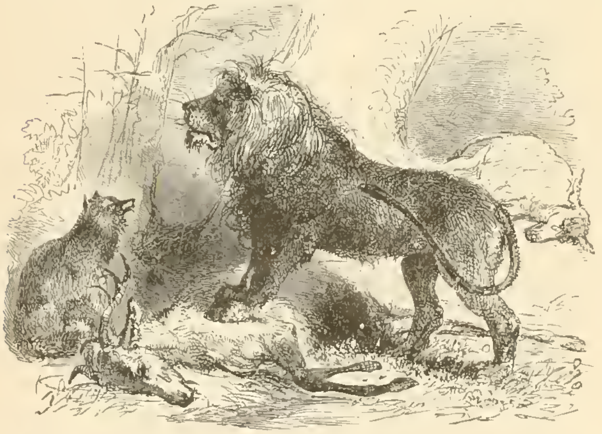
The fable teaches that one who has anything should be content with it, and avoid covetousness, lest he lose what he has.

THE BOYS AND THE FROGS.

A COMPANY of waggish Boys were watching some Frogs at the side of a pond, and as fast as any of them put up their heads they 'd pelt them down again with stones. "Boys," says one of the Frogs, "you never consider that though this may be fun for you 't is death to us."

THE LION, THE ASS, AND THE FOX.

THE Lion, the Ass, and the Fox, made a bargain to go hunting together. Now when they had caught a good supply of game, they came to eat it; and the Lion charged the Ass to divide the spoil. So he divided it into three equal parts, and called on them to choose their portion, at which the Lion fell into a rage, and made his supper off the Ass. Afterward, he bade the Fox make the division; but the Fox put all the game into one great heap, saving only a little bit for himself. Then the Lion said, "My good fellow, who taught you to divide so well?" and the Fox said, "That dead Ass there."



The fable teaches that wise men learn their wisdom from the misfortunes of their neighbors.

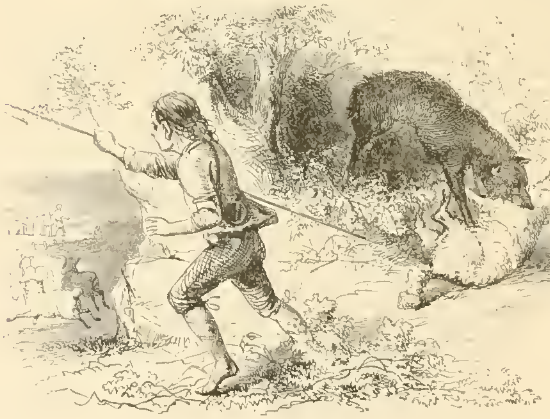
THE ASTROLOGER.

AN Astrologer was wont to go out every evening and gaze at the stars. Now it happened once that his walk took him outside of the town, and as he was looking up with all his eyes to the sky, he did not notice where he was going, and fell into a ditch. He was in a sorry plight and set up a cry, whereupon some one passing by heard his groans, and came up to him; when the stranger heard what had happened, he said to him: "Sir, you who are trying to make out things in the sky, don't you see what is on the earth?"

One might apply this word to those who pretend to teach men extraordinary things, but are quite unable to attend to the most common affairs.

THE SHEPHERD-BOY AND THE WOLF.

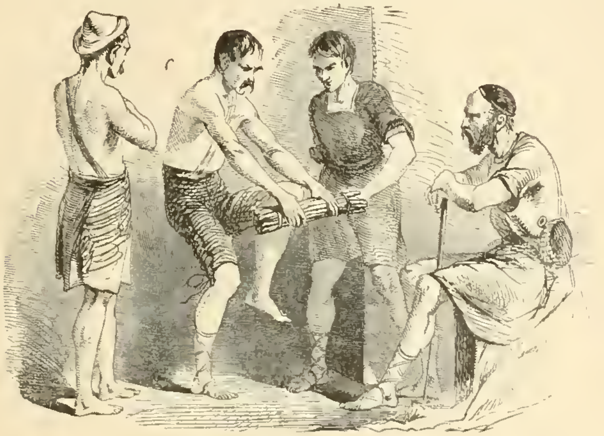
A SHEPHERD-BOY who kept his flock a little way from a village, for some time amused himself with this sport: he would call loudly on the villagers to come to his help, crying, "Wolf! wolf! the wolves are among my lambs!" Twice, three times, the villagers were startled, and hurried out, and went back laughed at, when finally the wolves really did come. And as the wolves made way with the flock, and he ran crying for help, they supposed him only at his old joke, and paid no attention. And so he lost all his flock.



It only shows that people who tell lies get this for their pains, that nobody believes them when they speak the truth.

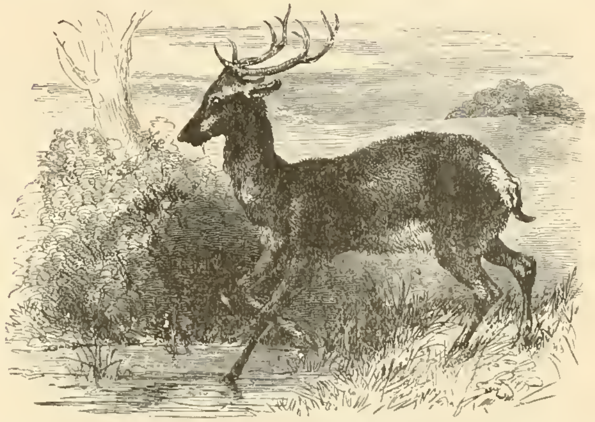
THE FARMER'S SONS.

A FARMER'S sons were very quarrelsome, and the father, when he took counsel with them, could do nothing by his words. Then he thought he would persuade them by an example. So while they were sitting there, he bade them bring him some fagots, and when these were fetched, he took them and bound them into one bundle, and ordered his sons in turn to take the bundle and break it. They tried, but could not. But afterward, when he had loosed the fagots, he gave them to be broken singly. This they did very quickly. Then their father saith to them: "So is it with you, my children; if you are all of the same mind you will be unconquerable, and unmanageable by your enemies; but if you continue to rebel and be quarrelsome, you will quickly be mastered by them."



THE STAG AND THE LION.

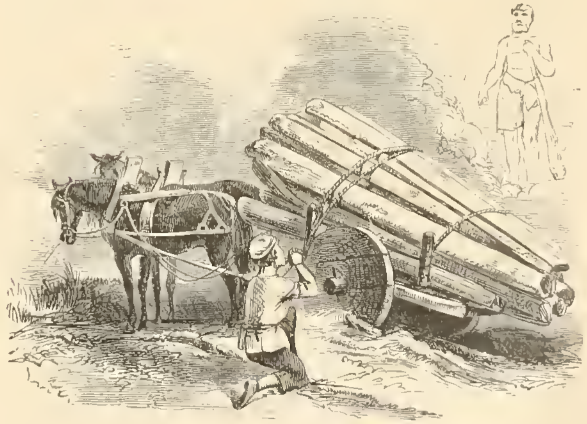
A THIRSTY Stag came to a spring to drink; as he drank he saw his reflection in the water, and was very proud of his antlers when he saw how big and branching they were; but he looked grievously at his feet, and took it hard that they should be so thin and weak. Now, while he was pondering, a Lion suddenly appeared, and began to chase him, and he, turning to run, had the advantage, for the Stag's virtue is in his feet, the Lion's in his loins. As long as the chase was on the plain the Stag was not to be caught, but outstripped the Lion; but when they came to a wooded tract the Stag's horns became tangled in the branches of trees, and not being able to run, he was caught by the Lion. When he was about to be doomed, he exclaimed: "What a wretch am I, who was saved and made happy by the very things which I despised, but have come to my end by what I especially gloried in."



The fable teaches this, that in like manner. men often think they have something fine, and get caught by it unawares; or this, often when in danger those of our friends whom we suspect are really our saviors, while those we trust, turn out to be traitors.

HERCULES AND THE WAGONER.

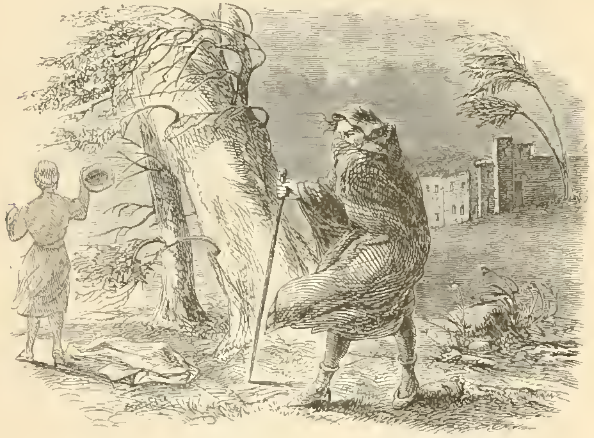
As a countryman was carelessly driving his wagon along a miry lane, his wheels stuck so deep in the clay that the horses came to a standstill. Upon this, the man, without making the least



effort of his own, began to call upon Hercules to come and help him out of his trouble. But Hercules bade him lay his shoulder to the wheel, assuring him that Heaven only helped those who helped themselves.

THE SUN AND THE WIND.

THERE happened a controversy betwixt the Sun and the Wind, which was the stronger of the two, and they put the point upon this issue: There was a traveler upon the way, and which of the two could make him throw off his cloak should gain his case. The Wind fell presently a storming, and threw hail shot over and above in the very teeth of him. The man wrapped himself closer, and kept advancing still in spite of the weather; but this gust in a short time blew over, and then the sun broke out, and fell to work upon him with his beams, but still he pushed forward, till in the end he was forced to quit his cloak, and lay himself down upon the ground in a cool shade for his relief, so that the Sun, in the conclusion, carried the point.

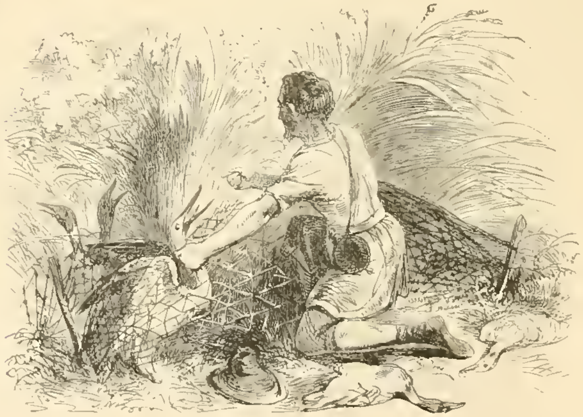


BELLING THE CAT.

THERE was a sly Cat, it seems, in a certain house, and the Mice were so plagued with her at every turn that they called a court to advise upon some ways to prevent being surprised. "If you 'll be ruled by me," says one of the Mice, "there 's nothing like hanging a bell about the Cat's neck, to give warning beforehand when Puss is coming." They all looked upon it as a capital contrivance. "Well," says another," and now we are agreed upon the bell, say who shall put it about the Cat's neck?" But there was no one ready to bell the Cat.

THE FARMER AND THE STORK.

A FARMER set a net in his field in order to catch Cranes and Geese that were eating the young growth there. Now a Stork that was caught with them, and had bruised his foot, too, begged the Farmer to let him go free; he urged him piteously, thus: "Save me, good man, let me go, have pity upon a poor weak thing that has got caught here; for I am not a Crane: come, quick, see, I 'm a stork, a most useful creature, who take care of my father and mother, and have no need at all of any of these things in the field." But the Farmer laughed heartily, and said: "Oh, I know you, I 'm not ignorant; I know exactly what you are. But you have been caught with the others and must die like them."



The fable teaches that it is wise to run away and not consort with wicked men, lest we fall into the same troubles that entrap them.

THE CRAB AND HIS MOTHER.

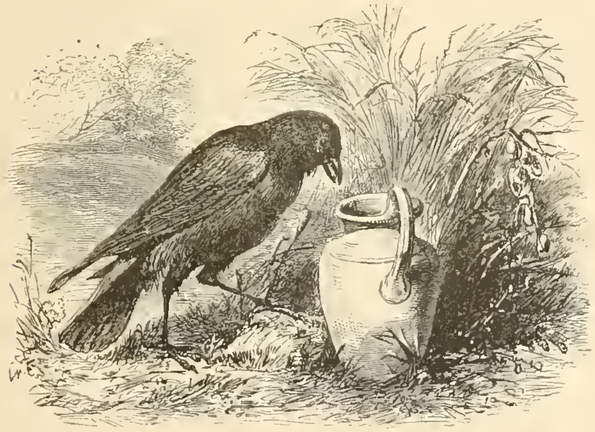
SAID his mother to a Crab: "Why do you walk so crooked, child? walk straight." "Mother," said he, "show me the way and I will try to walk like you." But as long as she could not walk straight her son laughed at her advice.

THE CAT, THE MONKEY, AND THE CHESTNUTS.

A Cat and a Monkey were sitting one day in the chimney córner watching some chestnuts which their master had laid down to roast in the ashes. The chestnuts had begun to burst with the heat and the Monkey said to the Cat, "It is plain that your paws were made especially for pulling out those chestnuts. Do you reach forth and draw them out. Your paws are, indeed, exactly like our master's hands." The Cat was greatly flattered by this speech, and reached forward for the tempting chestnuts, but scarcely had he touched the hot ashes than he drew back with a cry, for he had burnt his paw, but he tried again, and managed to pull one chestnut out; then he pulled another, and a third, though each time he singed the hair on his paws. When he could pull no more out he turned about and found that the Monkey had taken the time to crack the chestnuts and eat them.

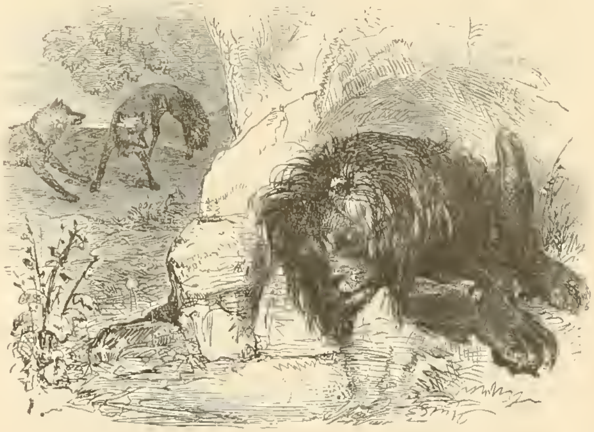
THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

A Crow that was extremely thirsty found a Pitcher with a little water in it, but it lay so low he could not come at it. He tried first to break the Pitcher and then to overturn it, but it was both too strong and too heavy for him. He bethought himself, however, of a device at last that did the business; which was, by dropping a great many little pebbles into the water and raising it, that way, till he had it within reach.



THE LION AND THE FOX.

A Lion that had grown old, and no longer had strength to forage for food, saw that he must get it by cunning. Well, he went into his den, and, creeping into a corner, pretended to be very sick, and so all the animals about came in to take a look at him, and as they came he snapped them up. Now, when a good many beasts had been caught in this way, the Fox, who suspected what his trick was, came along, and taking his stand outside the den, and a little way off, asked the Lion how he did. The Lion answered him, and asked him why he would n't come down into the den. "So I would," said the Fox, "but I notice that all the foot-prints point into the den, and there are none pointing out."



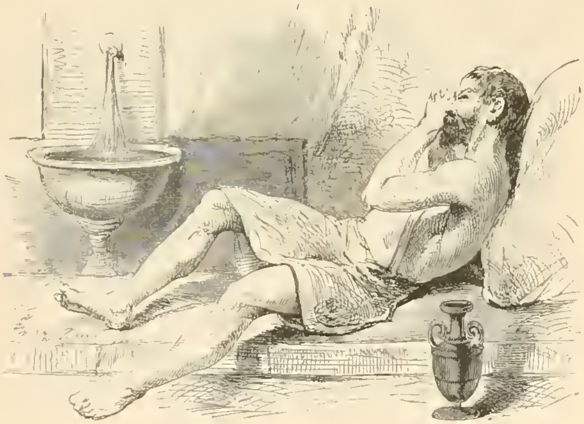
So prudent men, discovering danger by signs, keep out of the way.

A COUNTRY FELLOW AND A RIVER.

A blockheaded boy who was sent to market with butter and cheese by the good old woman, his mother, made a stop at a swift river in the way, and laid himself down on the bank there, till it should run out. About midnight home he goes to his mother, with all his market trade back again. "Why, how now, my son," says she, "what have we here!" "Why, mother, yonder 's a river that has been running all this day, and I stayed till just now for the running of it out, and there 't is, running still." "My son," says the good woman, "thy head and mine will be laid many a fair day before this river has all run by."

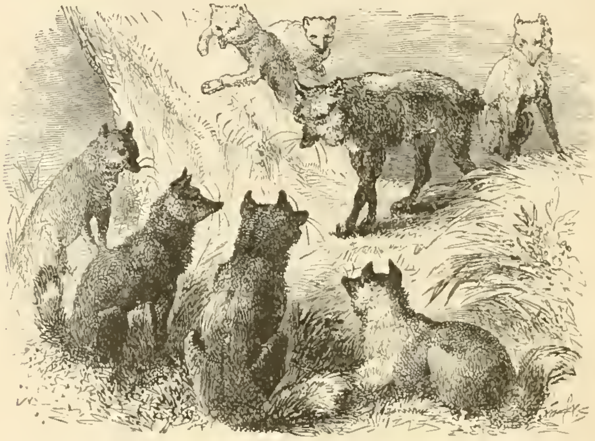
THE BELLY AND THE MEMBERS.

All the Members of the body conspired against the Belly, as against the swallowing gulf of all their labors; for whereas the eyes beheld, the ears heard, the hands labored, the feet traveled, the tongue spake, and all parts performed their functions; only the Belly lay idle, and consumed all. Hereupon, they jointly agreed, all to forbear their labors, and to leave their lazy and public enemy to take care of himself. One day passed over, the second followed very slowly, but the third day was so grievous to them all that they called a common council. The eyes waxed dim, the feet could not support the body, the arms waxed lazy, the tongue faltered, and could not lay open the matter; therefore they all, with one accord, desired the advice of the Heart. Then the Heart told them: "It is true that the Belly receives all the meats, but it sends them out again for the nourishment of all parts of the body, and all must work together for the common good. The Belly cannot do without the Members, nor the Members without the Belly."



THE FOX THAT LOST HIS TAIL.

A Fox, that had got caught in a trap and lost his tail when getting away, was so ashamed, that he thought life not worth living. So he had a mind to get the rest of the Foxes into the same scrape, and thus hide his own maiming in the common fortune. Well, he got them all together, and urged them to cut off their tails, telling them that the tail was not only a very ugly thing, but so much dead weight hung on behind. But one of them caught him up, saying, "My good fellow, this is all very well, but if it were not for your benefit you never would be advising us to do it."



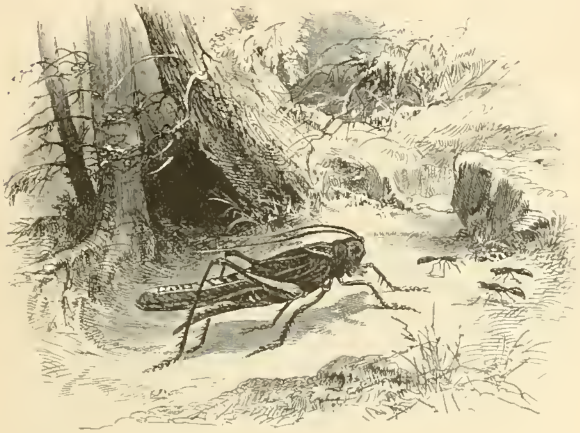
The story shows the way to answer those who give advice to their neighbors, not out of good will, but because they are looking out for themselves.

THE ARCHER AND THE EAGLE.

An Archer took aim at an Eagle, and, letting fly his shaft, brought the bird down. The Eagle gazed at the arrow and seeing that it was winged with feathers from his own breast, said: "How often the wounds we get come from weapons which we have supplied!"

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

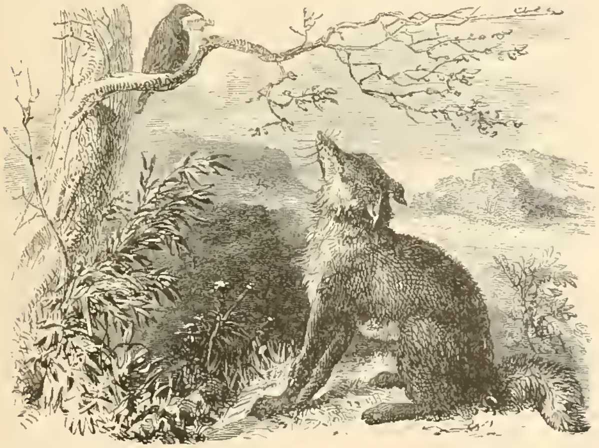
On a cold, frosty day, an Ant was dragging out some of the corn which he had laid up in summer time, to dry it. A Grasshopper, half perishing with hunger, besought the Ant to give him a morsel of it to preserve his life. "What were you doing," asked the Ant, "this last summer?"



"Oh," said the Grasshopper, "I was not idle. I kept singing all summer long." Said the Ant, laughing, and shutting up his granary. "Since you could sing all summer, you may dance all winter."

THE CROW AND THE FOX.

A Crow had stolen a cheese and carried it away to a high tree to eat it there in peace. A Fox saw it and meant to get it by a device. "Good Crow," said he, "what a lovely and shapely body you have! your color is more beautiful than that of many of the birds, and had you but a charming voice, surely you would hold the very first place." Thereupon she opened her mouth to sing, to show him he was wrong, when down fell the cheese. He picked it up and ran off with it saying: "To be sure you have a voice, Crow, but you have n't any sense."



If you believe your enemy you will get punished for it.

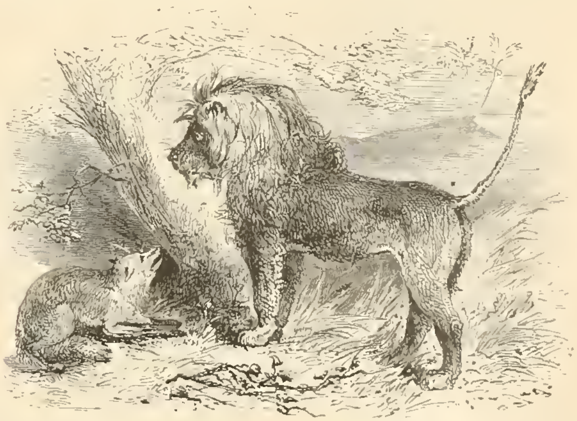
THE JACKDAW AND THE DOVES.

A Jackdaw seeing how well the Doves were cared for in their dove-cote, whitened himself, so that he might have a share in their good fortune. As long as he kept quiet they let him be amongst them, thinking he was a Dove, but when he forgot himself and opened his mouth, they discovered what he really was and flew upon him and drove him out. He, poor fellow, losing that chance, went back to the Jackdaws, but they did not know him on account of his white coat, and would not let him join them, and so for wanting to get into two companies he missed both.

The fable teaches us that we ought to be content with our own, arguing that covetousness is not only of no avail but often rids us of what we already have.

THE FOX AND THE LION.

A Fox who had never seen a Lion met one by chance, and upon first catching sight of him was frightened almost to death; the next time he happened on him he was frightened, to be sure, but not so much as before; when he saw him a third

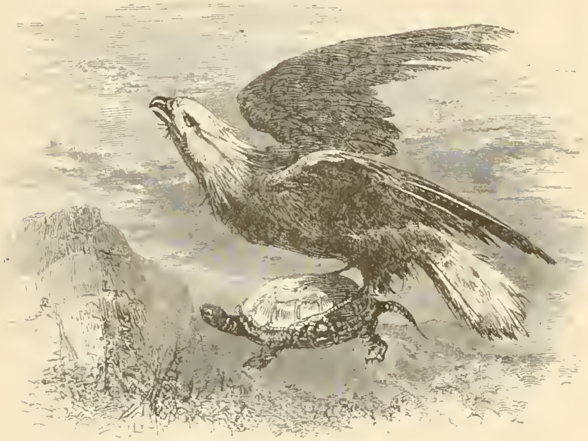


time, he plucked up courage enough to go up and speak to him.

The story teaches that familiarity makes terrible things much less frightful.

THE TORTOISE AND THE EAGLE.

A Tortoise seeing an Eagle in flight wanted much to fly like him. So she went to him when he was by and asked him if he would not teach her to fly, if she would pay him well for the lesson.



He told her it was impossible, but as she still persisted and begged him, he seized her, bore her aloft, and then let her drop upon a rock, but the blow knocked the breath out of her body.

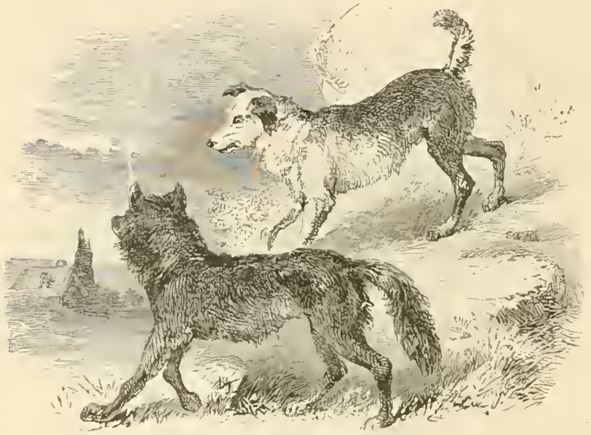
The fable teaches that men who are envious and refuse to take the advice of those who know more than themselves are apt to get into trouble.

THE BOY AND THE NETTLE.

A Boy playing in the fields was stung by a Nettle. He ran home to his mother, telling her he had but touched the weed and it had stung him. "It was just touching it that stung you," said she: "the next time you meddle with a Nettle grasp it boldly and it will not hurt you."

THE DOG AND THE WOLF.

A lean, hungry, half-starved Wolf happening to meet one moonlight night with a plump, well-fed dog, said: "Good morrow to you friend; you look as if you led an easy life of it." "That I do," quoth the Dog: "I have all I can eat and some left over." "That have not I," said the Wolf, "you can count my ribs, I am so lean." "Well, come with me," said the Dog, "and you shall share my supper." As they jogged along the Wolf spied a crease about the Dog's neck. "Now what may that be?" he asked, curiously. "That? that is where my master puts a collar on me when he chains me to my kennel." "Chains you! then you can't run free when you will! good-by, my friend, I'd rather have my liberty with hunger, than good living with a chain," and the Wolf went back to the woods.

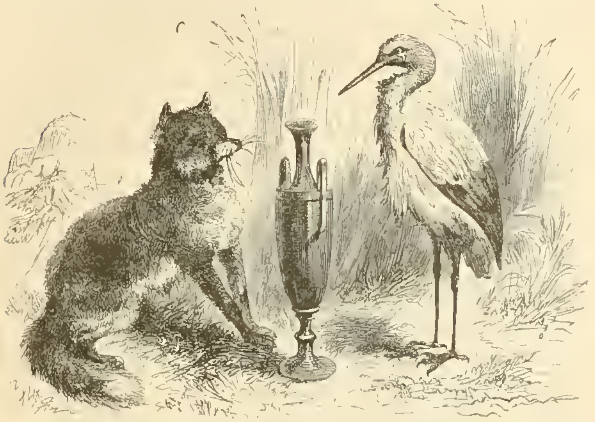


THE BOY THAT STOLE APPLES.

An Old Man found a rude Boy upon one of his trees, stealing apples, and told him to come down; but the young rogue told him plainly he would not. "Won't you!" said the Old Man, "then I will fetch you down;" so he pulled up some tufts of grass and threw at him; but this only made the youngster laugh, to think the Old Man should think to beat him down from the tree with grass only. "Well, well," said the Old Man, "if neither words nor grass will do, I will try what virtue there is in stones;" with that he pelted him heartily with stones, which soon made the Boy clamber down from the tree and beg the Old Man's pardon.

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

THE Fox invited the Stork to sup with him, and placed a shallow dish on the table, out of which it was impossible for the Stork, with her long bill, to get anything, while the Fox could lap up the food with his tongue, and so the Fox had the laugh on the Stork. The Stork, in her turn, invited the Fox to dine with her, and she placed the food in a long-necked jar, from which she could easily feed with her bill, while the Fox could get nothing, and that was tit for tat.



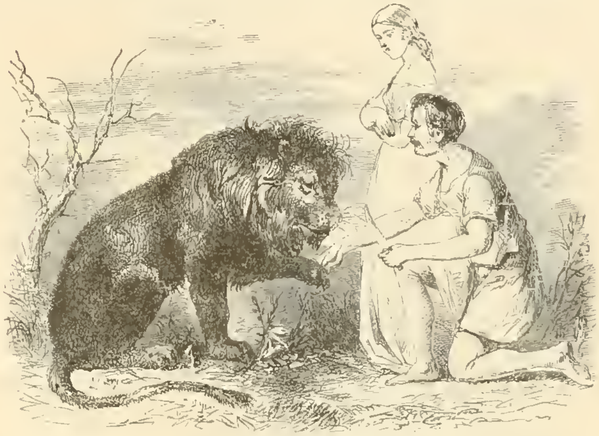
Rudeness sometimes gets paid with a just retaliation.

THE WOLF AND THE GOAT.

A WOLF seeing a Goat feeding upon the edge of a high precipice, where he could not get at her, begged her to come down lower, where she would be in no danger of falling over the precipice, adding that the meadows and grass were much richer where he was. But he answered, "Thank you, good sir; you are not inviting me to feed myself, but to be food for you."

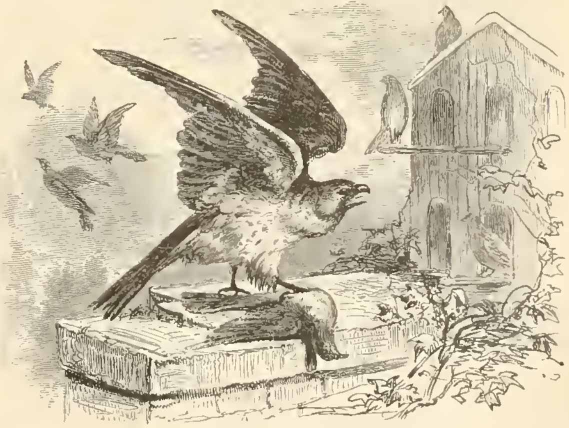
THE LION IN LOVE.

A LION that had fallen in love with a Woodman's daughter, wanted to marry her, so he went to the father and begged him to give him the maid, but the Woodman said he could not think of such a thing as marrying his daughter to a Lion. At that the Lion began to roar furiously, and the father, in a great fright, finding himself in danger, bethought him of a way, and said to the Lion: "I cannot possibly give you my daughter, Lion, unless you will first have your teeth and nails drawn, for these would frighten her." He was so desperately in love, that he readily consented, and when it was all over, asked again for the girl, but the Woodman had no longer any fear of him, and drove him off with jeers.



THE KITE AND THE PIGEONS.

THE Pigeons had long lived in fear of the Kite, but by being always on the alert, and keeping near the dove-cote, they contrived to escape his attacks. Then the Kite, finding he could not take them boldly, tried a trick. He went to the dove-cote and said: "Why do you live in this constant fear and anxiety? I am strong, and could



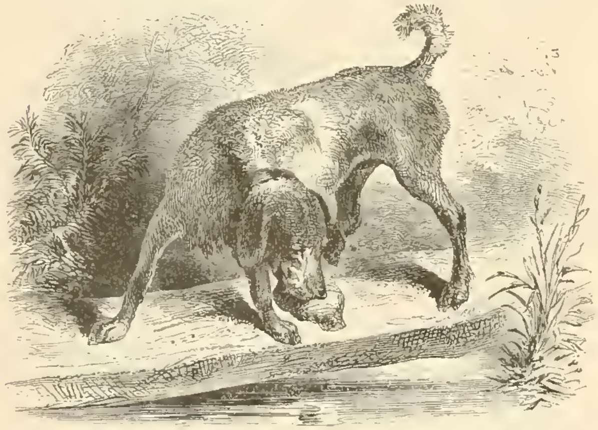
protect you against your enemies. Make me king." At that, the Pigeons chose him for their king, and when he was once securely within the dove-cote he devoured his subjects at his leisure, one each day, and one of them, when his turn came, said truly, "It serves us right."

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.

THE Ass once dressed himself in the Lion's skin and went about frightening all the little beasts. Now he happened on the Fox, and tried to frighten him too; but the Fox chanced to hear him speak, and said: "Well, to be sure, I should have been frightened too, if I had n't heard you bray, and seen your ears sticking out."

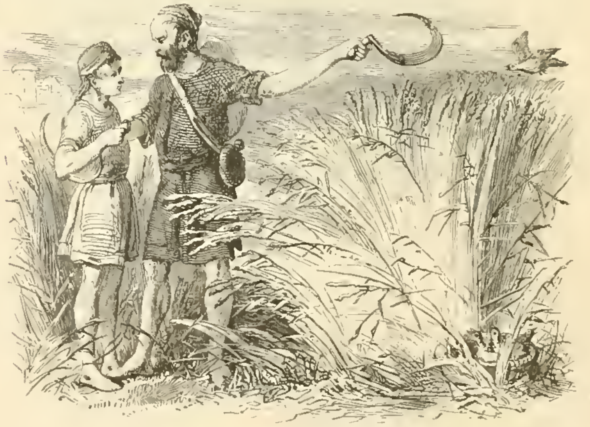
So there are some men who make themselves appear very fine outwardly, but are betrayed as soon as they begin to talk.

THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW.



As a Dog was crossing a river with a morsel of good flesh in his mouth, he saw, as he thought, a bigger piece in the water; so he dropped what he had, to catch at what was a shadow, and lost both.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.



THERE was a brood of young Larks in a field of corn, which was just ripe, and the mother, looking every day for the reapers, left word, whenever she went out in search of food, that her young ones should report to her all the news they heard. One day, while she was absent, the master came to look at the state of the crops. "It is full time," said he, "to call in all my neighbors and get my corn reaped." When the old Lark came home, the young ones told their mother what they had heard, and begged her to remove them forthwith. "Time enough," said she; "if he trusts to his neighbors, he will have to wait a while yet for his harvest." Next day, however, the owner came again, and finding the sun still hotter and the corn more ripe, and nothing done, "There is not a moment to be lost," said he: "we cannot depend upon our neighbors: we must call in our relations," and turning to his son, "Go, call your uncles and cousins, and see that they begin tomorrow." In still greater fear the young ones repeated to their mother the farmer's words. "If that be all," says she, "do not be frightened, for the relations have got harvest work of their own; but take particular notice what you hear the next time, and be sure you let me know." She went abroad the next day, and the owner coming as before, and finding the grain falling to the ground from over-ripeness, and still no one at work, called to his son. "We must wait for our neighbors and friends no longer; do you go and hire some reapers to-night, and we will set to work ourselves tomorrow." When the young ones told their mother this,— "Then," said she, "it is time to be off indeed; for when a man takes up his business himself, instead of leaving it to others, you may be sure that he means to set to work in earnest."

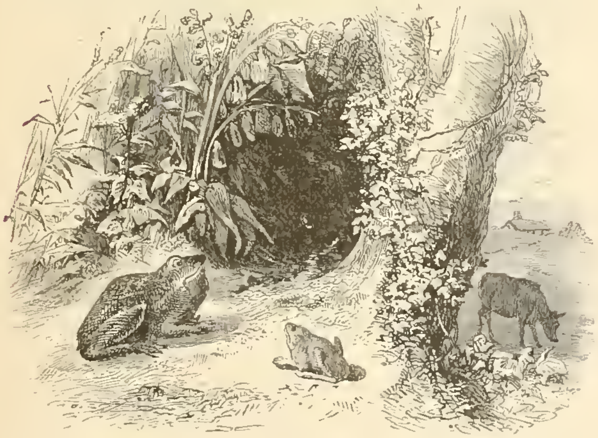
THE TRAVELER AND THE VIPER.

A Traveler, going along the road in winter, saw a Viper stiff with cold, and taking pity on it, took it up and placed it in his bosom to warm it back into life. Now the Viper, as long as he was still cold, lay quiet, but as soon as he was well warmed he drove his fangs into the man's breast. And as the man was dying, he said: "I suffer justly, for why should I have taken care of the dying Viper, when I ought to have killed him, though he had been in the best of health?"

So there are some men who show favors to others, and fail to see that they will only get stings in return.

THE FROG AND THE OX.

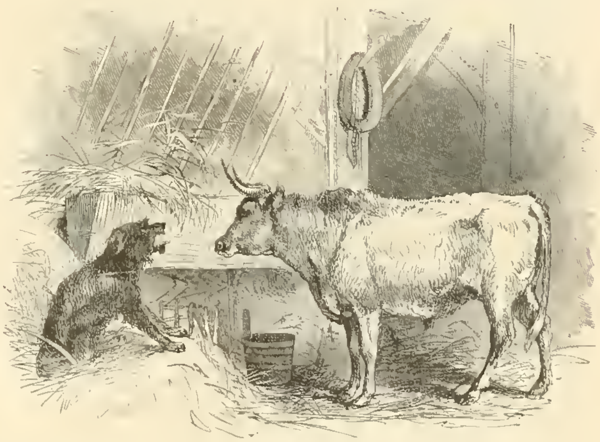
An Ox, grazing in a swampy meadow, chanced to set his foot among a parcel of young Frogs, and crushed nearly the whole brood to death. One that escaped ran off to his mother with the dreadful news: "O mother," said he, "it was a beast — such a big four-footed beast, that did it."



"Big?" quoth the old Frog, "How big? was it as big" — and she puffed herself out — "as big as this?" "Oh, a great deal digger than that." "Well, was it so big?" and she swelled herself out yet more. "Indeed, mother, but it was; and if you were to burst yourself, you would never reach half its size." The old Frog made one more trial, determined to be as big as the Ox, and burst herself, indeed.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A Dog made his bed in a manger, where he neither ate the grain himself, nor let the Cow eat it, who could.



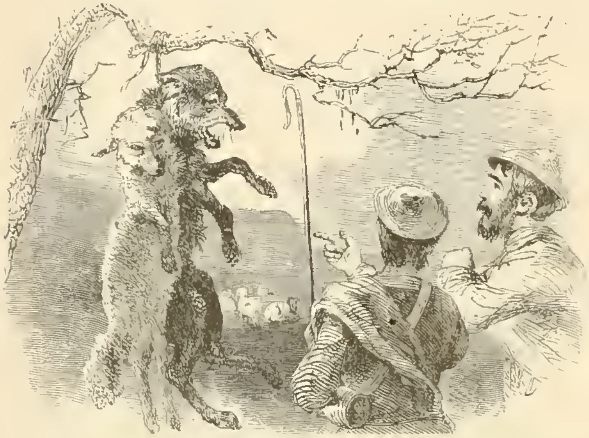
THE FLIES AND THE POT OF HONEY.

A Pot of Honey having been overturned in the pantry, the Flies clustered about to eat the honey, but owing to the stickiness of the sweet stuff, they could not get away; their feet were so entangled that they could not fly up, and, choking to death, they cried out: "Wretches that we are, to die just for a moment of pleasure!"

So it is that greediness is for many people the cause of their ill-fortune.

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

A Wolf, clothing himself in the skin of a sheep, and getting in among the flock, had a chance to make way with a good many of them. At last the Shepherd discovered him, and, tying a rope about his neck, hung him to a tree near by, as a warning to the other wolves. Some shepherds going by, thought, at a distance, that it was a sheep hung thus, and wondered why the Shepherd should do this, but when they came near, they saw that it was a Wolf, and the Shepherd said: "I hang a Wolf when I catch him, even though he be dressed in a sheep's skin."



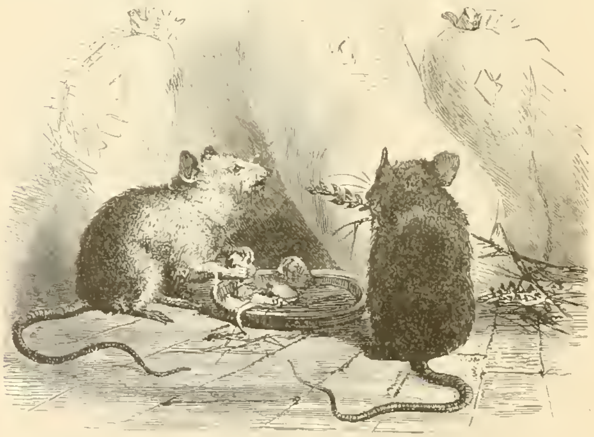
THE COUNTRY MAID AND HER MILK-PAIL.

A Country Maid was walking slowly along with a pail of milk upon her head, and thinking thus: "The money for which I shall sell this milk will enable me to increase my stock of eggs to three hundred. These eggs, allowing for what may prove addled, and what may be destroyed by vermin, will produce, at least, two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be fit to carry to market about Christmas, when poultry always brings a good price, so that by May Day I shall have money enough to buy a new gown. Let me see — green suits my complexion best; yes, it shall be green. In this dress I will go to the fair, where all the young fellows will want me for a partner, but I shall, perhaps, refuse every one of them," — and by this time she was so full of her fancy that she tossed her head proudly, when over went the pail, which she had entirely forgotten, and all the milk was spilled on the ground.

Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE.

A Country Mouse had a friend who lived in a house in town. Now the Town Mouse was invited by the Country Mouse to take dinner with him, and out he went and sat down to a meal of barley and wheat. "Do you know, my friend," said he, "that you live a mere ant's life out here? Now I have abundance at home, come, and enjoy all the good things." So off the two set for town, and there the Town Mouse showed the other his beans and meal, his dates, too, his cheese, and fruit, and honey. And as the Country Mouse ate, drank, and was merry, he praised his friend and bewailed his own poor lot. But while they were urging each other to eat heartily, a man suddenly opened the door, and frightened by the noise they crept into the cracks. Then when they wanted to taste again of some dried figs, in came another person to get something that was in the room, and when they caught sight of him they ran and hid in a hole. At that, the Country Mouse forgot his hunger, and fetching a sigh, said to the other: "Please yourself, my good friend, eating all you want, and having your fill of good things with jollity — and danger and a constant panic; as for me, poor wretch, who have only barley and wheat, I will live on, without fear of any one overlooking me."



The fable teaches that it is better worth while to live plainly and undisturbed, than to have a surfeit and be always in terror.

THE LIONESS AND THE FOX.

A Lioness was twitted by a Fox for only giving birth to one at a time. "One," said she, "yes, one, but a Lion."

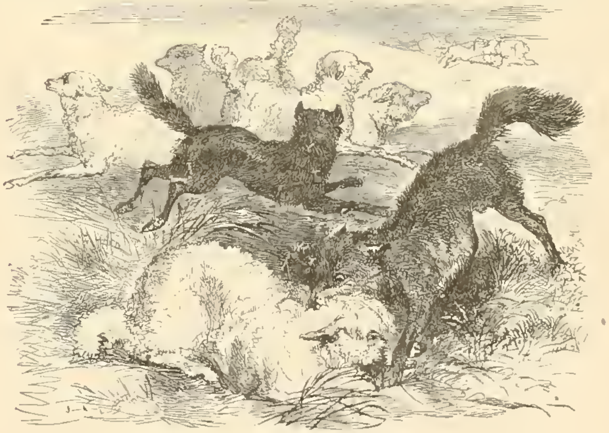
The fable teaches that good resides not in numbers but in worth.

THE MILLER, HIS SON, AND THEIR ASS.

A Miller and his Son were driving their Ass to a neighboring fair to sell him. They had not gone far when they met with a troop of girls, returning from the town, talking and laughing. "Look there!" cried one of them, "did you ever see such fools, to be trudging along on foot when they might be riding?" The old man, hearing this, bade his Son get on the Ass, and walked along merrily by the side of him. Presently they came to a group of old men in earnest debate. "There!" said one of them, "that proves what I was saying. What respect is shown to old age in these days? do you see that idle young rogue riding, while his old father has to walk? get down, you scape-grace, and let the old man get on!" Upon this, the Miller made his Son dismount, and got up himself. They had not gone far, when they met a company of women and children. "Why, you lazy old fellow!" cried several tongues at once, "how can you ride upon the beast, while that poor little lad there can hardly keep pace by the side of you?" The good-natured Miller thereupon took up his Son behind him. They had now almost reached the town. "Pray, honest friend," said a townsman, "is that Ass your own?" "Yes," said the old man. "Oh! one would not have thought so," said the other, "by the way you load him. Why, you two poor fellows are better able to carry the poor beast, than he you!" "Anything to please you," said the old man. "We can but try." So, alighting with his Son, they tied the Ass's legs together, and by the help of a pole endeavored to carry him on their shoulders over a bridge that led to the town. This was so entertaining a sight, that the people ran out in crowds to laugh at it; till the Ass, not liking the noise or his situation, kicked the cords away, and tumbled off the pole into the river. Upon this, the old man, vexed and ashamed, made the best of his way home again, having learned that by trying to please everybody he had pleased nobody, and lost his Ass into the bargain.

THE WOLVES AND THE SHEEP.

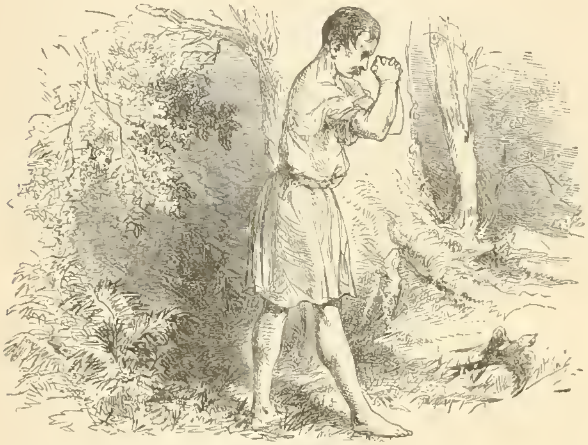
Said the Wolves to the Sheep: "Why should there always be war between us? and how is it no truce or flags go from us to you? it is all along of these wretched dogs who bark at us the moment we come near you, and stir us up when we had no thought of harming you. Only get rid of them, and we can have peace." The Sheep believed the Wolves, and sent the dogs off, but as soon as they were left unprotected the Wolves ate them up.



If you listen to your enemy you will get yourself into danger.

THE SPENDTHRIFT AND THE SWALLOW.

A dissolute young man who had spent all his fortune, and had only his cloak left, when he spied a Swallow coming forth out of season, thought that spring was at hand, and so went and sold his cloak, as having no immediate use for it. But afterward, when a storm arose, and the air was very keen, he saw the Swallow lying desolate and dead, and said to her: "Ah, my friend, you have ruined me, and are lost yourself."



The fable teaches that one swallow does not make a summer.

THE ARAB AND HIS CAMEL.

One cold night, as an Arab sat in his tent, a Camel gently thrust the flap of the tent aside and looked in.

"I pray thee, master," he said, "suffer me but to put my head within the tent, for it is cold without."

"By all means, and welcome," said the Arab, cheerfully, and the Camel, moving forward, stretched his head into the tent.

"If I might but warm my neck also," he said, beseechingly.

"Put also your neck inside," said the Arab. Presently the Camel, who had been turning his head from side to side, said again.

"I will take but little more room if I place my fore-legs within the tent. It is difficult standing without."

"You may also plant your fore-legs within," said the Arab, moving a little to make room, for the tent was very small.

"May I not stand wholly within?" asked the Camel, finally. "I keep the tent open by standing as I do."

"Yes, yes," said the Arab, "I will have compassion on you as well as on myself. Come wholly inside." So the Camel came forward, and crowded into the tent. But the tent was too small for both.

"I think," said the Camel, "that there is not room for both of us here. It will be best for you to stand outside, as you are the smaller. There will then be room enough for me," and with that he pushed the Arab a little, who made haste to get outside of the tent.

THE OLD MAN AND DEATH.

An Old Man, after cutting his wood and lifting it upon his shoulders, set out on a long road. And growing very weary, he laid down his burden and began calling on Death. But when Death appeared and asked why he had called for him, the Old Man said: "So that you may help me on with my load again."

The fable teaches that every man is a lover of life, even though it go hard with him and he meet a thousand dangers.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

When Hercules was growing out of boyhood into youth, and had come to the time when young men become their own masters, and show plainly whether they will take the path which leads by virtue's way to the end of life, or will take that which lies through sin, he sat down by the wayside and considered whether of the two he would choose. And as he sat there, two queenly women appeared and drew near; the one was fair to look upon and noble in form, of fine presence, with downcast eyes and grave bearing, clad in white garments; and the other was tender and soft, and so adorned as to seem fairer and ruddier than the former, with a bearing that seemed more stately, with eyes that were opened full and fair, and in garments that shone as the day; and oft she admired herself, and looked to see if any other were gazing upon her, and cast her eyes ever upon her own shadow.

As they came near to Hercules, the one first spoken of was keeping on her way, but the other made haste to get before her, and running to Hercules, said: —

"O Hercules, I perceive that thou art considering by which of the two paths thou wilt travel to thy life's end. If, now, thou wilt make me thy friend I will lead thee by the pleasantest and easiest path, and thou shalt not fail to taste of all pleasures, and shalt go thy way unvexed by any hardships. For, first of all, thou shalt have no care for wars or the life of busy men, but shalt only cast about, to see what pleasant thing thou mayst have to eat or drink, or what delight there may be for thine eye or thine ear, or what pleasantness to smell or touch, and how thou mayst take thy joyance in the sports of the young, and how thou mayst sleep softly, and enjoy all these things with the least trouble. And should there come any doubt into thy mind lest there should be a lack of these things, have no fear that I will call thee to toil, and weariness, and hardness of life, that thou mayst obtain them, but know that whatever others labor for that shalt thou have without labor, wanting nothing which it may be possible ever to gain; for always do I give power to those that follow me to have their heart's desire."

When Hercules heard these words, he said: "What is thy name, lady?" and she answered: "My friends call me Pleasure, but those who hate me call me names, and say I am Vice."

Thereupon the other, coming near, said, "As for me, I have come to thee, Hercules, because I know those who gave thee birth, and taught thee in thy childhood, and from this have hope that if thou wilt take the path which I take thou wilt become a good laborer in all that is pure and holy, and I shall be held in even higher honor and be yet more comely in the sight of good men. I will not make thee deceitful promises of pleasure, but I will show thee truthfully what the gods have appointed. For the gods give no good or fair thing to men without labor and care; wouldst thou have the gods merciful to thee, thou must serve them; dost thou wish to be beloved by thy friends, thou must do thy friends good deeds; art thou eager to be honored by any city, thou must be of use to that city; dost thou long to be admired for thy nobleness by all Greece, thou must make it thy endeavor to do well to Greece; desirest thou the land to yield thee ripe fruit, thou must till the land; thinkest thou to be rich in herds, thou must give thy care to the cattle; art thou impatient to grow mighty by war, and wouldst thou have power to set thy friends free and worst thine enemies, thou must study well the art of war with those who understand it, and learn to practice it; and then if thou wishest to have a strong body, thou must make it obedient to thy mind, and thou must exercise it with labor and the sweat of toil."

Here Vice interrupted her, and said: "Dost thou know, Hercules, by what a hard and long path this woman would lead thee to pleasure? But I will take thee by an easier and shorter way to happiness." Then Goodness said: —

"Thou bold woman, what good thing hast thou? or what real pleasure dost thou know, who art not willing to do aught for the sake of these delights? for thou canst not even wait for the desire of these pleasures, but before the desire comes thou hast emptied them all, eating before thou art hungry, drinking before thou thirstest, and that thou mayst eat delicately, choosing skillful cooks; that thou mayst drink agreeably, getting costly wines, and cooling them in summer with snow water, that thou mayst sleep softly, thou gettest not only downy beds, but couches, and carpets beneath the couches, for thou longest for sleep, not because thou hast toiled, but because thou hast nothing to do. Thou art immortal, but thou hast been cast out by the gods, and art dishonored by good men; to the sweetest of all sounds, praise of thyself, thou art deaf, and to the fairest of all sights thou art blind, for thou never hast seen one good work of thine. And who would trust thee, when thou saidst aught? and who would satisfy thee, asking aught? or who in his right mind would dare to be of thy company? thy young men are weak, thy old men are senseless; when they pass their youth without toil they drag through age with toil and burden, ashamed of what they have done, weighed down with what they now do, having run through all pleasures in their youth, and waiting nothing but hardness in their age. But I am companion of the gods, and of all good men; no beautiful deed of gods or men is done without me. Gods and men pay me honor, each in his own kind; I am a beloved fellow to the craftsman, a faithful guard to the master of the house, a gracious aid to the townsman, a good partner in the labors of peace, a strong fellow soldier in war, and the best comrade in the world. My friends have a sweet enjoyment at their ease, of meat and drink, for they ask for nothing till they want it, and sleep to them is more refreshing than to those who toil not; when they miss it the loss is no burden, and when they have it they lose not thereby the doing of any needful thing. The young rejoice in the praises of the old, and the old men are glad at honor from the young; the memory of their former deeds is pleasant, and they are blessed in their present work, for, by me, they have the gods for their friends, men to love them, and their country to honor them. And whensoever the end of their journey comes, they lie not down in unhonored forgetfulness, but with joy at the hymns of praise, which are sung over them forever.

"Such things are possible to thee, O Hercules, child of good parents; to thee it is given by toil to win the most blessed happiness."

THE BOOK OF WONDERS.

THE STORY OF CHICKEN-LICKEN.

As Chicken-licken went one day to the woods, an acorn fell upon her poor bald pate, and she thought the sky had fallen. Then she said she would go and tell the king that the sky had fallen.

So Chicken-licken turned back, and met Henny-penny. "Well, Henny-penny, where are you going?" and Henny-penny said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat," and Chicken-licken said, "Oh, Henny-penny, don't go, for I was going, and the sky fell upon my poor bald pate, and I'm going to tell the king."

So Henny-penny turned back with Chicken-licken, and met Cocky-locky. "Oh, Cocky-locky, where are you going?" and Cocky-locky said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat." Then Henny-penny said, "Oh, Cocky-locky, don't go, for I was going and met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the king."

So Cocky-locky turned back, and met Ducky-lucky. "Well, Ducky-lucky, where are you going?" And Ducky-lucky said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat." Then Cocky-locky said, "Oh, Ducky-lucky, don't go, for I was going, and met Henny-penny, and Henny-penny met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the king."

So Ducky-lucky turned back, and met Draky-laky. "Well, Draky-laky, where are you going?" and Draky-laky said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat." Then Ducky-lucky said, "Oh, Draky-laky, don't go, for I was going, and met Cocky-locky, and Cocky-locky met Henny-penny, and Henny-penny met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the king."

So Draky-laky turned back, and met Goosey-loosey. "Well, Goosey-loosey, where are you going?" and Goosey-loosey said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat." Then Draky-laky said, "Oh, Goosey-loosey, don't go, for I was going, and met Ducky-lucky, and Ducky-lucky met Cocky-locky, and Cocky-locky met Henny-penny, and Henny-penny met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the king."

So Goosey-loosey turned back, and met Gander-lander. "Well, Gander-lander, where are you going?" and Gander-lander said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat." Then Goosey-loosey said, "Oh, Gander-lander, don't go, for I was going, and met Draky-laky, and Draky-laky met Ducky-lucky, and Ducky-lucky met Cocky-locky, and Cocky-locky met Henny-penny, and Henny-penny met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the king."

So Gander-lander turned back, and met Turkey-lurkey. "Well, Turkey-lurkey, where are you going?" and Turkey-lurkey said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat." Then Gander-lander said, "Oh, Turkey-lurkey, don't go, for I was going, and I met Goosey-loosey, and Goosey-loosey met Draky-laky, and Draky-laky met Ducky-lucky, and Ducky-lucky met Cocky-locky, and Cocky-locky met Henny-penny, and Henny-penny met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the king."

So Turkey-lurkey turned back, and walked with Gander-lander, Goosey-loosey, Draky-laky, Ducky-lucky, Cocky-locky, Henny-penny, and Chicken-licken. And as they were going along they met Fox-lox. And Fox-lox said, "Where are you going, my pretty maids?" and they said, "Chicken-licken went to the wood, and the sky fell upon her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the king."

And Fox-lox said, "Come along with me, and I will show you the way." But Fox-lox took them into the fox's hole, and he and his young ones soon ate up poor Chicken-licken, Henny-penny, Cocky-locky, Ducky-lucky, Draky-laky, Goosey-loosey, Gander-lander, and Turkey-lurkey, and they never saw the king to tell him that the sky had fallen!

THE THREE BEARS.

In a far-off country there was once a little girl who was called Silver-hair, because her curly hair shone brightly. She was a sad romp, and so restless that she could not be kept quiet at home, but must needs run out and away, without leave.

One day she started off into a wood to gather wild flowers, and into the fields to chase butterflies. She ran here and she ran there, and went so far, at last, that she found herself in a lonely place, where she saw a snug little house, in which three bears lived; but they were not then at home.

The door was ajar, and Silver-hair pushed it open and found the place to be quite empty, so she made up her mind to go in boldly, and look all about the place, little thinking what sort of people lived there.

Now the three bears had gone out to walk a little before this. They were the Big Bear, and the Middle-sized Bear, and the Little Bear; but they had left their porridge on the table to cool. So when Silver-hair came into the kitchen, she saw the three bowls of porridge. She tasted the largest bowl, which belonged to the Big Bear, and found it too cold; then she tasted the middle-sized bowl, which belonged to the Middle-sized Bear, and found it too hot; then she tasted the smallest bowl, which belonged to the Little Bear, and it was just right, and she ate it all.

She went into the parlor, and there were three chairs. She tried the biggest chair, which belonged to the Big Bear, and found it too high, then she tried the middle-sized chair, which belonged to the Middle-sized Bear, and she found it too broad; then she tried the little chair, which belonged to the Little Bear, and found it just right, but she sat in it so hard that she broke it.

Now Silver-hair was by this time very tired, and she went up-stairs to the chamber, and there she found three beds. She tried the largest bed, which belonged to the Big Bear, and found it too soft; then she tried the middle-sized bed, which belonged to the Middle-sized Bear, and she found it too hard; then she tried the smallest bed, which belonged to the Little Bear, and found it just right, so she lay down upon it, and fell fast asleep.

While Silver-hair was lying fast asleep, the three bears came home from their walk. They came into the kitchen, to get their porridge, but when the Big Bear went to his, he growled out, —

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE!"

and the Middle-sized Bear looked into his bowl, and said, —

"Somebody has been tasting my porridge!"

and the Little Bear piped, —

"*Somebody has tasted my porridge and ate it all up!*"

Then they went into the parlor, and the Big Bear growled, —

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!"

and the Middle-sized Bear said, —

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" and the Little Bear piped, —

"*Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has broken it all to pieces!*"

So they went up-stairs into the chamber, and the Big Bear growled, —

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TUMBLING MY BED!"

and the Middle-sized Bear said, —

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TUMBLING MY BED!" and the Little Bear piped, —

"*Somebody has been tumbling my bed, and here she is!*"

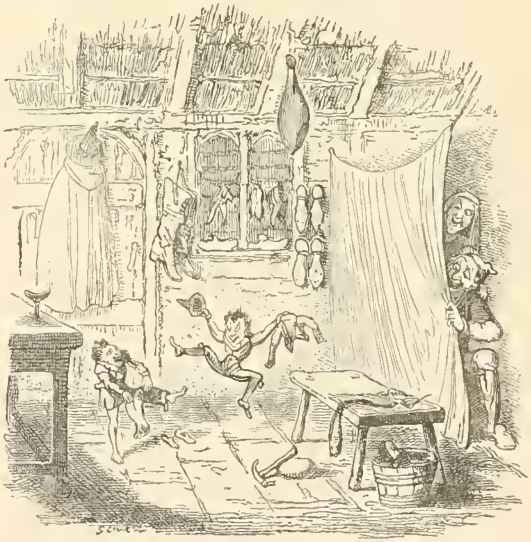
At that, Silver-hair woke in a fright, and jumped out of the window and ran away as fast as her legs could carry her, and never went near the Three Bears' snug little house again.

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER.

There was once a shoemaker who worked very hard and was very honest; but still he could not earn enough to live upon, and at last all he had in the world was gone, except just leather enough to make one pair of shoes. Then he cut them all ready to make up the next day, meaning to get up early in the morning to work. His conscience was clear and his heart light, amidst all his troubles; so he went peaceably to bed, left all his cares to heaven, and fell asleep. In the morning, after he had said his prayers, he sat himself down at his work, when, to his great wonder, there stood the shoes, all ready made, upon the table. The good man knew not what to say or think of this strange event. He looked at the workmanship; there was not one false stitch in the whole job; and all was so neat and true that it was a complete masterpiece.

That same day a customer came in, and the shoes pleased him so well that he willingly paid a price higher than usual for them; and the poor shoemaker with the money bought leather enough to make two pairs more. In the evening he cut out the work, and went to bed early, that he might get up and begin betimes next day: but he was saved all the trouble, for when he got up in the morning the work was finished ready to his hand. Presently in came buyers, who paid him handsomely for his goods, so that he bought leather enough for four pairs more. He cut out the work again over night, and found it finished in the morning as before; and so it went on for some time: what was got ready in the evening was always done by daybreak, and the good man soon became thriving and prosperous again.

One evening, about Christmas time, as he and his wife were sitting over the fire chatting together, he said to her, "I should like to sit up and watch to-night, that we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me." The wife liked the thought; so they left a light burning, and hid themselves in the corner of the room behind a curtain that was hung up there, and watched what should happen.



As soon as it was midnight there came two little naked dwarfs; and they sat themselves upon the shoemaker's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply with their little fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away at such a rate that the shoemaker was all amazement, and could not take his eyes off them for a moment. And on they went busily till the job was quite finished, and the shoes stood, ready for use, upon the table. This was long before daybreak; and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

The next day, the wife said to the shoemaker, "These little wights have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them, and do them a good office in return. I am quite vexed to see them run about as they do; they have nothing upon their backs to keep off the cold. I'll tell you what, I will make each of them a shirt, and a coat and waistcoat, and a pair of pantaloons into the bargain; do you make each of them a little pair of shoes."

The thought pleased the good shoemaker very much; and one evening, when all the things were ready, they laid them on the table, instead of the work that they used to cut out, and then went and hid themselves, to watch what the little elves would do. About midnight they came in, and were going to sit down to their work as usual; but when they saw the clothes lying for them, they laughed and were greatly delighted. Then they dressed themselves in the twinkling of an eye, and danced and capered and sprang about as merry as could be, till at last they danced out of the door, over the green; and the shoemaker saw them no more: but everything went well with him from that time forward, as long as he lived.

THE FROG-PRINCE.

One fine evening a young princess went into a wood, and sat down by the side of a cool spring of water. She had a golden ball in her hand, which was her favorite plaything, and she amused herself with tossing it into the air and catching it again as it fell. After a time she threw it up so high that when she stretched out her hand to catch it, the ball bounded away and rolled along upon the ground, till at last it fell into the spring.

The princess looked into the spring after the ball; but it was very deep, so deep that she could not see the bottom of it. Then she began to lament her loss, and said, "Alas! if I could only get my ball again, I would give all my fine clothes and jewels, and everything that I have in the world." Whilst she was speaking a frog put its head out of the water and said, "Princess, why do you weep so bitterly?" "Alas!" said she, "what can you do for me, you nasty frog? My golden ball has fallen into the spring." The frog said, "I want not your pearls and jewels and fine clothes; but if you will love me and let me live with you, and eat from your little golden plate, and sleep upon your little bed, I will bring you your ball again." "What nonsense," thought the princess, "this silly frog is talking! He can never get out of the well: however, he may be able to get my ball for me: and therefore I will promise him what he asks." So she said to the frog, "Well, if you will bring me my ball, I promise to do all you require." Then the frog put his head down, and dived deep under the water; and after a little while he came up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the ground. As soon as the young princess saw her ball, she ran to pick it up, and was so overjoyed to have it in her hand again that she never thought of the frog, but ran home with it as fast as she could. The frog called after her, "Stay, princess, and take me with you as you promised;" but she did not stop to hear a word.

The next day, just as the princess sat down to dinner, she heard a strange noise, tap-tap, as if somebody were coming up the marble staircase; and soon afterwards something knocked gently at the door, and said, —

"Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door to thy true love here!
And mind the words that thou and I said
By the fountain cool in the greenwood shade."

Then the princess ran to the door and opened it, and there she saw the frog, whom she had quite forgotten; she was terribly frightened, and shutting the door as fast as she could, came back to her seat. The king, her father, asked her what had frightened her. "There is a nasty frog," said she, "at the door, who lifted my ball out of the spring this morning: I promised him that he should live with me here, thinking that he could never get out of the spring; but there he is at the door and wants to come in!" While she was speaking the frog knocked at the door, and said, —

"Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door to thy true love here!
And mind the words that thou and I said
By the fountain cool in the greenwood shade."

The king said to the young princess, "As you have made a promise, you must keep it; so go and let him in." She did so, and the frog hopped into the room, and came up close to the table. "Pray lift me upon a chair," said he to the princess, "and let me sit next to you." As soon as she had done this, the frog said, "Put your plate closer to me that I may eat out of it." This she did, and when he had eaten as much as he could he said, "Now I am tired; carry me up-stairs and put me into your little bed." And the princess took him up in her hand and put him upon the pillow of her own little bed, where he slept all night long. As soon as it was light he jumped up, hopped down-stairs, and went out of the house. "Now," thought the princess, "he is gone and I shall be troubled with him no more."

But she was mistaken; for when night came again, she heard the same tapping at the door, and when she opened it, the frog came in and slept upon her pillow as before till the morning broke: and the third night he did the same; but when the princess awoke on the following morning, she was astonished to see, instead of the frog, a handsome prince standing at the head of her bed, and gazing on her with the most beautiful eyes that ever were seen.

He told her that he had been enchanted by a malicious fairy, who had changed him into the form of a frog, in which he was fated to remain till some princess should take him out of the spring and let him sleep upon her bed for three nights. "You," said the prince, "have broken this cruel charm, and now I have nothing to wish for but that you should go with me into my father's kingdom, where I will marry you, and love you as long as you live."

The young princess, you may be sure, was not long in giving her consent; and as they spoke a splendid carriage drove up with eight beautiful horses decked with plumes of feathers and golden harness, and behind rode the prince's servant, the faithful Henry, who had bewailed the misfortune of his dear master so long and bitterly that his heart had well nigh burst. Then all set out full of joy for the prince's kingdom; where they arrived safely, and lived happily a great many years.

THE JEW IN THE BUSH.

A FARMER had a faithful and diligent servant, who had worked hard for him three years, without having been paid any wages. At last it came into the man's head that he would not go on thus without pay any longer; so he went to his master, and said, "I have worked hard for you a long time, I will trust to you to give me what I deserve to have for my trouble." The farmer was a sad miser, and knew that his man was very simple-hearted; so he took out threepence, and gave him for every year's service a penny. The poor fellow thought it was a great deal of money to have, and said to himself, "Why should I work hard, and live here on bad fare any longer? I can now travel into the wide world, and make myself merry." With that he put his money into his purse, and set out roaming over hill and valley.

As he jogged along over the fields, singing and dancing, a little dwarf met him, and asked him what made him so merry. "Why, what should make me down-hearted?" said he; "I am sound in health and rich in purse, what should I care for? I have saved up my three years' earnings, and have it all safe in my pocket." "How much may it come to?" said the little man. "Full threepence," replied the countryman. "I wish you would give them to me," said the other; "I am very poor." Then the man pitied him, and gave him all he had; and the little dwarf said in return, "As you have such a kind honest heart, I will grant you three wishes — one for each penny; so choose whatever you like." Then the countryman rejoiced at his good luck, and said, "I like many things better than money: first I will have a bow that will bring down everything I shoot at; secondly, a fiddle that will set every one dancing that hears me play upon it; and thirdly, I should like that every one should grant what I ask." The dwarf said he should have his three wishes, so he gave him the bow and fiddle, and went his way.

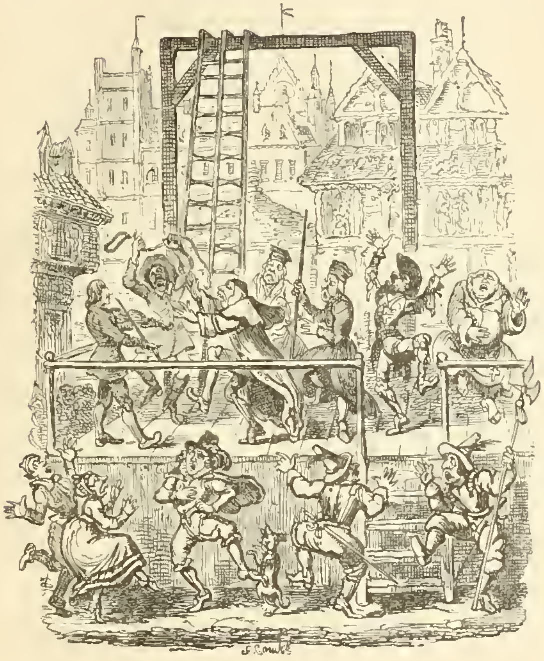
Our honest friend journeyed on his way too; and if he was merry before he was now ten times more so. He had not gone far before he met an old Jew: close by them stood a tree, and on the topmost twig sat a thrush singing away most joyfully. "Oh, what a pretty bird!" said the Jew; "I would give a great deal of money to have such a one." "If that's all," said the countryman, "I will soon bring it down." Then he took up his bow, and down fell the thrush into the bushes at the foot of the tree. The Jew crept into the bush to find it; but directly he had got into the middle, his companion took up his fiddle and played away, and the Jew began to dance and spring about, capering higher and higher in the air. The thorns soon began to tear his clothes till they all hung in rags about him, and he himself was all scratched and wounded, so that the blood ran down. "Oh, for heaven's sake!" cried the Jew, "master! master! pray let the fiddle alone. What have I done to deserve this?" "Thou hast shaved many a poor soul close enough," said the other; "thou art only meeting thy reward:" so he played another tune. Then the Jew began to beg and promise, and offered money for his liberty; but he did not come up to the musician's price for some time, and he danced him along brisker and brisker, and the Jew bid higher and higher, till at last he offered a round hundred of florins that he had in his purse, and had just gained by cheating some poor fellow. When the countryman saw so much money, he said, "I will agree to your proposal." So he took the purse, put up his fiddle, and traveled on very well pleased with his bargain.

Meanwhile the Jew crept out of the bush half naked and in a piteous plight, and began to ponder how he should take his revenge, and serve his late companion some trick. At last he went to the judge, and complained that a rascal had robbed him of his money, and beaten him into the bargain; and that the fellow who did it carried a bow at his back and a fiddle hung round his neck. Then the judge sent out his officers to bring up the accused wherever they should find him; and he was soon caught and brought up to be tried.

The Jew began to tell his tale, and said he had been robbed of his money. "No, you gave it to me for playing a tune to you," said the countryman; but the judge told him that was not likely, and cut the matter short by ordering him off to the gallows.

So away he was taken; but as he stood on the steps he said, "My Lord Judge, grant me one last request." "Anything but thy life." "No," said he, "I do not ask my life; only let me play upon my fiddle for the last time." The Jew cried out, "Oh, no! no! for heaven's sake don't listen to him! don't listen to him!" But the judge said, "It is only for this once, he will soon have done." The fact was, he could not refuse the request, on account of the dwarf's third gift.

Then the Jew said, "Bind me fast, bind me fast, for pity's sake." But the countryman seized his fiddle, and struck up a tune, and at the first note, judge, clerks, and jailer, were in motion; all began capering, and no one could hold the Jew. At the second note the hangman let his prisoner go, and danced also, and by the time he had played the first bar of the tune, all were dancing together — judge, court, and Jew, and all the people who had followed to look on. At first the thing was merry and pleasant enough; but when it had gone on a while, and there seemed to be no end of playing or dancing, they began to cry out, and beg him to leave off; but he stopped not a whit the more for their entreaties, till the judge not only gave him his life, but promised to return to him the hundred florins.



Then he called to the Jew and said, "Tell us now, you vagabond, where you got that gold, or I shall play on for your amusement only." "I stole it," said the Jew in the presence of all the people: "I acknowledge that I stole it, and that you earned it fairly." Then the countryman stopped his fiddle, and left the Jew to take his place at the gallows.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN.

A CERTAIN merchant had two children, a son and daughter, both very young, and scarcely able to run alone. He had two richly laden ships then making a voyage upon the seas, in which he had embarked all his property, in the hope of making great gains, when the news came that they were lost. Thus from being a rich man he became very poor, so that nothing was left him but one small plot of land; and, to relieve his mind a little of his trouble, he often went out to walk there.

One day, as he was roving along, a little rough-looking dwarf stood before him, and asked him why he was so sorrowful, and what it was that he took so deeply to heart. But the merchant replied, "If you could do me any good, I would tell you." "Who knows but I may?" said the little man; "tell me what is the matter, and perhaps I can be of some service." Then the merchant told him how all his wealth was gone to the bottom of the sea, and how he had nothing left except that little plot of land. "Oh! trouble not yourself about that," said the dwarf; "only promise to bring me here, twelve years hence, whatever meets you first on your return home, and I will give you as much gold as you please." The merchant thought this was no great request, that it would most likely be his dog, or something of that sort, but forgot his little child: so he agreed to the bargain, and signed and sealed the engagment to do what was required.

But as he drew near home, his little boy was so pleased to see him, that he crept behind him and laid fast hold of his legs. Then the father started with fear, and saw what it was that he had bound himself to do: but as no gold was come, he consoled himself by thinking that it was only a joke that the dwarf was playing him.

About a month afterwards he went up-stairs into an old lumber room to look for some old iron, that he might sell it and raise a little money; and there he saw a large pile of gold lying on the floor. At the sight of this he was greatly delighted, went into trade again, and became a greater merchant than before.

Meantime his son grew up, and as the end of the twelve years drew near, the merchant became very anxious and thoughtful; so that care and sorrow were written upon his face. The son one day asked what was the matter: but his father refused to tell for some time; at last however he said that he had, without knowing it, sold him to a little ugly-looking dwarf for a great quantity of gold; and that the twelve years were coming round when he must perform his agreement. Then the son said, "Father, give yourself very little trouble about that; depend upon it I shall be too much for the little man."

When the time came, they went out together to the appointed place; and the son drew a circle on the ground, and set himself and his father in the middle. The little dwarf soon came, and said to the merchant, "Have you brought me what you promised?" The old man was silent, but his son answered, "What do you want here?" The dwarf said, "I come to talk with your father, not with you." "You have deceived and betrayed my father," said the son; "give him up his bond." "No," replied the other, "I will not yield up my rights." Upon this a long dispute arose; and at last it was agreed that the son should be put into an open boat, that lay on the side of a piece of water hard by, and that the father should push him off with his own hand; so that he should be turned adrift. Then he took leave of his father, and set himself in the boat: and as it was pushed off it heaved, and fell on one side into the water: so the merchant thought that his son was lost, and went home very sorrowful.

But the boat went safely on, and did not sink; and the young man sat securely within, till at length it ran ashore upon an unknown land. As he jumped upon the shore, he saw before him a beautiful castle, but empty and desolate within, for it was enchanted. At last, however, he found a white snake in one of the chambers.

Now the white snake was an enchanted princess; and she rejoiced greatly to see him, and said, "Art thou at last come to be my deliverer? Twelve long years have I waited for thee, for thou alone canst save me. This night twelve men will come: their faces will be black, and they will be hung round with chains. They will ask what thou dost here; but be silent, give no answer, and let them do what they will — beat and torment thee. Suffer all, only speak not a word; and at twelve o'clock they must depart. The second night twelve others will come; and the third night twenty-four, who will even cut off thy head; but at the twelfth hour of that night their power is gone, and I shall be free, and will come and bring thee the water of life, and will wash thee with it, and restore thee to life and health." And all came to pass as she had said; the merchant's son spoke not a word, and the third night the princess appeared, and fell on his neck and kissed him; joy and gladness burst forth throughout the castle; the wedding was celebrated, and he was king of the Golden Mountain.

They lived together very happily, and the queen had a son. Eight years had passed over their heads when the king thought of his father: and his heart was moved, and he longed to see him once again. But the queen opposed his going, and said, "I know well that misfortunes will come." However, he gave her no rest till she consented. At his departure she presented him with a wishing-ring, and said, "Take this ring, and put it on your finger; whatever you wish it will bring you: only promise that you will not make use of it to bring me hence to your father's." Then he promised what she asked, and put the ring on his finger, and wished himself near the town where his father lived. He found himself at the gates in a moment; but the guards would not let him enter because he was so strangely clad. So he went up to a neighboring mountain where a shepherd dwelt, and borrowed his old frock, and thus passed unobserved into the town. When he came to his father's house, he said he was his son; but the merchant would not believe him, and said he had had but one son, who he knew was long since dead: and as he was only dressed like a poor shepherd, he would not even offer him anything to eat. The king however persisted that he was his son, and said, "Is there no mark by which you would know if I am really your son?" "Yes," observed his mother, "our son has a mark like a raspberry under the right arm." Then he showed them the mark, and they were satisfied that what he had said was true. He next told them how he was king of the Golden Mountain, and was married to a princess, and had a son seven years old. But the merchant said, "That can never be true; he must be a fine king truly who travels about in a shepherd's frock." At this the son was very angry; and, forgetting his promise, turned his ring, and wished for his queen and son. In an instant they stood before him; but the queen wept, and said he had broken his word, and misfortune would follow. He did all he could to soothe her, and she at last appeared to be appeased; but she was not so in reality, and only meditated how she should take her revenge.

One day he took her to walk with him out of the town, and showed her the spot where the boat was turned adrift upon the wide waters. Then he sat himself down, and said, "I am very tired; sit by me, I will rest my head in your lap, and sleep a while." As soon as he had fallen asleep, however, she drew the ring from his finger, and crept softly away, and wished herself and her son at home in their kingdom. And when the king awoke, he found himself alone, and saw that the ring was gone from his finger. "I can never return to my father's house," said he; "they would say I am a sorcerer: I will journey forth into the world till I come again to my kingdom."

So saying, he set out and traveled till he came to a mountain, where three giants were sharing their inheritance; and as they saw him pass, they cried out and said, "Little men have sharp wits; he shall divide the inheritance between us." Now it consisted of a sword that cut off an enemy's head whenever the wearer gave the words, "Heads off!" — a cloak that made the owner invisible, or gave him any form he pleased; and a pair of boots that transported the person who put them on wherever he wished. The king said they must first let him try these wonderful things, that he might know how to set a value upon them. Then they gave him the cloak, and he wished himself a fly, and in a moment he was a fly. "The cloak is very well," said he; "now give me the sword." "No," said they, "not unless you promise not to say 'Heads off!' for if you do, we are all dead men." So they gave it him on condition that he tried its virtue only on a tree. He next asked for the boots also; and the moment he had all three in his possession he wished himself at the Golden Mountain; and there he was in an instant. So the giants were left behind with no inheritance to divide or quarrel about.

As he came near to the castle he heard the sound of merry music; and the people around told him that his queen was about to celebrate her marriage with another prince. Then he threw his cloak around him, and passed through the castle, and placed himself by the side of his queen, where no one saw him. But when anything to eat was put upon her plate, he took it away and ate it himself; and when a glass of wine was handed to her, he took and drank it: and thus, though they kept on serving her with meat and drink, her plate continued always empty.

Upon this, fear and remorse came over her, and she went into her chamber and wept, and he followed her there. "Alas!" said she to herself, "did not my deliverer come? why then doth enchantment still surround me?"

"Thou traitress!" said he, "thy deliverer indeed came, and now is near thee: has he deserved this of thee?" And he went out and dismissed the company, and said the wedding was at an end, for that he was returned to his kingdom, but the princes and nobles and counselors mocked at him. However, he would enter into no parley with them, but only demanded whether they would depart in peace, or not. Then they turned and tried to seize him; but he drew his sword, and, with a word, the traitors' heads fell before him; and he was once more king of the Golden Mountain.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

THERE was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a ditch, close by the sea-side. The fisherman used to go out all day long a-fishing; and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the shining water and watching his line, all on a sudden his float was dragged away deep under the sea; and in drawing it up he pulled a great fish out of the water. The fish said to him, "Pray let me live; I am not a real fish: I am an enchanted prince, put me in the water again, and let me go." "Oh!" said the man, "you need not make so many words about the matter; I wish to have nothing to do with a fish that can talk; so swim away as soon as you please." Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bottom, and left a long streak of blood behind him.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the ditch, he told her how he had caught a great fish, and how it had told him it was an enchanted prince, and that on hearing it speak he had let it go again. "Did you not ask it for anything?" said the wife. "No," said the man, "what should I ask for?" "Ah!" said the wife, "we live very wretchedly here in this nasty stinking ditch; do go back, and tell the fish we want a little cottage."

The fisherman did not much like the business; however, he went to the sea, and when he came there the water looked all yellow and green. And he stood at the water's edge, and said, —

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

Then the fish came swimming to him, and said, "Well, what does she want?" "Ah!" answered the fisherman, "my wife says that when I had caught you, I ought to have asked you for something before I let you go again; she does not like living any longer in the ditch, and wants a little cottage." "Go home, then," said the fish, "she is in the cottage already." So the man went home, and saw his wife standing at the door of a cottage. "Come in, come in," said she; "is not this much better than the ditch?" And there was a parlor, and a bed-chamber, and a kitchen; and behind the cottage there was a little garden with all sorts of flowers and fruits, and a courtyard full of ducks and chickens. "Ah!" said the fisherman, "how happily we shall live!" "We will try to do so at least," said his wife.

Everything went right for a week or two, and then Dame Alice said, "Husband, there is not room enough in this cottage, the courtyard and garden are a great deal too small; I should like to have a large stone castle to live in; so go to the fish again, and tell him to give us a castle." "Wife," said the fisherman, "I don't like to go to him again, for perhaps he will be angry, we ought to be content with the cottage." "Nonsense!" said the wife; "he will do it very willingly; go along and try."

The fisherman went; but his heart was very heavy, and when he came to the sea it looked blue and gloomy, though it was quite calm, and he went close to it, and said, —

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said the man very sorrowfully, "my wife wants to live in a stone castle." "Go home then," said the fish, "she is standing at the door of it already." So away went the fisherman, and found his wife standing before a great castle. "See," said she, "is not this grand?" With that they went into the castle together, and found a great many servants there, and the rooms all richly furnished and full of golden chairs and tables; and behind the castle was a garden, and a wood half a mile long, full of sheep, and goats, and hares, and deer; and in the courtyard were stables and cow-houses. "Well!" said the man, "now will we live contented and happy in this beautiful castle for the rest of our lives." "Perhaps we may," said the wife; "but let us consider and sleep upon it before we make up our minds:" so they went to bed.

The next morning, when Dame Alice awoke, it was broad daylight, and she jogged the fisherman with her elbow, and said, "Get up, husband, bestir yourself, for we must be king of all the land." "Wife, wife," said the man, "why should we wish to be king? I will not be king." "Then I will," said Alice. "But, wife," answered the fisherman, "how can you be king? the fish cannot make you a king." "Husband," said she, "say no more about it, but go and try; I will be king!" So the man went away, quite sorrowful to think that his wife should want to be king. The sea looked a dark-gray color, and was covered with foam, as he cried out, —

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what would she have now?" said the fish. "Alas!" said the man, "my wife wants to be king." "Go home," said the fish; "she is king already."

Then the fisherman went home; and as he came close to the palace, he saw a troop of soldiers, and heard the sound of drums and trumpets; and when he entered, he saw his wife sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a golden crown upon her head; and on each side of her, stood six beautiful maidens, each a head taller than the other. "Well, wife," said the fisherman, "are you king?" "Yes," said she, "I am king." And when he had looked at her for a long time, he said, "Ah, wife! what a fine thing it is to be king! now we shall never have anything more to wish for." "I don't know how that may be," said she; "never is a long time. I am king, 't is true, but I begin to be tired of it, and I think I should like to be emperor." "Alas, wife! why should you wish to be emperor?" said the fisherman. "Husband," said she, "go to the fish; I say I will be emperor." "Ah, wife!" replied the fisherman, "the fish cannot make an emperor, and I should not like to ask for such a thing." "I am king," said Alice, "and you are my slave, so go directly!" So the fisherman was obliged to go; and he muttered as he went along, "This will come to no good, it is too much to ask, the fish will be tired at last, and then we shall repent of what we have done." He soon arrived at the sea, and the water was quite black and muddy, and a mighty whirlwind blew over it; but he went to the shore, and said, —

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What would she have now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said he, "she wants to be emperor." "Go home," said the fish; "she is emperor already."

So he went home again; and as he came near, he saw his wife sitting on a very lofty throne, made of solid gold, with a great crown on her head, full two yards high, and on each side of her stood her guards and attendants in a row, each one smaller than the other, from the tallest giant down to a little dwarf, no bigger than my finger. And before her stood princes and dukes, and earls; and the fisherman went up to her and said, "Wife, are you emperor?" "Yes," said she, "I am emperor." "Ah!" said the man as he gazed upon her, "what a fine thing it is to be emperor!" "Husband," said she, "why should we stay at being emperor? I will be pope next." "O wife, wife!" said he, "how can you be pope? there is but one pope at a time in Christendom." "Husband," said she, "I will be pope this very day." "But," replied the husband, "the fish cannot make you pope." "What nonsense!" said she, "if he can make an emperor, he can make a pope, go and try him." So the fisherman went. But when he came to the shore, the wind was raging, and the sea was tossed up and down like boiling water, and the ships were in the greatest distress and danced upon the waves most fearfully; in the middle of the sky there was a little blue, but toward the south it was all red as if a dreadful storm was rising. At this, the fisherman was terribly frightened, and trembled, so that his knees knocked together: but he went to the shore and said, —

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said the fisherman, "my wife wants to be pope." "Go home," said the fish, "she is pope already."

Then the fisherman went home, and found his wife sitting on a throne that was two miles high; and she had three great crowns on her head, and around stood all the pomp and power of the Church; and on each side were two rows of burning lights, of all sizes, the greatest as large as the highest and biggest tower in the world, and the least no larger than a small rushlight. "Wife," said the fisherman, as he looked at all this grandeur, "are you pope?" "Yes," said she, "I am pope." "Well, wife," replied he, "it is a grand thing to be pope; and now you must be content, for you can be nothing greater." "I will consider of that," said the wife. Then they went to bed: but Dame Alice could not sleep all night for thinking what she should be next. At last morning came, and the sun rose. "Ha!" thought she as she looked at it through the window, "cannot I prevent the sun rising?" At this, she was very angry, and she wakened her husband, and said, "Husband, go to the fish and tell him I want to be lord of the sun and moon." The fisherman was half asleep, but the thought frightened him so much that he started and fell out of bed. "Alas, wife!" said he, "cannot you be content to be pope?" "No," said she, "I am very uneasy, and cannot bear to see the sun and moon rise without my leave. Go to the fish directly."

Then the man went trembling for fear; and as he was going down to the shore, a dreadful storm arose, so that the trees and the rocks shook; and the heavens became black, and the lightning played, and the thunder rolled; and you might have seen in the sea great black waves, like mountains, with a white crown of foam upon them; and the fisherman said, —

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said he, "she wants to be lord of the sun and moon." "Go home," said the fish, "to your ditch again!" And there they live to this very day.

JORINDA AND JORINDEL.

THERE was once an old castle that stood in the middle of a large thick wood, and in the castle lived an old fairy. All the day long she flew about in the form of an owl, or crept about the country like a cat; but at night she always became an old woman again. When any youth came within a hundred paces of her castle, he became quite fixed, and could not move a step till she came and set him free: but when any pretty maiden came within that distance, she was changed into a bird; and the fairy put her into a cage and hung her up in a chamber in the castle.

There were seven hundred of these cages hanging in the castle, and all with beautiful birds in them.

Now there was once a maiden whose name was Jorinda: she was prettier than all the pretty girls that ever were seen; and a shepherd whose name was Jorindel was very fond of her, and they were soon to be married. One day they went to walk in the wood, that they might be alone: and Jorindel said, "We must take care that we don't go too near to the castle." It was a beautiful evening; the last rays of the setting sun shone bright through the long stems of the trees upon the green underwood beneath, and the turtle-doves sang plaintively from the tall birches.

Jorinda sat down to gaze upon the sun; Jorindel sat by her side; and both felt sad, they knew not why; but it seemed as if they were to be parted from one another forever. They had wandered a long way; and when they looked to see which way they should go home, they found themselves at a loss to know what path to take.

The sun was setting fast, and already half of his circle had disappeared behind the hill: Jorindel on a sudden looked behind him, and as he saw through the bushes that they had, without knowing it, sat down close under the old walls of the castle, he shrank for fear, turned pale, and trembled. Jorinda was singing, —

"The ring-dove sang from the willow spray,
Well-a-day! well-a-day!
He mourn'd for the fate
Of his lovely mate,
Well-a-day!"

The song ceased suddenly. Jorindel turned to see the reason, and beheld his Jorinda changed into a nightingale; so that her song ended with a mournful *jug, jug*. An owl with fiery eyes flew three times round them, and three times screamed, Tu whu! Tu whu! Tu whu! Jorindel could not move: he stood fixed as a stone, and could neither weep, nor speak, nor stir hand or foot. And now the sun went quite down; the gloomy night came; the owl flew into a bush; and a moment after the old fairy came forth pale and meagre, with staring eyes, and a nose and chin that almost met.

She mumbled something to herself, seized the nightingale, and went away with it in her hand. Poor Jorindel saw the nightinale was gone, — but what could he do? he could not speak, he could not move from the spot where he stood. At last the fairy came back, and sang with a hoarse voice,

"Till the prisoner 's fast,
And her doom is cast,
There stay! Oh, stay
When the charm is around her,
And the spell has bound her,
Hie away! away!"

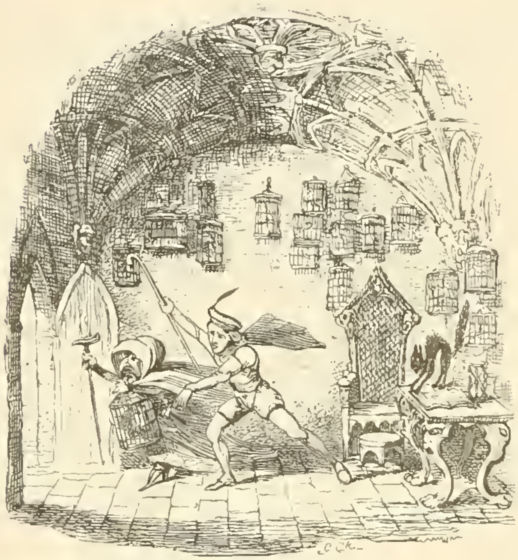
On a sudden Jorindel found himself free. Then he fell on his knees before the fairy, and prayed her to give him back his dear Jorinda: but she said he should never see her again, and went her way.

He prayed, he wept, he sorrowed, but all in vain. "Alas!" he said, "what will become of me?"

He could not return to his own home, so he went to a strange village, and employed himself in keeping sheep. Many a time did he walk round and round as near to the hated castle as he dared go. At last he dreamt one night that he found a beautiful purple flower, and in the middle of it lay a costly pearl; and he dreamt that he plucked the flower, and went with it in his hand into the castle, and that everything he touched with it was disenchanted, and that there he found his dear Jorinda again.

In the morning when he awoke, he began to search over hill and dale for this pretty flower; and eight long days he sought for it in vain: but on the ninth day, early in the morning, he found the beautiful purple flower; and in the middle of it was a large dew-drop as big as a costly pearl.

Then he plucked the flower, and set out and traveled day and night till he came again to the castle. He walked nearer than a hundred paces to it, and yet he did not become fixed as before, but found that he could go close up to the door.



Jorindel was very glad to see this: he touched the door with the flower, and it sprang open, so that he went in through the court, and listened when he heard so many birds singing. At last he came to the chamber where the fairy sat, with the seven hundred birds singing in the seven hundred cages. And when she saw Jorindel she was very angry, and screamed with rage; but she could not come within two yards of him; for the flower he held in his hand protected him. He looked around at the birds, but alas! there were many, many nightingales, and how then should he find his Jorinda? While he was thinking what to do he observed that the fairy had taken down one of the cages, and was making her escape through the door. He ran or flew to her, touched the cage with the flower, — and his Jorinda stood before him. She threw her arms round his neck and looked as beautiful as ever, as beautiful as when they walked together in the wood.

Then he touched all the other birds with the flower, so that they resumed their old forms; and took his dear Jorinda home, where they lived happily together many years.

THE SIX SWANS.

Once upon a time, a king, hunting in a great forest, chased a wild boar so eagerly, that none of his people could follow him. When evening came, he stopped to look about him, and saw that he had lost himself. He sought everywhere for a way out of the wood, but could find none. Then he perceived coming towards him an old woman, whose head kept constantly shaking. She was a witch.

"My good woman," said he to her, "cannot you show me the way through the wood?"

"Oh yes, your majesty," answered she, "that I can, but only on one condition, and if you do not agree to it, you will never get out, and must die here of hunger."

"What is the condition?" asked the king, eagerly.

"I have an only daughter," said the old woman, "she is as beautiful as any one you could find in the wide world, and well deserves to be your wife; if you will make her your queen, I will show you the way out of the wood."

The king, in the fear of his heart, consented, and the old woman led him to her house, where her daughter sat by the fire. She received the king as if she had expected him, and he saw that she was very beautiful; but still she did not please him, and he could not look at her without a secret shudder. After he had lifted the maiden beside him on his horse, the old woman showed him the way, and the king arrived again at his royal castle, where the wedding was celebrated.

He had been married once before, and had by his first wife seven children, six boys and a girl, whom he loved more than anything in the world. But, because he was afraid that the stepmother might not treat them well, or might even do them some harm, he took them to a lonely castle which stood in the middle of a wood. It was so hidden, and the road was so difficult to find, that he himself would not have found it, if a wise woman had not given him a wonderful skein of thread, which, when he threw it down before him, unrolled of itself and showed him the way. The king went out so often to his dear children that the queen noticed his absence, and was full of curiosity to know what business took him thus alone to the wood. So she gave his servants a sum of money, and they told her the secret, and also told her of the skein, which was the only thing that could show the way. After that she never rested till she had found out where the king kept the skein. Then she made some little white silk shirts, and, as she had learned witchcraft from her mother, she sewed a spell into every one of them. And one day, when the king was gone out to hunt, she took the little shirts and went into the wood, and the skein showed her the way.

The six brothers, who saw some one in the distance, thought their dear father was coming, and ran to meet him, full of joy. As they approached, the queen threw one of the shirts over each of them, and when the shirts touched their bodies they were changed into swans, and flew away over the wood. The witch's daughter went home quite happy, and thought she had got rid of all her step-children; but the one little girl had not run out with her brothers, and the queen knew nothing about her.

Next day the king came joyfully to visit his children, but he found nobody except the little sister.

"Where are your brothers?" asked he.

"Oh, dear father," she answered, "they are gone and have left me alone," and then she told him all that she had seen out of her window; how her brothers were turned into swans, and had flown away over the wood; she also showed him the feathers which they had dropped into the courtyard, and which she had picked up.

The king was grieved, but he never thought that the queen had done this wicked deed; however, because he dreaded lest the little girl would be stolen from him likewise, he wished to take her away with him. But she was afraid of the step-mother, and begged the king to let her stay one night more in the castle in the wood.

The poor girl thought, "I cannot rest here any longer; I will go and look for my brothers."

And when the night came she ran away, and went straight into the wood. She went on all through the night, and the next day too, till she was so tired that she could go no farther. Then she saw a little house, and went in, and found a room with six little beds; she did not dare to lie down in any, but crept under one of them, laid herself on the hard floor, and meant to pass the night there. But when the sun was just going to set, she heard a rustling, and saw six swans come flying in at the window. They sat down on the floor, and blew at one another, and blew all their feathers off, and took off their swan's-skins like shirts. Then the little girl saw them and recognized her brothers, and was very glad, and crept out from under the bed.

The brothers were not less rejoiced when they saw their little sister, but their joy did not last long.

"You cannot stop here," said they to her, "this is a house belonging to robbers; if they come home and find you they will kill you."

"Cannot you protect me?" said the little sister.

"No," answered they, "we can only take off our swan's-skins for a quarter of an hour every evening, and have our natural shape for that time, but afterwards we are turned into swans again."

The little sister cried, and said, "Cannot you be released?"

"Oh, no!" "answered they, "the conditions are too hard. You must not speak or laugh for six years, and must make for us six shirts out of stitchweed during that time. If while you are making them a single word comes from your mouth all your work will be of no use." When her brothers had said this the quarter of an hour was over, and they turned into swans again and flew out of the window.

But the little girl made a firm resolution to release her brothers, even if it cost her her life.

She left the house, and went into the middle of the wood, and climbed up in a tree and spent the night there. Next morning she got down, collected a quantity of stitchweed, and began to sew. She could not speak to any one, and she did not want to laugh ; so she sat and only looked at her work.

When she had been there a long time it happened that the king of the country was hunting in the wood, and his hunters came to the tree on which the little girl sat. They called to her, and said, "Who are you?"

But she gave them no answer.

"Come down and see us," said they, "we will not do you any harm."

But she only shook her head. As they kept teasing her with their questions she threw them down her gold necklace, and thought they would be satisfied with that. But they did not leave off, so she threw her sash down to them, and as that was no good she threw down her garters, and at last everything that she had on, and could spare ; so that she had nothing left but her shift. But the hunters would not be sent away, and climbed up the tree and brought down the little girl and took her to the king.

The king asked, "Who are you? what were you doing up in the tree?"

But she did not answer. He asked it in all the languages that he knew, but she remained as dumb as a fish. But, because she was so beautiful, the king's heart was moved, and he fell deeply in love with her. He wrapped his cloak round her, took her before him on his horse, and brought her to his castle. Then he had her dressed in rich clothes, and she shone in her beauty like bright sunshine ; but they could not get a word out of her. He set her by him at the table, and her modest look and proper behavior pleased him so much that he said, "I will marry her, and no one else in the world," and after a few days he was married to her.

But the king had a wicked mother, who was not pleased with his marriage, and spoke ill of the young queen. "Who knows where the girl comes from?" said she, "she cannot speak; she is not good enough for a king."

A year after, when the queen brought her first child into the world, the old mother took it away, and smeared her mouth with blood while she was asleep. Then she went to the king, and accused her of eating her child. The king would not believe it, and would not let any one do her any harm. And she always sat and sewed the shirts, and took no notice of anything else. Next time, when she had another beautiful baby, the wicked mother did the same as before; but the king could not resolve to believe what she said.

He said, "My wife is too pious and good to do such a thing: if she were not dumb, and if she could defend herself, her innocence would be made clear."

But when for the third time the old woman took away the new-born child, and accused the queen, who could not say a word in her own defense, the king could not help himself; he was forced to give her up to the court of justice, and she was condemned to suffer death by fire.

When the day came upon which the sentence was to be executed, it was exactly the last day of the six years in which she might not speak or laugh ; and she had freed her dear brothers from the power of the spell. The six little shirts were finished, except that on the last one a sleeve was wanting. When she came to the place of execution, she laid the shirts on her arm, and when she stood at the stake, and the fire was just going to be lit, she looked round, and there came six swans flying through the air. Then her heart leaped with joy, for she saw that her deliverance was near.

The swans flew to her, and crouched down, so that she could throw the shirts over them ; as soon as the shirts were touched by them, their swan's-skins fell off, and her brothers stood before her. They were all grown up, strong and handsome ; only the youngest had no left arm, but instead of it a swan's wing.

They hugged and kissed their sister many times, and then the queen went to the king, and began to speak, and said, "Dearest husband, now I may speak, and declare to you that I am innocent and falsely accused;" and she told him about the deceit of the old mother, who had taken away her three children, and hidden them.

However, they were soon fetched safely back, to the great joy of the king; and the wicked mother-in-law was tied to the stake, and burnt to ashes. But the king and queen, with their six brothers, lived many years in peace and happiness.

RUMPEL-STILTS-KIN.

In a certain kingdom once lived a poor miller who had a very beautiful daughter. She was, moreover, exceedingly shrewd and clever; and the miller was so vain and proud of her that he one day told the king of the land that his daughter could spin gold out of straw. Now this king was very fond of money; and when he heard the miller's boast his avarice was excited, and he ordered the girl to be brought before him. Then he led her to a chamber where there was a great quantity of straw, gave her a spinning-wheel, and said, "All this must be spun into gold before morning, as you value your life." It was in vain that the poor maiden declared that she could do no such thing; the chamber was locked and she remained alone.

She sat down in one corner of the room and began to lament over her hard fate, when on a sudden the door opened, and a droll-looking little man hobbled in, and said, "Good-morrow to you, my good lass, what are you weeping for?" "Alas!" answered she, "I must spin this straw into gold, and I know not how." "What will you give me," said the little man, "to do it for you?" "My necklace," replied the maiden. He took her at her word, and set himself down at the wheel; round about it went merrily, and presently the work was done and the gold all spun.

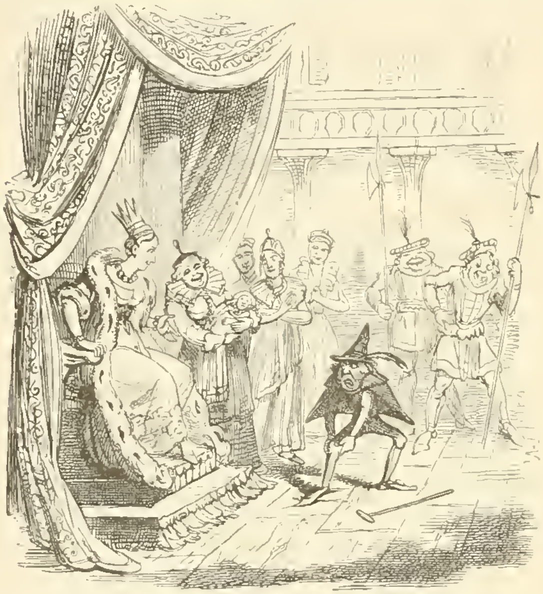
When the king came and saw this he was greatly astonished and pleased; but his heart grew still more greedy of gain, and he shut up the poor miller's daughter again with a fresh task. Then she knew not what to do, and sat down once more to weep; but the little man presently opened the door, and said, "What will you give me to do your task?" "The ring on my finger," replied she. So her little friend took the ring, and began to work at the wheel, till by the morning all was finished again.

The king was vastly delighted to see all this glittering treasure; but still he was not satisfied, and took the miller's daughter into a yet larger room, and said, "All this must be spun to-night; and if you succeed you shall be my queen." As soon as she was alone the dwarf came in, and said, "What will you give me to spin gold for you this third time?" "I have nothing left," said she. "Then promise me," said the little man, "your first little child when you are queen." "That may never be," thought the miller's daughter; and as she knew no other way to get her task done, she promised him what he asked, and he spun once more the whole heap of gold. The king came in the morning, and, finding all he wanted, married her, and so the miller's daughter really became queen.

At the birth of her first little child the queen rejoiced very much, and forgot the little man and her promise; but one day he came into her chamber and reminded her of it. Then she grieved sorely at her misfortune, and offered him all the treasures of the kingdom in exchange; but in vain, till at last her tears softened him, and he said, "I will give you three days' grace, and if during that time you tell me my name you shall keep your child."

Now the queen lay awake all night, thinking of all the odd names that she had ever heard, and dispatched messengers all over the land to inquire after new ones. The next day the little man came, and she began with Timothy, Benjamin, Jeremiah, and all the names she could remember; but to all of them he said, "That's not my name."

The second day she began with all the comical names she could hear of, Bandy-legs, Hunch-back, Crook-shanks, and so on, but the little gentleman still said to every one of them, "That 's not my name."



The third day came back one of the messengers, and said, "I can hear of no one other name; but yesterday, as I was climbing a high hill among the trees of the forest where the fox and the hare bid each other good-night, I saw a little hut, and before the hut burnt a fire, and round about the fire danced a funny little man upon one leg, and sung, —

> "Merrily the feast I 'll make,
> To-day I 'll brew, to-morrow bake;
> Merrily I 'll dance and sing,
> For next day will a stranger bring:
> Little does my lady dream
> Rumpel-Stilts-Kin is my name!"

When the queen heard this, she jumped for joy, and as soon as her little visitor came, and said, "Now, lady, what is my name?" "Is it John?" asked she. "No!" "Is it Tom?" "No!" "Can your name be Rumpel-Stilts-Kin?" "Some witch told you that! Some witch told you that!" cried the little man, and dashed his right foot in a rage so deep into the floor that he was forced to lay hold of it with both hands to pull it out. Then he made the best of his way off, while everybody laughed at him for having had all his trouble for nothing.

THE FAIR ONE WITH GOLDEN LOCKS.

There was once a king's daughter so beautiful that they named her the Fair One with Golden Locks. These golden locks were the most remarkable in the world, soft and fine, and falling in long waves down to her very feet. She wore them always thus, loose and flowing, surmounted with a wreath of flowers; and though such long hair was sometimes rather inconvenient, it was so exceedingly beautiful, shining in the sun like ripples of molten gold, that everybody agreed she fully deserved her name.

Now there was a young king of a neighboring country, very handsome, very rich, and wanting nothing but a wife to make him happy. He heard so much of the various perfections of the Fair One with Golden Locks, that at last, without even seeing her, he fell in love with her so desperately that he could neither eat nor drink, and resolved to send an ambassador at once to demand her in marriage. So he ordered a magnificent equipage — more than a hundred horses and a hundred footmen — with instructions to bring back to him the Fair One with Golden Locks, who, he never doubted, would be only too happy to become his queen. Indeed, he felt so sure of her that he refurnished the whole palace, and had made, by all the dressmakers of the city, dresses enough to last a lady for a lifetime. But, alas! when the ambassador arrived and delivered his message, either the princess was in a bad humor, or the offer did not appear to be to her taste; for she returned her best thanks to his majesty, but said she had not the slightest wish or intention to be married. She also, being a prudent damsel, declined receiving any of the presents which the king had sent her; except that, not quite to offend his majesty, she retained a box of English pins, which were in that country of considerable value.

When the ambassador returned, alone and unsuccessful, all the court was very much affected, and the king himself began to weep with all his might. Now there was in the palace household a young gentleman named Avenant, beautiful as the sun, besides being at once so amiable and so wise that the king confided to him all his affairs; and every one loved him, except those people — to be found in all courts — who were envious of his good fortune. These malicious folk hearing him say gayly, "If the king had sent me to fetch the Fair One with Golden Locks, I know she would have come back with me," repeated the saying in such a manner, that it appeared as if Avenant thought too much of himself and his beauty, and felt sure the princess would have followed him all over the world; which when it came to the ears of the king, as it was meant to do, irritated him so greatly that he commanded Avenant to be imprisoned in a high tower, and left to die there of hunger. The guards accordingly carried off the young man, who had quite forgotten his idle speech, and had not the least idea what fault he had committed. They ill-treated him, and then left him, with nothing to eat and only water to drink. This, however, kept him alive for a few days, during which he did not cease to complain aloud, and to call upon the king, saying, "O king, what harm have I done? You have no subject more faithful than I. Never have I had a thought which could offend you."

And it so befell that the king, coming by chance, or else with a sort of remorse, past the tower, was touched by the voice of the young Avenant, whom he had once so much regarded. In spite of all the courtiers could do to prevent him he stopped to listen, and overheard these words. The tears rushed into his eyes; he opened the door of the tower, and called, "Avenant!" Avenant came, creeping feebly along, fell at the king's knees, and kissed his feet: —

"O sire, what have I done that you should treat me so cruelly?"

"You have mocked me and my ambassador; for you said, if I had sent you to fetch the Fair One with Golden Locks, you would have been successful and brought her back."

"I did say it, and it was true," replied Avenant, fearlessly; "for I should have told her so much about your majesty and your various high qualities, which no one knows so well as myself, that I am persuaded she would have returned with me."

"I believe it," said the king, with an angry look at those who had spoken ill of his favorite; he then gave Avenant a free pardon, and took him back with him to the court.

After having supplied the famished youth with as much supper as he could eat, the king admitted him to a private audience, and said, "I am as much in love as ever with the Fair One with Golden Locks, so I will take you at your word, and send you to try and win her for me."

"Very well, please your majesty," replied Avenant, cheerfully; "I will depart to-morrow."

The king, overjoyed with his willingness and hopefulness, would have furnished him with a still more magnificent equipage and suite than the first ambassador; but Avenant refused to take anything except a good horse to ride, and letters of introduction to the princess's father. The king embraced him, and eagerly saw him depart.

It was on a Monday morning when, without any pomp or show, Avenant thus started on his mission. He rode slowly and meditatively, pondering over every possible means of persuading the Fair One with Golden Locks to marry the king; but, even after several days' journey towards her country, no clear project had entered into his mind.

One morning, when he had started at break of day, he came to a great meadow with a stream running through it, along which were planted willows and poplars. It was such a pleasant, rippling stream that he dismounted and sat down on its banks. There he perceived, gasping on the grass, a large golden carp, which, in leaping too far after gnats, had thrown itself quite out of the water, and now lay dying on the greensward. Avenant took pity on it, and though he was very hungry, and the fish was very fat, and he would well enough have liked it for his breakfast, still he lifted it gently and put it back into the stream. No sooner had the carp touched the fresh cool water than it revived and swam away; but shortly returning, it spoke to him from the water in this wise: —

"Avenant, I thank you for your good deed. I was dying, and you have saved me: I will recompense you for this one day."

After this pretty little speech, the fish popped down to the bottom of the stream, according to the habit of carp, leaving Avenant very much astonished, as was natural.

Another day he met with a raven that was in great distress, being pursued by an eagle, which would have swallowed him up in a trice. "See," thought Avenant, "how the stronger oppress the weaker! What right has an eagle to eat up a raven?" So taking his bow and arrow, which he always carried, he shot the eagle dead, and the raven, delighted, perched in safety on an opposite tree.

"Avenant," screeched he, not in the sweetest voice in the world; "you have generously succored me, a poor miserable raven. I am not ungrateful, and I will recompense you one day."

"Thank you," said Avenant, and continued his road.

Entering a thick wood, so dark with the shadows of early morning that he could scarcely find his way, he heard an owl hooting, as if in great tribulation. She had been caught by the nets spread by bird-catchers to entrap finches, larks, and other small birds. "What a pity," thought Avenant, "that men must always torment poor birds and beasts who have done them no harm!" So he took out his knife, cut the net, and set the owl free. She went sailing up into the air, but immediately returned, hovering over his head on her brown wings.

"Avenant," said she, "at daylight the bird-catchers would have been here, and I should have been caught and killed. I have a grateful heart; I will recompense you one day."

These were the three principal adventures that befell Avenant on his way to the kingdom of the Fair One with Golden Locks. Arrived there, he dressed himself with the greatest care, in a habit of silver brocade, and a hat adorned with plumes of scarlet and white. He threw over all a rich mantle, and carried a basket, in which was a lovely little dog, an offering of respect to the princess. With this he presented himself at the palace-gates, where, even though he came alone, his mien was so dignified and graceful, so altogether charming, that every one did him reverence, and was eager to run and tell the Fair One with Golden Locks that Avenant, another ambassador from the king her suitor, awaited an audience.

"Avenant!" repeated the princess, "that is a pretty name; perhaps the youth is pretty, too."

"So beautiful," said the ladies of honor, "that while he stood under the palace-window, we could do nothing but look at him."

"How silly of you!" sharply said the princess. But she desired them to bring her robe of blue satin, to comb out her long hair, and adorn it with the freshest garland of flowers; to give her her high-heeled shoes, and her fan. "Also," added she, "take care that my audience-chamber is well swept and my throne well dusted. I wish, in everything, to appear as becomes the Fair One with Golden Locks."

This done, she seated herself on her throne of ivory and ebony, and gave orders for her musicians to play, but softly, so as not to disturb conversation. Thus, shining in all her beauty, she admitted Avenant to her presence.

He was so dazzled that at first he could not speak: then he began and delivered his harangue to perfection.

"Gentle Avenant," returned the princess, after listening to all his reasons for her returning with him, "your arguments are very strong, and I am inclined to listen to them; but you must first find for me a ring, which I dropped into the river about a month ago. Until I recover it, I can listen to no propositions of marriage."

Avenant, surprised and disturbed, made her a profound reverence and retired, taking with him the basket and the little dog Cabriole, which she refused to accept. All night long he sat sighing to himself, "How can I ever find a ring which she dropped into the river a month ago? She has set me an impossible task."

"My dear master," said Cabriole, "nothing is an impossibility to one so young and charming as you are: let us go at daybreak to the river-side."

Avenant patted him, but replied nothing: until, worn out with grief, he slept. Before dawn Cabriole wakened him, saying, "Master, dress yourself and let us go to the river."

There Avenant walked up and down, with his arms folded and his head bent, but saw nothing. At last he heard a voice calling from a distance, "Avenant, Avenant!"

The little dog ran to the water-side — "Never believe me again, master, if it be not a golden carp with a ring in its mouth!"

"Yes, Avenant," said the carp, "this is the ring which the princess had lost. You saved my life in the willow meadow, and I have recompensed you. Farewell!"

Avenant took the ring gratefully, and returned to the palace with Cabriole, who scampered about in great glee. Craving an audience, he presented the princess with her ring, and begged her to accompany him to his master's kingdom. She took the ring, looked at it, and thought she was surely dreaming.

"Some fairy must have assisted you, fortunate Avenant," said she.

"Madam, I am only fortunate in my desire to obey your wishes."

"Obey me still," she said, graciously. "There is a prince named Galifron, whose suit I have refused. He is a giant, as tall as a tower, who eats a man as a monkey eats a nut: he puts cannons into his pockets instead of pistols; and when he speaks his voice is so loud that every one near him becomes deaf. Go and fight him, and bring me his head."

Avenant was thunderstruck; but after a time he recovered himself — "Very well, madam. I shall certainly perish, but I will perish like a brave man. I will depart at once to fight the Giant Galifron."

The princess, now in her turn surprised and alarmed, tried every persuasion to induce him not to go, but in vain. Avenant armed himself and started, carrying his little dog in its basket. Cabriole was the only creature that gave him consolation: "Courage, master! While you attack the giant, I will bite his legs: he will stoop down to strike me, and then you can knock him on the head." Avenant smiled at the little dog's spirit, but he knew it was useless.

Arrived at the castle of Galifron, he found the road all strewn with bones and carcasses of men. Soon he saw the giant walking. His head was level with the highest trees, and he sang in a terrific voice, —

"Bring me babies to devour;
More — more — more — more —
Men and women, tender and tough;
All the world holds not enough."

To which Avenant replied, imitating the tune, —

"Avenant you here may see,
He is come to punish thee:
Be he tender, be he tough,
To kill thee, giant, he is enough."

Hearing these words, the giant took up his massive club, looked around for the singer, and, perceiving him, would have slain him on the spot, had not a raven, sitting on a tree close by, suddenly flown out upon him, and picked out both his eyes. Then Avenant easily killed him, and cut off his head, while the raven, watching him, said, —

"You shot the eagle who was pursuing me: I promised to recompense you, and to-day I have done it. We are quits."

"No, it is I who am your debtor, Sir Raven," replied Avenant, as, hanging the frightful head to his saddle-bow, he mounted his horse and rode back to the city of the Fair One with Golden Locks.

There everybody followed him, shouting, "Here is brave Avenant, who has killed the giant," until the princess, hearing the noise, and fearing it was Avenant himself who was killed, appeared, all trembling; and even when he appeared with Galifron's head, she trembled still, although she had nothing to fear.

"Madam," said Avenant, "your enemy is dead: so I trust you will accept the hand of the king my master."

"I cannot," replied she, thoughtfully, "unless you first bring me a phial of the water in the Grotto of Darkness. It is six leagues in length, and guarded at the entrance by two fiery dragons. Within it is a pit full of scorpions, lizards, and serpents, and at the bottom of this place flows the Fountain of Beauty and Health. All who wash in it become, if ugly, beautiful, and if beautiful, beautiful forever: if old, young; and if young, young forever. Judge then, Avenant, if I can quit my kingdom without carrying with me some of this remarkable water."

"Madam," replied Avenant, "you are already so beautiful that you require it not: but I am an unfortunate ambassador whose death you desire: I will obey you, though I know I shall never return."

So he departed with his only friends — his horse and his faithful dog Cabriole; while all who met him looked at him compassionately, pitying so pretty a youth bound on such a hopeless errand. But, however kindly they addressed him, Avenant rode on and answered nothing, for he was too sad at heart.

He reached a mountain-side, where he sat down to rest, leaving his horse to graze, and Cabriole to run after the flies. He knew that the Grotto of Darkness was not far off, yet he looked about him like one who sees nothing. At last he perceived a rock, as black as ink, whence came a thick smoke: and in a moment appeared one of the two dragons, breathing out flames. It had a yellow and green body, claws, and a long tail. When Cabriole saw the monster, the poor little dog hid himself in terrible fright. But Avenant resolved to die bravely; so, taking a phial which the princess had given him, he prepared to descend into the cave.

"Cabriole," said he, "I shall soon be dead: then fill this phial with my blood, and carry it to the Fair One with Golden Locks, and afterwards to the king my master, to show him I have been faithful to the last."

While he was thus speaking, a voice called, "Avenant, Avenant!" — and he saw an owl sitting on a hollow tree near by. Said the owl: "You cut the net in which I was caught, and I vowed to recompense you. Now is the time. Give me the phial: I know every corner of the Grotto of Darkness — I will fetch you the water of beauty."

Delighted beyond words, Avenant delivered up his phial; the owl flew with it into the grotto, and in less than half-an-hour reappeared, bringing it quite full and well corked. Avenant thanked her with all his heart, and joyfully took once more the road to the city.

The Fair One with Golden Locks had no more to say. She consented to accompany him back, with all her suite, to his master's court. On the way thither she saw so much of him, and found him so charming, that Avenant might have married her himself had he chosen; but he would not have been false to his master for all the beauties under the sun. At length they arrived at the king's city, and the Fair One with Golden Locks became his spouse and queen. But she still loved Avenant in her heart, and often said to the king her lord, — "But for Avenant I should not be here; he has done all sorts of impossible deeds for my sake; he has fetched me the water of beauty, and I shall never grow old — in short, I owe him everything."

And she praised him in this sort so much, that at length the king became jealous; and though Avenant gave him not the slightest cause of offense, he shut him up in the same high tower once more — but with irons on his hands and feet, and a cruel jailer besides, who fed him with bread and water only. His sole companion was his little dog Cabriole.

When the Fair One with Golden Locks heard of this, she reproached her husband for his ingratitude, and then, throwing herself at his knees, implored that Avenant might be set free. But the king only said, "She loves him!" and refused her prayer. The queen entreated no more, but fell into a deep melancholy.

When the king saw it, he thought she did not care for him because he was not handsome enough; and that if he could wash his face with her water of beauty, it would make her love him more. He knew she kept it in a cabinet in her chamber, where she could find it always.

Now it happened that a waiting-maid, in cleaning out this cabinet, had, the very day before, knocked down the phial, which was broken in a thousand pieces, and all the contents were lost. Very much alarmed she then remembered seeing in a cabinet belonging to the king a similar phial. This she fetched, and put in the place of the other one, in which was the water of beauty. But the king's phial contained the water of death. It was a poison, used to destroy great criminals — that is, noblemen, gentlemen, and such like. Instead of hanging them or cutting their heads off, like common people, they were compelled to wash their faces with water; upon which they fell asleep, and woke no more. So it happened that the king, taking up this phial, believing it to be the water of beauty, washed his face with it, fell asleep, and — died.

Cabriole heard the news, and, gliding in and out among the crowd which clustered round the young and lovely widow, whispered softly to her, — "Madam, do not forget poor Avenant." If she had been disposed to do so, the sight of his little dog would have been enough to remind her of him — his many sufferings, and his great fidelity. She rose without speaking to anybody, and went straight to the tower where Avenant was confined. There, with her own hands, she struck off his chains, and putting a crown of gold on his head, and a purple mantle on his shoulders, said to him, "Be king — and my husband."

Avenant could not refuse; for in his heart he had loved her all the time. He threw himself at her feet, and then took the crown and sceptre, and ruled her kingdom like a king. All the people were delighted to have him as their sovereign. The marriage was celebrated with all imaginable pomp, and Avenant and the Fair One with Golden Locks lived and reigned happily together all their days.

LITTLE ONE EYE, LITTLE TWO EYES, AND LITTLE THREE EYES.

THERE was a woman who had three daughters, the eldest of whom was called Little One Eye, because she had only one eye in the middle of her forehead; the second, Little Two Eyes, because she had two eyes like other people; and the youngest, Little Three Eyes, because she had three eyes, one of them being also in the middle of the forehead. But because Little Two Eyes looked no different from other people her sisters and mother could not bear her. They said, "You with your two eyes are no better than anybody else; you do not belong to us." They knocked her about, and gave her shabby clothes, and food which was left over from their own meals; in short, they vexed her whenever they could.

It happened that Little Two Eyes had to go out into the fields to look after the goat; but she was still quite hungry, because her sisters had given her so little to eat. She sat down on a hillock and began to cry, and cried so much that a little stream ran down out of each eye. And as she looked up once in her sorrow, a woman stood near her, who asked, "Little Two Eyes, why do you cry?"

Little Two Eyes answered, "Have I not need to cry? Because I have two eyes, like other people, my sisters and my mother cannot bear me; they push me out of one corner into the other, give me shabby clothes, and nothing to eat but what they leave. To-day they have given me so little that I am still quite hungry."

The wise woman said, "Little Two Eyes, dry your eyes, and I will tell you something which will keep you from ever being hungry more. Only say to your goat, 'Little goat, bleat; little table, rise,' and a neatly-laid table will stand before you with the most delicious food on it, so that you can eat as much as you like. And when you are satisfied and do not want the table any more, only say, 'Little goat, bleat; little table, away,' and it will all disappear before your eyes." Then the wise woman went out of sight.

Little Two Eyes thought, "I must try directly if it be true what she has said, for I am much too hungry to wait." So she said, "Little goat, bleat; little table, rise;" and scarcely had she uttered the words, when there stood before her a little table, covered with a white cloth, on which were laid a plate, knife and fork, and silver spoon. The most delicious food was there also, and smoking hot, as if just come from the kitchen. Then Little Two Eyes said the shortest grace that she knew, "Lord God, be our Guest at all times. — Amen," began to eat, and found it very good. And when she had had enough, she said as the wise woman had taught her, — "Little goat, bleat; little table, away." In an instant the little table, and all that stood on it, had disappeared again. "That is a beautiful, easy way of housekeeping," thought Little Two Eyes, and was quite happy and merry.

In the evening, when she came home with her goat, she found a little earthen dish with food, which her sisters had put aside for her, but she did not touch anything — she had no need. On the next day she went out again with her goat, and let the few crusts that were given her remain uneaten. The first time and the second time the sisters took no notice; but when the same thing happened every day, they remarked it, and said, "All is not right with Little Two Eyes; she always leaves her food, and she used formerly to eat everything that was given her; she must have found other ways of dining."

In order to discover the truth, they resolved that Little One Eye should go with Little Two Eyes when she drove the goat into the meadow, and see what she did there, and if anybody brought her anything to eat and drink. So when Little Two Eyes set out again, Little One Eye came to her and said, "I will go with you into the field, and see that the goat is taken proper care of, and driven to good pasture."

But Little Two Eyes saw what Little One Eye had in her mind, and drove the goat into long grass, saying, "Come, Little One Eye, we will sit down; I will sing you something." Little One Eye sat down, being tired from the unusual walk and from the heat of the sun, and Little Two Eyes kept on singing, "Are you awake, Little One Eye? Are you asleep, Little One Eye?" Then Little One Eye shut her one eye, and fell asleep. And when Little Two Eyes saw that Little One Eye was fast asleep, and could not betray anything, she said, "Little goat, bleat; little table, rise," and sat herself at her table, and ate and drank till she was satisfied; then she called out again, "Little goat, bleat; little table, away," and instantly everything disappeared.

Little Two Eyes now woke Little One Eye, and said, "Little One Eye, you pretend to watch, and fall asleep over it, and in the mean time the goat could have run all over the world; come, we will go home." Then they went home, and Little Two Eyes let her little dish again stand untouched; and Little One Eye, who could not tell the mother why her sister would not eat, said, as an excuse, "Oh, I fell asleep out there."

The next day the mother said to Little Three Eyes, "This time you shall go and see if Little Two Eyes eats out of doors, and if any one brings her food and drink, for she must eat and drink secretly."

Then Little Three Eyes went to Little Two Eyes, and said, "I will go with you and see if the goat be taken proper care of, and driven to good pasture." But Little Two Eyes saw what Little Three Eyes had in her mind, and drove the goat into long grass, and said as before, "We will sit down here, Little Three Eyes; I will sing you something." Little Three Eyes seated herself, being tired from the walk and the heat of the sun, and Little Two Eyes began the same song again, and sang, "Are you awake, Little Three Eyes?" But instead of singing then as she should, "Are you asleep, Little *Three* Eyes?" she sang, through carelessness, "Are you asleep, Little *Two* Eyes?" and went on singing, "Are you awake, Little Three Eyes? Are you asleep, Little *Two* Eyes?" So the two eyes of Little Three Eyes fell asleep, but the third did not go to sleep, because it was not spoken to by the verse. Little Three Eyes, to be sure, shut it, and made believe to go to sleep, but only through slyness; for she winked with it, and could see everything quite well. And when Little Two Eyes thought that Little Three Eyes was fast asleep, she said her little sentence, "Little goat, bleat; little table, rise," ate and drank heartily, and then told the little table to go away again, "Little goat, bleat; little table, away." But Little Three Eyes had seen everything.

Then Little Two Eyes came to her, woke her, and said, "Ah! Little Three Eyes, have you been asleep? you keep watch well! come, we will go home." And when they got home, Little Two Eyes again did not eat, and Little Three Eyes said to the mother, "I know why the proud thing does not eat: when she says to the goat out there, 'Little goat, bleat; little table, rise,' there stands a table before her, which is covered with the very best food, much better than we have here; and when she is satisfied, she says, 'Little goat, bleat; little table, away,' and everything is gone again; I have seen it all exactly. She put two of my eyes to sleep with her little verse, but the one in my forehead luckily remained awake."

Then the envious mother cried out, "Shall she be better off than we are?" fetched a butcher's knife, and stuck it into the goat's heart, so that it fell down dead.

When Little Two Eyes saw that, she went out full of grief, seated herself on a hillock, and wept bitter tears. All at once the wise woman stood near her again, and said, "Little Two Eyes, why do you cry?"

"Shall I not cry?" answered she. "The goat who every day, when I said your little verse, laid the table so beautifully, has been killed by my mother; now I must suffer hunger and thirst again."

The wise woman said, "Little Two Eyes, I will give you some good advice; beg your sisters to give you the heart of the murdered goat, and bury it in the ground before the house door, and it will turn out lucky for you." Then she disappeared, and Little Two Eyes went home and said to her sisters, "Dear sisters, give me some part of my goat; I don't ask for anything good, only give me the heart."

Then they laughed, and said, "You can have that, if you do not want anything else." Little Two Eyes took the heart, and buried it quietly in the evening, before the house door, after the advice of the wise woman.

Next morning, when the sisters woke, and went to the house door together, there stood a most wonderfully splendid tree, with leaves of silver and fruit of gold hanging between them. Nothing more beautiful or charming could be seen in the wide world. But they did not know how the tree had come there in the night. Little Two Eyes alone noticed that it had grown out of the heart of the goat, for it stood just where she had buried it in the ground.

Then the mother said to Little One Eye, "Climb up, my child, and gather us some fruit from the tree."

Little One Eye climbed up, but when she wanted to seize a golden apple, the branch sprang out of her hand: this happened every time, so that she could not gather a single apple, though she tried as hard as she could.

Then the mother said, "Little Three Eyes, do you climb up: you can see better about you with your three eyes than Little One Eye can."

Little One Eye scrambled down, and Little Three Eyes climbed up. But Little Three Eyes was no cleverer, and might look about her as much as she liked — the golden apples always sprang back from her grasp. At last the mother became impatient, and climbed up herself, but could touch the fruit just as little as Little One Eye or Little Three Eyes; she always grasped the empty air.

Then Little Two Eyes said, "I will go up myself; perhaps I shall prosper better."

"You!" cried the sisters. "With your two eyes, what can you do?"

But Little Two Eyes climbed up, and the golden apples did not spring away from her, but dropped of themselves into her hand, so that she could gather one after the other, and brought down a whole apron full. Her mother took them from her, and instead of her sisters, Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes, behaving better to poor Little Two Eyes for it, they were only envious because she alone could get the fruit, and behaved still more cruelly to her.

It happened, as they stood together by the tree, one day, that a young knight came riding by on a fine horse.

"Quick, Little Two Eyes," cried the two sisters, "creep under, so that we may not be ashamed of you;" and threw over poor Little Two Eyes, in a great hurry, an empty cask that stood just by the tree, and pushed also beside her the golden apples which she had broken off.

Now, as the knight came nearer, he proved to be a handsome prince, who stood still, admired the beautiful tree of gold and silver, and said to the two sisters, —

"To whom does this beautiful tree belong? She who gives me a branch of it shall have whatever she wishes."

Then Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes answered that the tree was theirs, and they would break off a branch for him. Both gave themselves a great deal of trouble, but it was of no use, for the branches and fruit sprang back from them every time. Then the knight said, —

"It is very wonderful that the tree belongs to you, and yet you have not the power of gathering anything from it."

They insisted, however, that the tree was their own property. But as they spoke, Little Two Eyes rolled a few golden apples from under the cask, so that they ran to the feet of the knight; for Little Two Eyes was angry that Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes did not tell the truth.

When the knight saw the apples, he was astonished, and asked where they came from. Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes answered that they had another sister, who might not, however, show herself, because she had only two eyes, like other common people. But the knight desired to see her, and called out, "Little Two Eyes, come out." Then Little Two Eyes came out of the cask quite comforted, and the knight was astonished at her great beauty, and said, —

"You, Little Two Eyes, can certainly gather me a branch from the tree?"

"Yes," answered Little Two Eyes, "I can do that, for the tree belongs to me." And she climbed up and easily broke off a branch, with its silver leaves and golden fruit, and handed it to the knight.

Then the knight said, "Little Two Eyes, what shall I give you for it?"

"Oh," answered Little Two Eyes, "I suffer hunger and thirst, sorrow and want, from early morning till late evening; if you would take me with you and free me, I should be happy."

Then the knight lifted Little Two Eyes upon his horse, and took her home to his father's castle; there he gave her beautiful clothes, food, and drink, as much as she wanted, and because he loved her so much he married her, and the marriage was celebrated with great joy.

Now, when Little Two Eyes was taken away by the handsome knight, the two sisters envied her very much her happiness. "The wonderful tree remains for us, though," thought they; "and even though we cannot gather any fruit off it, every one will stand still before it, come to us, and praise it." But the next morning, the tree had disappeared, and all their hopes with it.

Little Two Eyes lived happily a long time. Once two poor women came to her at the castle, and begged alms. Then Little Two Eyes looked in their faces, and fecognized her sisters, Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes, who had fallen into such poverty that they had to wander about, and seek their bread from door to door. Little Two Eyes, however, bade them welcome, and was very good to them, and took care of them; for they both repented from their hearts the evil they had done to their sister in their youth.

THE TRAVELING MUSICIANS.

An honest farmer had once an ass that had been a faithful servant to him a great many years, but was now growing old and every day more and more unfit for work. His master, therefore, was tired of keeping him and began to think of putting an end to him; but the ass, who saw that some mischief was in the wind, took himself slyly off, and began his journey towards the great city, "for there," thought he, "I may turn musician."

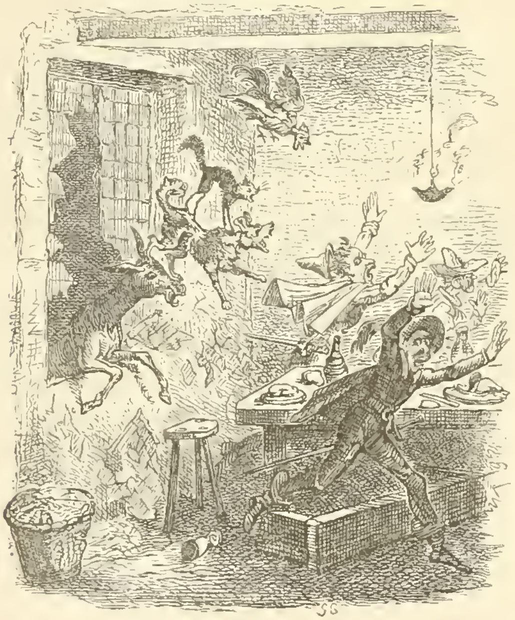
After he had traveled a little way he spied a dog lying by the roadside and panting as if he were very tired. "What makes you pant so, my friend?" said the ass. "Alas!" said the dog, "my master was going to knock me on the head, because I am old and weak, and can no longer make myself useful to him in hunting; so I ran away: but what can I do to earn my livelihood?" "Hark ye!" said the ass, "I am going to the great city to turn musician; suppose you go with me, and try what you can do in the same way?" The dog said he was willing, and they jogged on together.

They had not gone far before they saw a cat sitting in the middle of the road and making a most rueful face. "Pray, my good lady," said the ass, "what's the matter with you? you look quite out of spirits!" "Ah me!" said the cat, "how can one be in good spirits when one's life is in danger? Because I am beginning to grow old, and had rather lie at my ease by the fire than run about the house after the mice, my mistress laid hold of me, and was going to drown me; and though I have been lucky enough to get away from her, I do not know what I am to live upon." "Oh!" said the ass, "by all means go with us to the great city; you are a good night singer, and may make your fortune as a musician." The cat was pleased with the thought, and joined the party.

Soon afterwards, as they were passing by a farmyard, they saw a cock perched upon a gate, and screaming out with all his might and main. "Bravo!" said the ass; "upon my word you make a famous noise; pray, what is all this about?" "Why," said the cock, "I was just now saying that we should have fine weather for our washing-day, and yet my mistress and the cook don't thank me for my pains, but threaten to cut off my head to-morrow, and make broth of me for the guests that are coming on Sunday!" "Heaven forbid!" said the ass; "come with us, Master Chanticleer; it will be better, at any rate, than staying here to have your head cut off! Besides, who knows? If we take care to sing in tune, we may get up some kind of a concert: so come along with us." "With all my heart," said the cock; so they all four went on jollily together.

They could not, however, reach the great city the first day; so when night came on they went into the wood to sleep. The ass and the dog laid themselves down under a great tree, and the cat climbed up into the branches; while the cock, thinking that the higher he sat the safer he should be, flew up to the very top of the tree, and then, according to his custom, before he went to sleep, looked out on all sides of him to see that everything was well. In doing this he saw afar off something bright and shining; and calling to his companions said, "There must be a house no great way off, for I see a light." "If that be the case," said the ass, "we had better change our quarters, for our lodging is not the best in the world!" "Besides," added the dog, "I should not be the worse for a bone or two, or a bit of meat." So they walked off together towards the spot where Chanticleer had seen the light; and as they drew near it became larger and brighter, till at last they came close to a house in which a gang of robbers lived.

The ass, being the tallest of the company, marched up to the window and peeped in. "Well, Donkey," said Chanticleer, "What do you see?" "What do I see?" replied the ass, "why I see a table spread with all kinds of good things, and robbers sitting round it making merry." "That would be a noble lodging for us," said the cock. "Yes," said the ass, "if we could only get in:" so they consulted together how they should contrive to get the robbers out; and at last they hit upon a plan. The ass placed himself upright on his hind-legs, with his fore-feet resting against the window; the dog got upon his back; the cat scrambled up to the dog's shoulders, and the cock flew up and sat upon the cat's head. When all was ready, a signal was given, and they began their music. The ass brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock screamed; and then they all broke through the window at once, and came tumbling into the room, amongst the broken glass, with a most hideous clatter! The robbers, who had been not a little frightened by the opening concert, had now no doubt that some frightful hobgoblin had broken in upon them, and scampered away as fast as they could.



The coast once clear, our travelers soon sat down, and dispatched what the robbers had left, with as much eagerness as if they had not expected to eat again for a month. As soon as they had satisfied themselves, they put out the lights, and each once more sought out a resting-place to his own liking. The donkey laid himself down upon a heap of straw in the yard; the dog stretched himself upon a mat behind the door; the cat rolled herself up on the hearth before the warm ashes; and the cock perched upon a beam at the top of the house; and, as they were all rather tired with their journey, they soon fell asleep.

But about midnight the robbers, when they saw from afar that the lights were out and that all seemed quiet, began to think that they had been in too great a hurry to run away; and one of them, who was bolder than the rest, went to see what was going on. Finding everything still, he marched into the kitchen, and groped about till he found a match in order to light a candle; and then, espying the glittering fiery eyes of the cat, he mistook them for live coals, and held the match to them to light it. But the cat, not understanding this joke, sprang at his face, and spit, and scratched at him. This frightened him dreadfully, and away he ran to the door; but there the dog jumped up and bit him in the leg; and as he was crossing over the yard the ass kicked him; and the cock, who had been awakened by the noise, crowed with all his might. At this the robber ran back as fast as he could to his comrades, and told the captain "how a horrid witch had got into the house, and had spit at him and scratched his face with her long bony fingers; how a man with a knife in his hand had hidden himself behind the door, and stabbed him in the leg; how a black monster stood in the yard and struck him with a club, and how the judge sat upon the top of the house and cried out, 'Throw the rascal up here!'" After this the robbers never dared to go back to the house; but the musicians were so pleased with their quarters, that they took up their abode there; and there they are, I dare say, at this very day.

THE WHITE CAT.

There was once a king who had three sons, all handsome, brave, and noble of heart. Nevertheless, some wicked courtiers made their father believe they were eager to wear his crown, which, though he was old, he had no mind to resign. He therefore invented a plan to get them out of the kingdom, and prevent their carrying out any undutiful projects. Sending for them to a private audience, he conversed with them kindly, and said: "You must be sensible, my dear children, that my great age prevents me from attending so closely as I have hitherto done to state affairs. I fear this may be injurious to my subjects; I therefore desire to place my crown on the head of one of you; but it is no more than just that, in return for such a present, you should procure me some amusement in my retirement, before I leave the capital forever. I cannot help thinking that a little dog, handsome, faithful, and engaging, would be the very thing to make me happy; so that, without bestowing a preference on either of you, I declare that he who brings me the most perfect little dog shall be my successor in the kingdom."

The princes were much surprised at the fancy of their father to have a little dog, yet they accepted the proposition with pleasure; and accordingly, after taking leave of the king, who presented them with an abundance of money and jewels, and appointed that day twelvemonth for their return, they set off on their travels.

Before separating, however, they took some refreshment together, in an old palace about three miles out of town, where they mutually agreed to meet on their return that day twelvemonth, and go all together with their presents to court. They also agreed to change their names, and to travel incognito.

Each took a different road; but it is intended to relate the adventures of the youngest only, who was the most beautiful, amiable, and accomplished prince in the world. As he traveled from town to town, he bought all the handsome dogs that fell in his way; and as soon as he saw one that was handsomer than those he had, he made a present of the rest; for twenty servants would scarcely have been sufficient to take care of all the dogs he was continually purchasing. At length, wandering he knew not whither, he found himself in a forest; night suddenly came on, and with it a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain: to add to his perplexity, he lost his way. After he had groped about for a long time, he perceived a light, which made him suppose that he was not far from some house: he accordingly pursued his way towards it, and in a short time found himself at the gates of the most magnificent palace he had ever beheld. The entrance door was of gold, covered with sapphires, which shone so that the strongest eyesight scarcely could bear to look at it: this was the light the prince had seen from the forest. The walls were of transparent porcelain, variously colored, and represented the history of all the fairies that had existed from the beginning of the world. The prince, coming back to the golden door, observed a deer's foot fastened to a chain of diamonds; he could not help wondering at the magnificence he beheld, and the security in which the inhabitants seemed to live; "For," said he to himself, "nothing could be easier than for thieves to steal this chain, and as many of the sapphire-stones as would make their fortunes." He pulled the chain, and heard a bell, the sound of which was exquisite. In a few moments the door was opened; yet he perceived nothing but twelve hands in the air, each holding a torch. The prince was so astonished that he durst not move a step — when he felt himself gently pushed on by some other hands from behind him. He walked on, in great perplexity, till he entered a vestibule inlaid with porphyry and lapis-stone, where the most melodious voice he had ever heard chanted the following words: —

" Welcome, prince, no danger fear,
Mirth and love attend you here:
You shall break the magic spell,
That on a beauteous lady fell.

" Welcome, prince, no danger fear,
Mirth and love attend you here."

The prince now advanced with confidence, wondering what these words could mean; the hands moved him forward towards a large door of coral, which opened of itself to give him admittance into a splendid apartment built of mother-of-pearl, through which he passed into others so richly adorned with paintings and jewels, and so resplendently lighted with thousands of lamps, girandoles, and lustres, that he imagined he must be in an enchanted palace. When he had passed through sixty apartments, all equally splendid, he was stopped by the hands, and a large easy chair advanced of itself towards the fire-place; then the hands, which he observed were extremely white and delicate, took off his wet clothes, and supplied their place with the finest linen imaginable, adding a comfortable wrapping-gown, embroidered with gold and pearls.

The hands next brought him an elegant dressing-table, and combed his hair so very gently that he scarcely felt their touch. They held before him a beautiful basin, filled with perfumes, for him to wash his face and hands, and afterwards took off the wrapping-gown, and dressed him in a suit of clothes of still greater splendor. When his toilet was complete they conducted him to an apartment he had not yet seen, and which also was magnificently furnished. There was a table spread for supper, and everything upon it was of the purest gold, adorned with jewels. The prince observed there were two covers set, and was wondering who was to be his companion, when his attention was suddenly caught by a small figure not a foot high, which just then entered the room, and advanced towards him. It had on a long black veil, and was supported by two cats dressed in mourning, and with swords by their sides: they were followed by a numerous retinue of cats, some carrying cages full of rats, and others mouse-traps full of mice.

The prince was at a loss to know what to think. The little figure now approached, and throwing aside her veil, he beheld a most beautiful white cat: she seemed young and melancholy; and, addressing herself to him, said, "My prince, you are welcome; your presence affords me the greatest pleasure."

"Madam," replied he, "I would fain thank you for your generosity, nor can I help observing that you must be an extraordinary creature to possess, with your present form, the gift of speech, and the most magnificent palace I have ever seen."

"All this is very true," answered the beautiful cat; "but, prince, I am not fond of talking, and least of all do I like compliments; let us therefore sit down to supper."

The trunkless hands then placed the dishes on the table, and the prince and white cat seated themselves at it. The first dish was a pie made of young pigeons, and the next was a fricassee of the fattest mice. The view of the one made the prince almost afraid to taste the other, till the white cat, who guessed his thoughts, assured him that there were certain dishes at table which had been dressed on purpose for him, in which there was not a morsel of either rat or mouse: accordingly he ate heartily of such as she recommended. When supper was over he perceived that the white cat had a portrait set in gold hanging to one of her feet. He begged her permission to look at it; when, to his astonishment, he saw the portrait of a handsome young man, who exactly resembled himself! He thought there was something most extraordinary in all this: yet, as the white cat sighed and looked very sorrowful, he did not venture to ask any questions. He conversed with her on different subjects, and found her extremely well versed in everything that was passing in the world. When night was far advanced, his hostess wished him a good-night, and he was conducted by the hands to his chamber, which was different still from anything he had seen in the palace, being hung with the wings of butterflies mixed with the most curious feathers. His bed was of gauze, festooned with bunches of the gayest ribbons, and the looking-glasses reaching from the floor to the ceiling. The prince was undressed and put into bed by the hands, without speaking a word. He, however, slept little, and in the morning was awakened by a confused noise. The hands took him out of bed, and put on him a handsome hunting-jacket. He looked into the courtyard, and perceived more than five hundred cats, busily employed in preparing for the field — for this was a day of festival. Presently the white cat came to his apartment; and having politely inquired after his health, she invited him to partake of their amusement. The prince willingly acceded, and mounted a wooden horse, richly caparisoned, which had been prepared for him, and which he was assured would gallop to admiration. The beautiful white cat mounted a monkey; she wore a dragoon's cap, which made her look so fierce that all the rats and mice ran away in the utmost terror.

Everything being ready, the horns sounded, and away they went: no hunting was ever more agreeable. The cats ran faster than the hares and rabbits; and when they caught any, they turned them out to be hunted in the presence of the white cat, and a thousand cunning tricks were played. Nor were the birds in safety; for the monkey made nothing of climbing up the trees, with the white cat on his back, to the nests of the young eagles. When the chase was over, the whole retinue returned to the palace; the white cat immediately exchanged her dragoon's cap for the veil, and sat down to supper with the prince, who, being very hungry, ate heartily, and afterwards partook with her of the most delicious wines. He then was conducted to his chamber as before, and wakened in the morning to renew the same sort of life, which day after day became so pleasant to him that he no longer thought of anything but of pleasing the sweet little creature who received him so courteously: accordingly, every day was spent in new amusements. The prince had almost forgotten his country and relations, and sometimes even regretted that he was not a cat, so great was his affection for his mewing companions.

"Alas!" said he to the white cat, "how will it afflict me to leave you, whom I love so much! Either make yourself a lady, or make me a cat." She smiled at the prince's wish, but offered no reply.

At length the twelvemonth was nearly expired: the white cat, who knew the very day when the prince was to reach his father's palace, reminded him that he had but three days longer to look for a perfect little dog. The prince, astonished at his own forgetfulness, began to afflict himself; when the cat told him not to be so sorrowful, since she would not only provide him with a little dog, but also with a wooden horse, which should convey him safely home in less than twelve hours.

"Look here," said she, showing him an acorn; "this contains what you desire."

The prince put the acorn to his ear, and heard the barking of a little dog. Transported with joy, he thanked the cat a thousand times; and the next day, bidding her tenderly adieu, he set out on his return.

The prince arrived first at the place of rendezvous, and was soon joined by his brothers: they mutually embraced, and began to give an account of their success; when the youngest showed them only a little mongrel cur, telling them that he thought it could not fail to please the king, from its extraordinary beauty. The brothers trod on each other's toes under the table, as much as to say, "We have little to fear from this sorry-looking animal." The next day they went together to the palace. The dogs of the two elder brothers were lying on cushions, and so curiously wrapped around with embroidered quilts that one would scarcely venture to touch them. The youngest produced his cur, and all wondered how the prince could hope to receive a crown for such a shabby present. The king examined the two little dogs of the elder princes, and declared he thought them so equally beautiful that he knew not to which, with justice, he could give the preference. They accordingly began to dispute; when the youngest prince, taking his acorn from his pocket, soon ended their contention; for a little dog appeared, which could with ease go through the smallest ring, and was, besides, a miracle of beauty.

The king could not possibly hesitate in declaring his satisfaction; yet, as he was not more inclined than the year before to part with his crown, he told his sons that he was extremely obliged to them for the pains they had taken: and since they had succeeded so well, he wished they would make a second attempt; he therefore begged they would take another year in order to procure a piece of cambric, fine enough to be drawn through the eye of a small needle.

The three princes thought this very hard; yet they set out, in obedience to the king's command. The two eldest took different roads, and the youngest remounted his wooden horse, and in a short time arrived at the palace of his beloved white cat, who received him with the greatest joy, while the trunkless hands helped him to dismount, and provided him with immediate refreshment. Afterwards the prince gave the white cat an account of the admiration which had been bestowed on the beautiful little dog, and informed her of the further injunction of his father.

"Make yourself perfectly easy, dear prince," said she; "I have in my palace some cats who are perfect adepts in making such cambric as the king requires; so you have nothing to do but to give me the pleasure of your company while it is making, and I will procure you all the amusement possible."

She accordingly ordered the most curious fireworks to be played off in sight of the window of the apartment in which they were sitting; and nothing but festivity and rejoicing was heard throughout the palace for the prince's return. As the white cat frequently gave proofs of an excellent understanding, the prince was by no means tired of her company; she talked with him of state affairs, of theatres, of fashions: in short, she was at a loss on no subject whatever; so that when the prince was alone, he had plenty of amusement in thinking how it could possibly be, that a small white cat could be endowed with all the attractions of the very best and most charming of women.

The twelvemonth in this manner again passed insensibly away; but the cat took care to remind the prince of his duty in proper time. "For once, my prince," said she, "I will have the pleasure of equipping you as suits your high rank." And, looking into the courtyard, he saw a superb car, ornamented all over with gold, silver, pearls, and diamonds, drawn by twelve horses as white as snow, and harnessed in the most sumptuous trappings; and behind the car a thousand guards, richly appareled, were waiting to attend on the prince's person. She then presented him with a nut: "You will find in it," said she, "the piece of cambric I promised you: do not break the shell till you are in the presence of the king your father." Then, to prevent the acknowledgments which the prince was about to offer, she hastily bade him adieu.

Nothing could exceed the speed with which the snow-white horses conveyed this fortunate prince to his father's palace, where his brothers had just arrived before him. They embraced each other, and demanded an immediate audience of the king, who received them with the greatest kindness. The princes hastened to place at the feet of his majesty the curious present he had required them to procure. The eldest produced a piece of cambric so extremely fine, that his friends had no doubt of its passing through the eye of the needle, which was now delivered to the king, having been kept locked up in the custody of his majesty's treasurer all the time. But when the king tried to draw the cambric through the eye of the needle it would not pass, though it failed but very little. Then came the second prince, who made as sure of obtaining the crown as his brother had done, but, alas! with no better success: for though his piece of cambric was exquisitely fine, yet it could not be drawn through the eye of the needle. It was now the turn of the youngest prince, who accordingly advanced, and opening an elegant little box inlaid with jewels, took out a walnut and cracked the shell, imagining he should immediately perceive his piece of cambric; but what was his astonishment to see nothing but a filbert! He did not, however, lose his hopes; he cracked the filbert, and it presented him with a cherry-stone. The lords of the court, who had assembled to witness this extraordinary trial, could not, any more than the princes his brothers, refrain from laughing, to think he should be so silly as to claim the crown on no better pretensions. The prince, however, cracked the cherry-stone, which was filled with a kernel; he divided it and found in the middle a grain of wheat, and in that a grain of millet-seed. He was now absolutely confounded, and could not help muttering between his teeth, "O white cat, white cat, thou hast deceived me!" At this instant he felt his hand scratched by the claw of a cat; upon which he again took courage, and opening the grain of millet-seed, to the astonishment of all present, he drew forth a piece of cambric four hundred yards long, and fine enough to be threaded with perfect ease through the eye of the needle.

When the king found he had no pretext left for refusing the crown to his youngest son, he sighed deeply, and it was easy to be seen that he was sorry for the prince's success.

"My sons," said he, "it is so gratifying to the heart of a father to receive proofs of his children's love and obedience, that I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of requiring of you one thing more. You must undertake another expedition. That one of you who, by the end of a year, brings me the most beautiful lady, shall marry her and obtain my crown."

So they again took leave of the king and of each other, and set out without delay; and in less than twelve hours our young prince arrived, in his splendid car, at the palace of his dear white cat. Everything went on as before till the end of another year. At length only one day remained of the year, when the white cat thus addressed him: "To-morrow, my prince, you must present yourself at the palace of your father, and give him a proof of your obedience. It depends only on yourself to conduct thither the most beautiful princess ever yet beheld, for the time is come when the enchantment by which I am bound may be ended. You must cut off my head and tail," continued she, "and throw them into the fire."

"I!" said the prince hastily, — "I cut off your head and tail! You surely mean to try my affection, which, believe me, beautiful cat, is truly yours."

"You mistake me, generous prince," said she; "I do not doubt your regard; but if you wish to see me in any other form than that of a cat, you must consent to do as I desire, then you will have done me a service I shall never be able sufficiently to repay."

The prince's eyes filled with tears as she spoke, yet he considered himself obliged to undertake the dreadful task; and, the cat continuing to press him with the greatest eagerness, with a trembling hand he drew his sword, cut off her head and tail, and threw them into the fire. No sooner was this done than the most beautiful lady his eyes had ever seen stood before him: and ere he had sufficiently recovered from his surprise to speak to her, a long train of attendants, who, at the same moment as their mistress, were changed to their natural shapes, came to offer their congratulations to the queen, and inquire her commands. She received them with the greatest kindness, and ordering them to withdraw, thus addressed the astonished prince: —

"Do not imagine, dear prince, that I have always been a cat, or that I am of obscure birth.

My father was the monarch of six kingdoms; he tenderly loved my mother, and left her always at liberty to follow her own inclinations. Her prevailing passion was to travel; and a short time before my birth, having heard of some fairies who were in possession of the largest gardens filled with the most delicious fruits, she had so strong a desire to eat some of them, that she set out for the country where they lived. She arrived at their abode, which she found to be a magnificent palace, on all sides glittering with gold and precious stones. She knocked a long time at the gates; but no one came, nor could she perceive the least sign that it had any inhabitant. The difficulty, however, did but increase the violence of my mother's longing; for she saw the tops of the trees above the garden walls, loaded with the most luscious fruits. The queen, in despair, ordered her attendants to place tents close to the door of the palace; but, having waited six weeks without seeing any one pass the gates, she fell sick of vexation, and her life was despaired of.

"One night, as she lay half asleep, she turned herself about, and, opening her eyes, perceived a little old woman, very ugly and deformed, seated in the easy-chair by her bedside. 'I and my sister fairies,' said she, 'take it very ill that your majesty should so obstinately persist in getting some of our fruit; but since so precious a life is at stake, we consent to give you as much as you can carry away, provided you will give us in return what we shall ask.' 'Ah! kind fairy,' cried the queen, 'I will give you anything that I possess, even my very kingdoms, on condition that I eat of your fruit." The old fairy then informed the queen that what they required was, that she should give them the child she was going to have, as soon as it should be born; adding that every possible care should be taken of it, and that it should become the most accomplished princess. The queen replied that, however cruel the conditions, she must accept them, since nothing but the fruit could save her life. In short, dear prince," continued the lady, "my mother instantly got out of bed, was dressed by her attendants, entered the palace, and satisfied her longing. Having eaten her fill, she ordered four thousand mules to be procured and loaded with the fruit, which had the virtue of continuing all the year round in a state of perfection. Thus provided, she returned to the king my father, who, with the whole court, received her with rejoicings, as it was before imagined she would die of disappointment. All this time the queen said nothing to my father of the promise she had made to give her daughter to the fairies; so that when the time was come that she expected my birth, she grew very melancholy; till at length, being pressed by the king, she declared to him the truth. Nothing could exceed his affliction when he heard that his only child, when born, was to be given to the fairies. He bore it, however, as well as he could, for fear of adding to my mother's grief; and also believing he should find some means of keeping me in a place of safety, which the fairies would not be able to approach. As soon, therefore, as I was born, he had me conveyed to a tower in the palace, to which there were twenty flights of stairs, and a door to each, of which my father kept the key, so that none came near me without his consent. When the fairies heard of what had been done, they sent first to demand me; and on my father's refusal, they let loose a monstrous dragon, which devoured men, women, and children, and which, by the breath of its nostrils, destroyed everything it came near, so that even the trees and plants began to die. The grief of the king was excessive; and, finding that his whole kingdom would in a short time be reduced to famine, he consented to give me into their hands. I was accordingly laid in a cradle of mother-of-pearl, ornamented with gold and jewels, and carried to their palace, when the dragon immediately disappeared. The fairies placed me in a tower, elegantly furnished, but to which there was no door, so that whoever approached was obliged to come by the windows, which were of great height from the ground: from these I had the liberty of getting out into a delightful garden, in which were baths, and every sort of cooling fruit. In this place was I educated by the fairies, who behaved to me with the greatest kindness; my clothes were splendid, and I was instructed in every kind of accomplishment; in short, prince, if I had never seen any one but them I should have remained very happy. One day, however, as I was talking at the window with my parrot, I perceived a young gentleman who was listening to our conversation. As I had never seen a man save in pictures, I was not sorry for the opportunity of gratifying my curiosity. I thought him a very pleasing object, and he at length bowed in the most respectful manner, without daring to speak, for he knew that I was in the palace of the fairies. When it began to grow dark he went away, and I vainly endeavored to see which road he took. The next morning, as soon as it was light, I again placed myself at the window, and had the pleasure of seeing that the gentleman had returned to the same place. He now spoke to me through a speaking-trumpet, and declared that he thought me a most charming lady, and that he should be very unhappy if he did not pass his life in my company.

"I resolved to find some way of escaping from my tower, and was not long in devising the means for the execution of my project: I begged the fairies to bring me a netting-needle, a mesh, and some cord, saying I wished to make some nets to amuse myself with catching birds at my window. This they readily complied with, and in a short time I completed a ladder long enough to reach to the ground. I now sent my parrot to the prince, to beg he would come to the usual place, as I wished to speak with him. He did not fail; and finding the ladder, mounted it, and quickly entered my tower. This at first alarmed me, but the charms of his conversation had restored me to tranquillity, when all at once the window opened, and the Fairy Violent, mounted on the dragon's back, rushed into the tower. My beloved prince thought of nothing but how to defend me from her fury; for I had had time to relate to him my story, previous to this cruel interruption: but her attendants overpowered him, and the Fairy Violent had the barbarity to command the dragon to devour my lover before my eyes. In my despair I would have thrown myself also into the mouth of the horrible monster; but this they took care to prevent, saying my life should be preserved for greater punishment. The fairy then touched me with her wand, and I instantly became a white cat. She next conducted me to this palace, which belonged to my father, and gave me a train of cats for my attendants, together with the twelve hands that waited on your highness. She then informed me of my birth and the death of my parents, and pronounced upon me what she imagined the greatest of maledictions: that I should not be restored to my natural figure until a young prince, the perfect resemblance of him I had lost, should cut off my head and tail. You are that perfect resemblance; and accordingly you ended the enchantment. I need not add that I already love you more than my life; let us therefore hasten to the palace of the king your father, and obtain his approbation to our marriage."

The prince and princess accordingly set out side by side, in a car of still greater splendor than before, and reached the palace just as the two brothers had arrived with two beautiful princesses. The king, hearing that each of his sons had succeeded in finding what he had required, again began to think of some new expedient to delay the time of resigning the crown; but when the whole court were with the king assembled to pass judgment, the princess who accompanied the youngest, perceiving his thoughts by his countenance, stepped majestically forward and thus addressed him: —

"It is a pity that your majesty, who is so capable of governing, should think of resigning the crown! I am fortunate enough to have six kingdoms in my possession; permit me to bestow one on each of the eldest princes, and to enjoy the remaining four in the society of the youngest. And may it please your majesty to keep your own kingdom, and make no decision concerning the beauty of three princesses, who, without such a proof of your majesty's preference, will no doubt live happily together!"

The air resounded with the applauses of the assembly: the young prince and princess embraced the king, and next their brothers and sisters: the three weddings immediately took place, and the kingdoms were divided as the princess had proposed.

PRINCE CHERRY.

Long ago there lived a monarch, who was such a very honest man that his subjects entitled him the Good King. One day, when he was out hunting, a little white rabbit, which had been half killed by his hounds, leaped right into his majesty's arms. Said he, caressing it: "This poor creature has put itself under my protection, and I will allow no one to injure it." So he carried it to his palace, had prepared for it a neat little rabbit-hutch, with abundance of the daintiest food, such as rabbits love, and there he left it.

The same night, when he was alone in his chamber, there appeared to him a beautiful lady. She was dressed neither in gold, nor silver, nor brocade; but her flowing robes were white as snow, and she wore a garland of white roses on her head. The Good King was greatly astonished at the sight; for his door was locked, and he wondered how so dazzling a lady could possibly enter; but she soon removed his doubts.

"I am the Fairy Candide," said she, with a smiling and gracious air. "Passing through the wood, where you were hunting, I took a desire to know if you were as good as men say you are. I therefore changed myself into a white rabbit, and took refuge in your arms. You saved me; and now I know that those who are merciful to dumb beasts will be ten times more so to human beings. You merit the name your subjects give you: you are the Good King. I thank you for your protection, and shall be always one of your best friends. You have but to say what you most desire, and I promise you your wish shall be granted."

"Madam," replied the king, "if you are a fairy, you must know, without my telling you, the wish of my heart. I have one well-beloved son, Prince Cherry: whatever kindly feeling you have towards me, extend it to him."

"Willingly," said Candide. "I will make him the handsomest, richest, or most powerful prince in the world: choose whichever you desire for him."

"None of the three," returned the father. "I only wish him to be good — the best prince in the whole world. Of what use would riches, power, or beauty be to him if he were a bad man?"

"You are right," said the fairy; "but I cannot make him good: he must do that himself. I can only change his external fortunes; for his personal character, the utmost I can promise is to give him good counsel, reprove him for his faults, and even punish him if he will not punish himself. You mortals can but do the same with your children."

"Ah, yes!" said the king, sighing. Still, he felt that the kindness of a fairy was something gained for his son, and died, not long after, content and at peace.

Prince Cherry mourned deeply, for he dearly loved his father, and would have gladly given all his kingdoms and treasures to keep him in life a little longer. Two days after the Good King was no more, Prince Cherry was sleeping in his chamber, when he saw the same dazzling vision of the Fairy Candide.

"I promised your father," said she, "to be your best friend, and in pledge of this take what I now give you;" and she placed a small gold ring upon his finger. "Poor as it looks, it is more precious than diamonds; for whenever you do ill it will prick your finger. If, after that warning, you still continue in evil, you will lose my friendship, and I shall become your direst enemy."

So saying, she disappeared, leaving Cherry in such amazement, that he would have believed it all a dream, save for the ring on his finger.

He was for a long time so good that the ring never pricked him at all; and this made him so cheerful and pleasant in his humor that everybody called him "Happy Prince Cherry."

But one unlucky day he was out hunting and found no sport, which vexed him so much that he showed his ill temper by his looks and ways. He fancied his ring felt very tight and uncomfortable, but as it did not prick him he took no heed of this: until, reëntering his palace, his little pet dog, Bibi, jumped up upon him, and was sharply told to get away. The creature, accustomed to nothing but caresses, tried to attract his attention by pulling at his garments, when Prince Cherry turned and gave it a severe kick. At this moment he felt in his finger a prick like a pin.

"What nonsense!" said he to himself. "The fairy must be making game of me. Why, what great evil have I done! I, the master of a great empire, cannot I kick my own dog?"

A voice replied, or else Prince Cherry imagined it, "No, sire: the master of a great empire has a right to do good, but not evil. I — a fairy — am as much above you as you are above your dog. I might punish you, kill you, if I chose; but I prefer leaving you to amend your ways. You have been guilty of three faults to-day — bad temper, passion, cruelty: do better to-morrow."

The prince promised and kept his word a while; but he had been brought up by a foolish nurse, who indulged him in every way, and was always telling him that he would be a king one day, when he might do as he liked in all things. He found out now that even a king cannot always do that; it vexed him, and made him angry. His ring began to prick him so often that his little finger was continually bleeding. He disliked this, as was natural, and soon began to consider whether it would not be easier to throw the ring away altogether than to be constantly annoyed by it. It was such a queer thing for a king to have always a spot of blood on his finger! At last, unable to put up with it any more, he took his ring off and hid it where he would never see it; and believed himself the happiest of men, for he could now do exactly what he liked. He did it and became every day more and more miserable.

One day he saw a young girl, so beautiful that, being always accustomed to have his own way, he immediately determined to espouse her. He never doubted that she would be only too glad to be made a queen, for she was very poor. But Zelia — that was her name — answered, to his great astonishment, that she would rather not marry him.

"Do I displease you?" asked the prince, into whose mind it had never entered that he could displease anybody.

"Not at all, my prince," said the honest peasant maiden. "You are very handsome, very charming; but you are not like your father, the Good King. I will not be your queen, for you would make me miserable."

At these words the prince's love seemed to turn to hatred: he gave orders to his guards to convey Zelia to a prison near the palace; and then took counsel with his foster-brother, the one of all his ill companions who most incited him to do wrong.

"Sire," said this man, "if I were in your majesty's place, I would never vex myself about a poor silly girl. Feed her on bread and water till she comes to her senses; and if she still refuses you, let her die in torment, as a warning to your other subjects should they venture to dispute your will. You will be disgraced should you suffer yourself to be conquered by a simple girl."

"But," said Prince Cherry, "shall I not be disgraced if I harm a creature so perfectly innocent?"

"No one is innocent who disputes your majesty's authority," said the courtier, bowing; "and it is better to commit an injustice than allow it to be supposed you can ever be contradicted with impunity."

This touched Cherry on his weak point — his good imputlses faded: he resolved once more to ask Zelia if she would marry him, and, if she again refused, to sell her as a slave. Arrived at the cell in which she was confined, what was his astonishment to find her gone! He knew not whom to accuse, for he had kept the key in his pocket the whole time. At last, the foster-brother suggested that the escape of Zelia might have been contrived by an old man, Suliman by name, the prince's former tutor, who was the only one who now ventured to blame him for anything that he did. Cherry sent immediately, and ordered his old friend to be brought to him, loaded heavily with irons. Then, full of fury, he went and shut himself up in his own chamber, where he went raging to and fro, till startled by a noise like a clap of thunder. The Fairy Candide stood before him.

"Prince," said she, in a severe voice, "I promised your father to give you good counsels, and to punish you if you refused to follow them. My counsels were forgotten, my punishments despised. Under the figure of a man you have been no better than the beasts you chase: like a lion in fury, a wolf in gluttony, a serpent in revenge, and a bull in brutality. Take, therefore, in your new form the likeness of all these animals."

Scarcely had Prince Cherry heard these words than to his horror he found himself transformed into what the fairy had named. He was a creature with the head of a lion, the horns of a bull, the feet of a wolf, the tail of a serpent. At the same time he felt himself transported to a distant forest, where, standing on the bank of a stream, he saw reflected in the water his own frightful shape, and heard a voice saying: —

"Look at thyself, and know thy soul has become a thousand times uglier even than thy body."

Cherry recognized the voice of Candide, and in his rage would have sprung upon her and devoured her; but he saw nothing, and the same voice said behind him: —

"Cease thy feeble fury, and learn to conquer thy pride by being in submission to thine own subjects."

Hearing no more he soon quitted the stream, hoping, at least, to get rid of the sight of himself; but he had scarcely gone twenty paces when he tumbled into a pitfall that was laid to catch bears; the bear-hunters, descending from some trees hard by, caught him, chained him, and, only too delighted to get hold of such a curious-looking animal, led him along with them to the capital of his own kingdom.

There great rejoicings were taking place, and the bear-hunters, asking what it was all about, were told that it was because Prince Cherry, the torment of his subjects, had been struck dead by a thunderbolt — just punishment of all his crimes. Four courtiers, his wicked companions, had wished to divide his throne between them; but the people had risen up against them, and offered the crown to Suliman, the old tutor whom Cherry had ordered to be arrested.

All this the poor monster heard. He even saw Suliman sitting upon his own throne, and trying to calm the populace by representing to them that it was not certain Prince Cherry was dead; that he might return one day to reassume with honor the crown which Suliman only consented to wear as a sort of viceroy.

"I know his heart," said the honest and faithful old man; "it is tainted but not corrupt. If alive, he may reform yet, and be his father over again to you, his people, whom he has caused to suffer so much."

These words touched the poor beast so deeply that he ceased to beat himself against the iron bars of the cage in which the hunters carried him about, became gentle as a lamb, and suffered himself to be taken quietly to a menagerie, where were kept all sorts of strange and ferocious animals — a place which he had himself often visited as a boy, but never thought he should be shut up in.

However, he owned he had deserved it all, and began to make amends by showing himself very obedient to his keeper. This man was almost as great a brute as the animals he had charge of, and when he was in ill humor he used to beat them without rhyme or reason. One day, while he was sleeping, a tiger broke loose, and leaped upon him, eager to devour him. Cherry at first felt a thrill of pleasure at the thought of being revenged; then, seeing how helpless the man was, he wished himself free, that he might defend him. Immediately the doors of his cage opened. The keeper, waking up, saw the strange beast leap out, and imagined, of course, that he was going to be slain at once. Instead, he saw the tiger lying dead and the strange beast creeping up, and laying itself at his feet to be caressed. But as he lifted up his hand to stroke it, a voice was heard saying, "Good actions never go unrewarded;" and, instead of the frightful monster, there crouched on the ground nothing but a pretty little dog.

Cherry, delighted to find himself thus metamorphosed, caressed the keeper in every possible way, till at last the man took him up into his arms and carried him to the king, to whom he related this wonderful story, from beginning to end. The queen wished to have the charming little dog: and Cherry would have been exceedingly happy, could he have forgotten that he was originally a man and a king. He was lodged most elegantly, had the richest of collars to adorn his neck, and heard himself praised continually. But his beauty rather brought him into trouble, for the queen, afraid lest he might grow too large for a pet, took advice of dog-doctors, who ordered that he should be fed entirely upon bread, and that very sparingly; so poor Cherry was sometimes nearly starved.

One day, when they gave him his crust for breakfast, a fancy seized him to go and eat it in the palace-garden; so he took the bread in his mouth, and trotted away towards a stream which he knew, and where he sometimes stopped to drink. But instead of the stream he saw a splendid palace, glittering with gold and precious stones. Entering the doors was a crowd of men and women, magnificently dressed; and within there were singing and dancing, and good cheer of all sorts. Yet, however grandly and gayly the people went in, Cherry noticed that those who came out were pale, thin, ragged, half-naked, covered with wounds and sores. Some of them dropped dead at once; others dragged themselves on a little way and then lay down, dying of hunger, and vainly begged a morsel of bread from others who were entering in — who never took the least notice of them.

Cherry perceived one woman, who was trying feebly to gather and eat some green herbs. "Poor thing!" said he to himself, "I know what it is to be hungry, and I want my breakfast badly enough; but still it will not kill me to wait till dinner-time, and my crust may save the life of this poor woman."

So the little dog ran up to her, and dropped his bread at her feet; she picked it up, and ate it with avidity. Soon she looked quite recovered, and Cherry, delighted, was trotting back again to his kennel, when he heard loud cries, and saw a young girl dragged by four men to the door of the palace, which they were trying to compel her to enter. Oh, how he wished himself a monster again, as when he slew the tiger! — for the young girl was no other than his beloved Zelia. Alas! what could a poor little dog do to defend her? But he ran forward and barked at the men, and bit their heels, until at last they chased him away with heavy blows. And then he lay down outside the palace-door, determined to watch and see what had become of Zelia.

Conscience pricked him now. "What!" thought he, "I am furious against these wicked men who are carrying her away; and did I not do the same myself? Did I not cast her into prison, and intend to sell her as a slave? Who knows how much more wickedness I might not have done to her and others if heaven's justice had not stopped me in time?"

While he lay thinking and repenting, he heard a window open, and saw Zelia throw out a bit of dainty meat. Cherry, who felt hungry enough by this time, was just about to eat it, when the woman to whom he had given his crust snatched him up in her arms.

"Poor little beast!" cried she, patting him, "every bit of food in that palace is poisoned: you shall not touch a morsel."

And at the same time the voice in the air repeated again, "Good actions never go unrewarded;" and Cherry found himself changed into a beautiful little white pigeon. He remembered with joy that white was the color of the Fairy Candide, and began to hope that she was taking him into favor again.

So he stretched his wings, delighted that he might now have a chance of approaching his fair Zelia. He flew up to the palace-windows, and, finding one of them open, entered and sought everywhere, but he could not find Zelia. Then, in despair, he flew out again, resolved to go over the world until he beheld her once more.

He took flight at once, and traversed many countries, swiftly as a bird can, but found no trace of his beloved. At length in a desert, sitting beside an old hermit in his cave, and partaking with him his frugal repast, Cherry saw a poor peasant-girl, and recognized Zelia. Transported with joy, he flew in, perched on her shoulder, and expressed his delight and affection by a thousand caresses.

She, charmed with the pretty little pigeon, caressed it in her turn, and promised it that, if it would stay with her, she would love it always.

"What have you done, Zelia?" said the hermit, smiling; and while he spoke the white pigeon vanished, and there stood Prince Cherry in his own natural form. "Your enchantment ended, prince, when Zelia promised to love you. Indeed, she has loved you always, but your many faults constrained her to hide her love. These are now amended, and you may both live happy if you will, because your union is founded upon mutual esteem."

Cherry and Zelia threw themselves at the feet of the hermit, whose form also began to change. His soiled garments became of dazzling whiteness, and his long beard and withered face grew into the flowing hair and lovely countenance of the Fairy Candide.

"Rise up, my children," said she; "I must now transport you to your palace and restore to Prince Cherry his father's crown, of which he is at length worthy."

She had scarcely ceased speaking when they found themselves in the chamber of Suliman, who, delighted to find again his beloved pupil and master, willingly resigned the throne, and became the most faithful of his subjects.

King Cherry and Queen Zelia reigned together for many years, and it is said that the former was so blameless and strict in all his duties, that though he constantly wore the ring which Candide had restored to him, it never once pricked his finger enough to make it bleed.

THE GOLDEN BIRD.

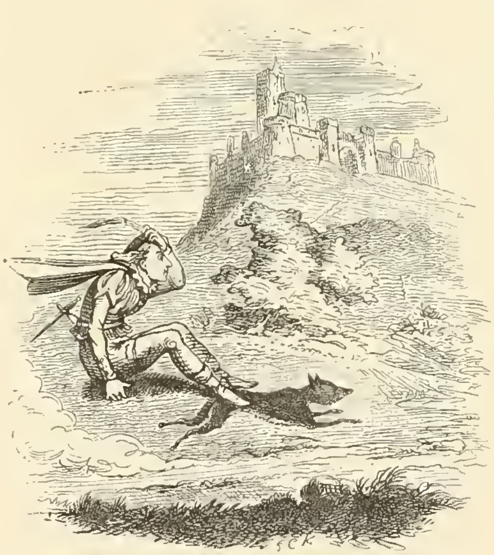
A CERTAIN king had a beautiful garden, and in the garden stood a tree which bore golden apples. These apples were always counted, and about the time when they began to grow ripe it was found that every night one of them was gone. The king became very angry at this, and ordered the gardener to keep watch all night under the tree. The gardener set his eldest son to watch; but about twelve o'clock he fell asleep, and in the morning another of the apples was missing. Then the second son was ordered to watch the tree; and at midnight he too fell asleep, and in the morning another apple was gone. Then the third son offered to keep watch; but the gardener at first would not let him, for fear some harm should come to him: however, at last he consented, and the young man laid himself under the tree to watch. As the clock struck twelve he heard a rustling noise in the air, and a bird came flying that was of pure gold; and as it was snapping at one of the apples with its beak the gardener's son jumped up and shot an arrow at it. But the arrow did the bird no harm; only it dropped a golden feather from its tail, and then flew away. The golden feather was brought to the king in the morning, and all the council was called together. Every one agreed that it was worth more than all the wealth of the kingdom: but the king said, "One feather is of no use to me, I must have the whole bird."

Then the gardener's eldest son set out and thought to find the golden bird very easily; and when he had gone but a little way, he came to a wood, and by the side of the wood he saw a fox sitting; so he took his bow and made ready to shoot at it. Then the fox said, "Do not shoot me, for I will give you good counsel; I know what your business is, and that you want to find the golden bird. You will reach a village in the evening; and when you get there you will see two inns opposite to each other, one of which is very pleasant and beautiful to look at: go not in there, but rest for the night in the other, though it may appear to you to be very poor and mean." But the son thought to himself, "What can such a beast as this know about the matter?" So he shot his arrow at the fox; but he missed it, and it set up its tail above its back and ran into the wood. Then he went his way, and in the evening came to the village where the two inns were; and in one of these were people singing and dancing and feasting; but the other looked very dirty and poor. "I should be very silly," said he, "if I went to that shabby house, and left this charming place;" so he went into the smart house, and ate and drank at his ease, and forgot the bird and his country too.

Time passed on; and as the eldest son did not come back, and no tidings were heard of him, the second son set out, and the same thing happened to him. He met the fox, who gave him the same good advice: but when he came to the two inns, his eldest brother was standing at the window where the merrymaking was, and called to him to come in; and he could not withstand the temptation, but went in, and forgot the golden bird and his country in the same manner.

Time passed on again, and the youngest son, too, wished to set out into the wide world to seek for the golden bird; but his father would not hear of it for a long while, for he was very fond of his son, and was afraid that some ill luck might happen to him also, and prevent his coming back. However, at last it was agreed he should go, for he would not rest at home; and as he came to the wood, he met the fox, and heard the same good counsel. But he was thankful to the fox, and did not attempt his life as his brothers had done; so the fox said, "Sit upon my tail, and you will travel faster." So he sat down, and the fox began to run, and away they went over stock and stone so quick that their hair whistled in the wind.

When they came to the village, the son followed the fox's counsel, and without looking about him went to the shabby inn and rested there all night at his ease. In the morning came the fox again and met him as he was beginning his journey, and said, "Go straight forward, till you come to a castle, before which lie a whole troop of soldiers fast asleep and snoring: take no notice of them, but go into the castle and pass on and on till you come to a room, where the golden bird sits in a wooden cage; close by it stands a beautiful golden cage; but do not try to take the bird out of the shabby cage and put it into the handsome one, otherwise you will repent it." Then the fox stretched out his tail again, and the young man sat himself down, and away



they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled in the wind.

Before the castle gate all was as the fox had said: so the son went in and found the chamber where the golden bird hung in a wooden cage, and below stood a golden cage, and the three golden apples that had been lost were lying close by it. Then thought he to himself, "It will be a very droll thing to bring away such a fine bird in this shabby cage;" so he opened the door and took hold of it and put it into the golden cage. But the bird set up such a loud scream that all the soldiers awoke, and they took him prisoner and carried him before the king. The next morning the court sat to judge him; and when all was heard, it sentenced him to die, unless he should bring the king the golden horse which could run as swiftly as the wind; and if he did this, he was to have the golden bird given him for his own.

So he set out once more on his journey, sighing, and in great despair, when on a sudden his good friend the fox met him, and said, "You see now what has happened on account of your not listening to my counsel. I will still, however, tell you how to find the golden horse, if you will do as I bid you. You must go straight on till you come to the castle where the horse stands in his stall: by his side will lie the groom fast asleep and snoring: take away the horse quietly, but be sure to put the old leathern saddle upon him, and not the golden one that is close by." Then the son sat down on the fox's tail, and away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled in the wind.

All went right, and the groom lay snoring with his hand upon the golden saddle. But when the son looked at the horse, he thought it a great pity to put the leathern saddle upon him. "I will give him the good one," said he; "I am sure he deserves it." As he took up the golden saddle, however, the groom awoke and cried out so loud that all the guards ran in and took him prisoner, and in the morning he was again brought before the court to be judged, and was sentenced to die. But it was agreed, that, if he could bring hither the beautiful princess, he should live, and have the bird and the horse given him for his own.

Then he went his way again very sorrowful; but the old fox came and said, "Why did not you listen to me? If you had, you would have carried away both the bird and the horse; yet will I once more give you counsel. Go straight on, and in the evening you will arrive at a castle. At twelve o'clock at night the princess goes to the bathing-house: go up to her and give her a kiss, and she will let you lead her away; but take care you do not suffer her to go and take leave of her father and mother." Then the fox stretched out his tail, and so away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled again.

As they came to the castle all was as the fox had said, and at twelve o'clock the young man met the princess going to the bath and gave her a kiss, and she agreed to run away with him, but begged with many tears that he would let her take leave of her father. At first he refused, but she wept still more and more, and fell at his feet, till at last he consented; but the moment she came to her father's house the guards awoke and he was taken prisoner again.

Then he was brought before the king, and the king said, "You shall never have my daughter unless in eight days you dig away the hill that stops the view from my window." Now this hill was so big that the whole world could not take it away: and when he had worked for seven days, and had done very little, the fox came and said, "Lie down and go to sleep; I will work for you." And in the morning he awoke and the hill was gone; so he went merrily to the king, and told him that now it was removed he must give him the princess.

Then the king was obliged to keep his word, and away went the young man and the princess; and the fox came and said to him, "We will have all three, the princess, the horse, and the bird." "Ah!" said the young man, "that would be a great thing, but how can you contrive it?"

"If you will only listen," said the fox, "it can soon be done. When you come to the king, and he asks for the beautiful princess, you must say, 'Here she is!' Then he will be very joyful; and you will mount the golden horse that they are to give you, and put out your hand to take leave of them; but shake hands with the princess last. Then lift her quickly on to the horse behind you; clap your spurs to his side, and gallop away as fast as you can."

All went right: then the fox said, "When you come to the castle where the bird is, I will stay with the princess at the door, and you will ride in and speak to the king; and when he sees that it is the right horse, he will bring out the bird; but you must sit still, and say that you want to look at it, to see whether it is the true golden bird; and when you get it into your hand, ride away."

This, too, happened as the fox said; they carried off the bird, the princess mounted again, and they rode on to a great wood. Then the fox came, and said, "Pray kill me, and cut off my head and my feet." But the young man refused to do it: so the fox said, "I will at any rate give you good counsel: beware of two things; ransom no one from the gallows, and sit down by the side of no river." Then away he went. "Well," thought the young man, "it is no hard matter to keep that advice."

He rode on with the princess, till at last he came to the village where he had left his two brothers. And there he heard a great noise and uproar; and when he asked what was the matter, the people said, "Two men are going to be hanged." As he came nearer, he saw that the two men were his brothers, who had turned robbers; so he said, "Cannot they in any way be saved?" But the people said "No," unless he would bestow all his money upon the rascals and buy their liberty. Then he did not stay to think about the matter, but paid what was asked, and his brothers were given up, and went on with him towards their home.

As they came to the wood where the fox first met them, it was so cool and pleasant that the two brothers said, "Let us sit down by the side of the river, and rest a while, to eat and drink." So he said, "Yes," and forgot the fox's counsel, and sat down by the side of the river; and while he suspected nothing they came behind, and threw him down the bank, and took the princess, the horse, and the bird, and went home to the king their master, and said, "All this have we won by our labor." Then there was great rejoicing made; but the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing, and the princess wept.

The youngest son fell to the bottom of the river's bed; luckily it was nearly dry, but his bones were almost broken, and the bank was so steep that he could find no way to get out. Then the old fox came once more, and scolded him for not following his advice; otherwise no evil would have befallen him: "Yet," said he, "I cannot leave you here, so lay hold of my tail and hold fast." Then he pulled him out of the river, and said to him, as he got upon the bank, "Your brothers have set watch to kill you, if they find you in the kingdom." So he dressed himself as a poor man, and came secretly to the king's court, and was scarcely within the doors when the horse began to eat, and the bird to sing, and the princess left off weeping. Then he went to the king, and told him all his brothers' roguery; and they were seized and punished, and he had the princess given to him again; and after the king's death he was heir to his kingdom.

A long while after he went to walk one day in the wood, and the old fox met him, and besought him with tears in his eyes to kill him, and cut off his head and feet. At last he did so, and in a moment the fox was changed into a man, and turned out to be the brother of the princess, who had been lost a great many years.

RIQUET WITH THE TUFT.

Once upon a time there lived a queen who had the misfortune to have a child extremely ill-formed and ill-looking, though a fairy assured her that the child would have great good sense, and would be very amiable; besides, this good fairy then and there gave the little thing a great gift: he should have the power to give equally good sense to whomever he loved best. But all this hardly comforted the queen, who was distressed at having such a very homely child, and was scarcely pleased when he began, as soon as he could speak, to say the most charming things and to act with the most admirable cleverness. I had forgotten to say that he was born with a little tuft of hair on his head, which got him the name of Riquet with the Tuft, for Riquet was the family name.

About seven or eight years after Riquet with the Tuft was born, the queen of a neighboring kingdom had twin daughters. When the first of the twins came into the world she was so exceedingly fair that the mother was in the greatest excitement of joy, and the good fairy who stood by, and who was the one present when Riquet with the Tuft was born, was forced to tell her that the child, for all she was so fair, would be very, very dull, yes, as stupid as she was beautiful. Then came the second of the twins, and she was just as ugly as the first was lovely, and the fairy again tried to help the queen by the assurance that this child would be so sensible that no one would notice her lack of beauty.

"Heaven send it may be so!" said the poor queen, "but is there no way of giving sense to the other, who is so beautiful?"

"I can do nothing of that sort with her," replied the fairy, "but she shall have the gift of making beautiful the person who shall please her. That is all I can do."

As the two princesses grew up, their perfections grew with them, and nothing was talked of but the beauty of the elder and the good sense of the younger. To be sure their defects grew too. The younger grew uglier, and the elder more stupid. She either made no answer when she was spoken to, or she said something foolish. Then she was so awkward that she could not place four dishes on the shelf without breaking one, nor drink a glass of water without spilling some on her dress, and in spite of her beauty she saw that people began to desert her for her sister. At first they flocked about her because she was so lovely to look upon, but little by little they left her and gathered about her sister, because she was so witty and entertaining. The elder would have given all she possessed for half her sister's good sense. Even the queen could not help reproaching the poor girl for her stupidity, and this made her exceedingly melancholy.

One day the beautiful and stupid princess was walking alone in a wood, bewailing her fate, when she met a little man, dressed very finely, but with a most disagreeable face. It was Riquet with the Tuft, who had seen the princess's portrait, and was so fascinated by it that he had left his father's kingdom to see if he could find this marvelously beautiful girl. He knew her at once and addressed her with the greatest respect and courtesy. He noticed how melancholy she was, and presently said: —

"I cannot imagine how one so beautiful as you are can be sad. In all my life, and I have traveled far and wide, I never have seen so beautiful a woman."

"You are very good to say so," said the princess, and then stopped.

"Beauty," continued Riquet, seriously, "is so great a gift that nothing can be compared with it, and one who has it can surely be distressed by nothing."

"Very fine," said the princess, "but I would rather be as ugly — as ugly as you are, and have good sense, than be as beautiful as I am and be stupid."

"There is no greater proof of good sense," said

Riquet with the Tuft, bowing low, "than the belief that we are without it. It is the nature of that gift that the more we have the more sensible we are of what we lack."

"I do not know how that may be," cried the princess, "I only know that I am very stupid, and that is what is killing me."

"If that is all that troubles you," said Riquet, "I can easily put an end to your sorrow."

"And how?"

"I have the power to give as much wit as any one can possess to the person I love the most. You are the one I love, princess, and if you will only promise to marry me you shall have the greatest good sense and wit."

The princess stood stock still with astonishment.

"I see," said Riquet, "that my offer pains you. I am not surprised, but do not hurry. I will give you a year to think of it." The princess had so little sense and wanted so much, and a year seemed so very long to wait, that she said in a moment that she would accept him. No sooner had she promised to marry Riquet in a twelvemonth than she felt herself to be quite another person. She heard herself talking with the utmost sprightliness, and saying the most sensible things with the greatest ease. Indeed, she talked with so much brilliancy and good nature, that Riquet began to think he had given her more wit than he had kept for himself.

She returned alone to the palace, and the whole court speedily discovered that she had been singularly changed. Everybody was puzzled to account for her. She said as many bright and sensible things now as before she had said stupid and ridiculous ones. But whatever had caused the change, every one was charmed, — every one, that is, except her younger sister, who had now lost the only advantage she had. People all flocked about the princess who was both witty and handsome. Even the king consulted her judgment, and used to hold his councils of state in her chamber. Her fame spread abroad and the princes in the neighborhood all wished to marry her, but now not one of them seemed to her half wise enough.

At length there came a prince who was rich, witty, and handsome, and she looked upon him with more favor than on any of the others. Her father, seeing this, called her to himself and told her that he had perfect confidence in her judgment, and he should leave her to choose entirely for herself. As the more sense we have the more difficult we find it to make up our minds definitely in such cases, she requested, after thanking her father, that he would give her some time to think it over, and then, wishing to be by herself, she went to walk in the wood. It was the same wood where she had met Riquet with the Tuft, and as she walked, thinking hard, she heard a dull sound beneath her feet as of many people running about busily under ground. She stopped to listen, and heard some one say, "Bring me that saucepan," and again, "Give me that kettle," and "Put some wood on the fire." At that the ground opened, and she saw beneath her what appeared to be a large kitchen, full of cooks, scullions, and all kinds of servants, making ready a great banquet. A band of twenty or thirty cooks came forward and placed themselves at a table, where they set to work preparing dainties, and singing over their work. The princess, very much astonished, inquired of them for whom they were working so merrily.

"Madam," replied one, "for Prince Riquet with the Tuft, who is to be married to-morrow." All at once the princess remembered that to-morrow was the very end of the year when she had promised to marry Riquet. The reason why she had forgotten this before was that when she made the promise she was a fool, and as soon as she became wise she forgot all her follies. She was lost in amazement and was moving forward when Riquet with the Tuft suddenly appeared, gayly dressed, and with all the air of a man about to be married.

"I have kept my word, princess, as you see," he said, "and I doubt not that you have kept yours and will marry me to-morrow."

"Prince," said the princess frankly," I must confess that I had not intended to marry you, and fear I cannot."

"You surprise me very much."

"No doubt, and I should be disturbed about it if I were dealing with a dull person instead of one with your excellent good sense. You must yourself see that I cannot do what I promised to do when I was a fool. You should not have given me so much sense."

"If I were a fool I might be persuaded by you, princess, but being a man of sense I see that you are taking away all the happiness of my life. Tell me frankly, is there anything in me that you complain of besides my ugliness? I know I am ugly, but do you object to my birth, my temper, my manners or any — my good sense?"

"No, truly," replied the princess, "I like everything about you, except — except your looks."

"Then I need not lose my happiness; for if I have the gift of making clever whomever I love best, you are able to make the person you prefer as handsome as ever you please. Could you not love me enough to do that?"

"Oh, I did not know that before!" cried the princess. "With all my heart!" and she wished eagerly that he might become the handsomest man in the world. No sooner had she uttered this wish than Riquet stood before her eyes the finest, most charming man she had ever seen. And so they were married, and Riquet thought the princess the most sensible and agreeable companion in the world, while the princess looked upon Riquet as the noblest and most commanding man.

THE NOSE.

Did you ever hear the story of the three poor soldiers, who, after having fought hard in the wars, set out on their road home, begging their way as they went?

They had journeyed on a long way, sick at heart with their bad luck at thus being turned loose on the world in their old days, when one evening they reached a deep gloomy wood through which they must pass; night came fast upon them, and they found that they must, however unwillingly, sleep in the wood; so to make all as safe as they could, it was agreed that two should lie down and sleep, while a third sat up and watched lest wild beasts should break in and tear them to pieces; when he was tired he was to wake one of the others and sleep in his turn, and so on with the third, that they might share the work fairly among them.

The two who were to rest first soon lay down and fell fast asleep, and the other made himself a good fire under the trees and sat down by the side to keep watch. He had not sat long before all on a sudden up came a little man in a red jacket. "Who's there?" said he. "A friend," said the soldier. "What sort of a friend?" "An old broken soldier," said the other, "with his two comrades who have nothing left to live on; come, sit down and warm yourself." "Well, my worthy fellow," said the little man, "I will do what I can for you; take this and show it to your comrades in the morning." So he took out an old cloak and gave it to the soldier, telling him that whenever he put it over his shoulders anything that he wished for would be fulfilled; then the little man made him a bow and walked away.

The second soldier's turn to watch soon came, and the first laid himself down to sleep; but the second man had not sat by himself long before up came the little man in the red jacket again. The soldier treated him in a friendly way as his comrade had done, and the little man gave him for his part a purse, which he told him was always full of gold, let him draw as much as he would from it.

Then the third soldier's turn to watch came, and he also had the little man for his guest, who gave him a wonderful horn that drew crowds around it whenever it was played; and made every one forget his business to come and dance to its beautiful music.

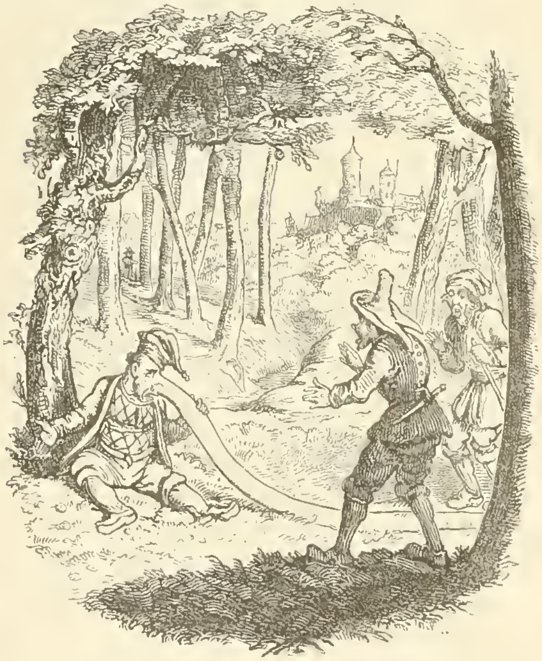
In the morning each told his story and showed his treasure; and as they all liked each other very much and were old friends, they agreed to travel together to see the world, and for a while only to make use of the wonderful purse. And thus they spent their time very joyously, till at last they began to be tired of this roving life, and thought they should like to have a home of their own. So the first soldier put his old cloak on, and wished for a fine castle. In a moment it stood before their eyes; fine gardens and green lawns spread round it, and flocks of sheep and goats and herds of oxen were grazing about, and out of the gate came a fine coach with three dapple gray horses to meet them and bring them home.

All this was very well for a time; but it would not do to stay at home always, so they got together all their rich clothes and trappings and servants, and ordered their coach with three horses, and set out on a journey to see a neighboring king. Now this king had an only daughter, and as he took the three soldiers for kings' sons, he gave them a kind welcome. One day, as the second soldier was walking with the princess, she saw him with the wonderful purse in his hand; and having asked him what it was, he was foolish enough to tell her; — though, indeed, it did not not much signify, for she was a witch and knew all the wonderful things that the three soldiers brought. Now this princess was very cunning and artful; so she set to work and made a purse so like the soldier's that no one would know one from the other, and then asked him to come and see her, and made him drink some wine that she had got ready for him, till he fell fast asleep. Then she felt in his pocket, and took away the wonderful purse and left the one she had made in its place.

The next morning the soldiers set out for home, and soon after they reached their castle, happening to want some money, they went to their purse for it, and found something indeed in it, but to their great sorrow when they had emptied it none came in the place of what they took. Then the cheat was soon found out: for the second soldier knew where he had been, and how he had told the story to the princess, and he guessed that she had betrayed him. "Alas!" cried he, "poor wretches that we are, what shall we do?" "Oh!" said the first soldier, "let no gray hairs grow for this mishap; I will soon get the purse back." So he threw his cloak across his shoulders and wished himself in the princess's chamber. There he found her sitting alone, telling her gold that fell around her in a shower from the purse. But the soldier stood looking at her too long, for the moment she saw him she started up and cried out with all her force, "Thieves! Thieves!" so that the whole court came running in and tried to seize him. The poor soldier now began to be dreadfully frightened in his turn, and thought it was high time to make the best of his way off; so, without thinking of the ready way of traveling that his cloak gave him, he ran to the window, opened it, and jumped out; and unluckily in his haste his cloak caught and was left hanging, to the great joy of the princess, who knew its worth.

The poor soldier made the best of his way home to his comrades, on foot and in a very downcast mood; but the third soldier told him to keep up his heart, and took his horn and blew a merry tune. At the first blast a countless troop of foot and horse came rushing to their aid, and they set out to make war against their enemy. Then the king's palace was besieged, and he was told that he must give up the purse and cloak, or that not one stone should be left upon another. And the king went into his daughter's chamber and talked with her; but she said, "Let me try first if I cannot beat them some other way." So she thought of a cunning scheme to overreach them, and dressing herself as a poor girl with a basket on her arm set out by night with her maid, and went into the enemy's camp as if she wanted to sell trinkets.

In the morning she began to ramble about, singing ballads so beautifully that all the tents were left empty, and the soldiers ran round in crowds and thought of nothing but hearing her sing. Amongst the rest came the soldier to whom the horn belonged, and as soon as she saw him she winked to her maid, who slipped slily through the crowd and went into his tent where the horn hung, and stole it away. This done, they both got safely back to the palace; the besieging army went away, the three wonderful gifts were all left in the hands of the princess, and the three soldiers were as penniless and forlorn as when the little man with the red jacket found them in the wood.



Poor fellows! they began to think what was now to be done. "Comrades," at last said the second soldier, who had had the purse, "we had better part, we cannot live together, let each seek his bread as well as he can." So he turned to the right, and the other two to the left; for they said they would rather travel together. Then on he strayed till he came to a wood (now this was the same wood where they had met with so much good luck before); and he walked on a long time till evening began to fall, when he sat down tired beneath a tree, and soon fell asleep.

Morning dawned, and he was greatly delighted, at opening his eyes, to see that the tree was laden with the most beautiful apples. He was hungry enough, so he soon plucked and ate first one, then a second, then a third apple. A strange feeling came over his nose: when he put the apple to his mouth something was in the way; he felt it; it was his nose, that grew and grew till it hung down to his breast. It did not stop there, still it grew and grew; "Heavens!" thought he, "when will it have done growing?" And well might he ask, for by this time it reached the ground as he sat on the grass, and thus it kept creeping on till he could not bear its weight, or raise himself up; and it seemed as if it would never end, for already it stretched its enormous length all through the wood.

Meantime his comrades were journeying on, till on a sudden one of them stumbled against something. "What can that be?" said the other. They looked, and could think of nothing that it was like but a nose. "We will follow it and find its owner, however," said they; so they traced it till at last they found their poor comrade lying stretched along under the apple-tree. What was to be done? They tried to carry him, but in vain. They caught an ass that was passing by, and raised him upon its back; but it was soon tired of carrying such a load. So they sat down in despair, when up came the little man in the red jacket. "Why, how now, friend?" said he, laughing; "well, I must find a cure for you, I see." So he told them to gather a pear from a tree that grew close by, and the nose would come right again. No time was lost, and the nose was soon brought to its proper size, to the poor soldier's joy.

"I will do something more for you yet," said the little man; "take some of those pears and apples with you; whoever eats one of the apples will have his nose grow like yours just now; but if you give him a pear, all will come right again. Go to the princess and get her to eat some of your apples; her nose will grow twenty times as long as yours did; then look sharp, and you will get what you want of her."

Then they thanked their old friend very heartily for all his kindness, and it was agreed that the poor soldier who had already tried the power of of the apple should undertake the task. So he dressed himself up as a gardener's boy, and went to the king's palace, and said he had apples to sell, such as were never seen there before. Every one that saw them was delighted and wanted to taste, but he said they were only for the princess; and she soon sent her maid to buy his stock. They were so ripe and rosy that she soon began eating, and had already eaten three, when she, too, began to wonder what was the matter with her nose, for it grew and grew, down to the ground, out at the window, and over the garden, nobody knows where.

Then the king made known to all his kingdom, that whoever would heal her of this dreadful disease should be richly rewarded. Many tried, but the princess got no relief. And now the old soldier dressed himself very sprucely as a doctor, who said he could cure her; so he chopped up some of the apple, and to punish her a little more gave her a dose, saying he would call to-morrow and see her again. The morrow came, and of course, instead of being better, the nose had been growing fast all night, and the poor princess was in a dreadful fright. So the doctor chopped up a very little of the pear and gave her, and said he was sure that would do good, and he would call again the next day. Next day came, and the nose was, to be sure, a little smaller, but yet it was bigger than it was when the doctor first began to meddle with it.

Then he thought to himself, "I must frighten this cunning princess a little more before I shall get what I want of her;" so he gave her another dose of the apple, and said he would call on the morrow. The morrow came, and the nose was ten times as bad as before. "My good lady," said the doctor, "something works against my medicine, and is too strong for it; but I know by the force of my art what it is; you have stolen goods about you, I am sure, and if you do not give them back, I can do nothing for you." But the princess denied very stoutly that she had anything of the kind. "Very well," said the doctor, "you may do as you please, but I am sure I am right, and you will die if you do not own it." Then he went to the king, and told him how the matter stood. "Daughter," said he, "send back the cloak, the purse, and the horn, that you stole from the right owners."

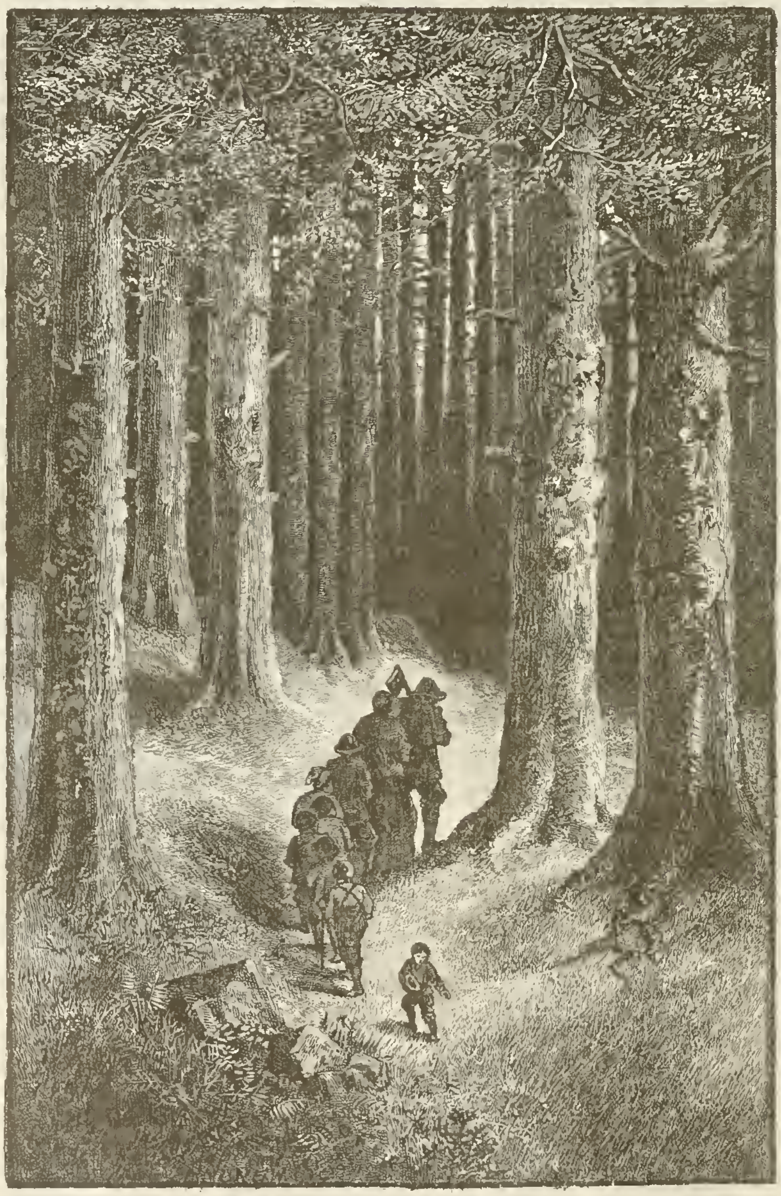
Then she ordered her maid to fetch all three, and gave them to the doctor, and begged him to give them back to the soldiers; and the moment he had them safe he gave her a whole pear to eat, and the nose came right. And as for the doctor, he put on the cloak, wished the king and all his court a good day, and was in a short time with his two friends, who lived from that time happily at home in their palace, except when they took airings in their coach with the three dapple gray horses.

HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.

There was once a wood-cutter and his wife who had seven children, all boys. The eldest was only ten years old, the youngest but seven, and they were thus a burden to their poor parents, for they could as yet do nothing to earn their living. The youngest of all was very delicate, and spoke so seldom that his parents thought him dull, when really he had very good sense. He was so very little when he was born, scarcely bigger than one's thumb, that he got the name, "Hop-o'-my-Thumb." The little fellow had to take the blame of everything that went wrong. Yet he was the most sensible of all the children, for he was listening when the rest were speaking. There came a very bad harvest, and there was great scarcity of food, so that these poor people determined that they must get rid of their children. One evening, when they were all in bed, the wood-cutter was sitting close to the fire with his wife, and said to her with an aching heart: —

"Thou seest plainly that we can no longer find food for our children. I cannot see them die of hunger, and I am resolved to lose them to-morrow in the wood, which can easily be done, for while they are busy tying up the fagots we can slip away and leave them."

"Ah!" exclaimed his wife, "hast thou the heart to lose thy own children?" Her husband begged her to remember how very poor they were; she would not consent; she was poor, but she was their mother. Then he bade her think how she must see them die of hunger, and so at length she assented and went weeping to bed. Now Hop-o'-my-Thumb had heard everything that was said; for being in bed and hearing them talk, he had stolen quietly to his father's stool and sat under it where he could listen without being seen. He went to bed again, but he could not sleep a wink all night, so busy was he thinking what he should do. He rose early and went to the banks of a brook near by, where he filled his pockets with small white pebbles, and then returned home. The family all set out together as usual, but Hop-o'-my-Thumb said nothing to his brothers of what he had heard. They entered a very thick forest, so dense that one need go but a few steps to be lost. The wood-cutter began to cut wood and the children to gather the sticks into bundles of fagots. The father and mother, when they saw them busily engaged, stole away gradually and then fled suddenly by a small, winding path. Presently the children found themselves alone and began to cry with fear. Hop-o'-my-Thumb alone had no tears, for he knew the way home. As they came, he had dropped all along the road the little white pebbles which he had brought in his pocket.



"Fear not, brothers," he said, "our father and mother have left us here, but I will lead you safely home. Only follow me." Thereupon he led them back to the house by the same road that they had taken into the forest. They feared to enter immediately, but placed themselves close by the door to hear what their father and mother might be saying.

Now, just as the wood-cutter and his wife reached home, the lord of the manor sent them ten crowns, which he had been owing them a long time, and they had given up all hopes of ever getting. They were ready to starve but for this, and the wood-cutter sent his wife quickly to the butcher's to buy some meat. As it was many a day since they had tasted meat, she bought three times as much as two persons could need. When they had eaten and were satisfied, the thought of her poor children rushed back upon her, and the wood-cutter's wife cried, —

"Alas! where now are our poor children? There is enough here and to spare. It was thou, husband, that wouldst lose them. Did I not say we should repent it? What are they now doing in the forest? Alas! perhaps the wolves have already devoured them! Thou hast destroyed my children!"

She said this twenty times over, until the wood-cutter became exceedingly impatient, and threatened to beat her if she did not hold her tongue. But the more angry he was the more she reproached him. She wept bitterly and cried out loudly, —

"Alas! where are now my children, my poor children?" The children who were close by the door heard this, and began to call out eagerly, —

"Here we are! here we are!"

She ran quickly to open the door, and threw her arms about them, exclaiming, —

"O my dear children, how happy I am to see you again. How tired and hungry you must be! and Peter, how dirty you are. Come and let me wash you." Peter was the eldest of the children, and the one she loved most. They sat down to supper, and ate eagerly with an appetite that delighted their father and mother. They began all to speak at once, and to tell how frightened they were in the forest, and how glad to find their way home again. The good people were overjoyed at getting their dear children back, and so long as the ten crowns lasted they were all happy together; but at length the money was spent and they were once more in despair; and now the wood-cutter and his wife determined to lead their children farther still from home, so as to lose them altogether.

They could not talk of this so privately but that Hop-o'-my-Thumb overheard them, and trusted to do as he had done before. But though he got up very early to collect the little pebbles, he could not get out of the house, for the door was double-locked. He knew not what to do when the wood-cutter's wife gave them each their last piece of bread for breakfast, when he suddenly thought of using crumbs of his bread instead of pebbles, and so he put his piece in his pocket. His father and mother led them into the thickest and darkest part of the wood, and then finding a by-path, slipped away from them unnoticed, as before. Hop-o'-my-Thumb was not much troubled by this, for he thought he should easily lead his brothers back by means of the crumbs which he had dropped along the way. But when he came to look not a crumb was to be seen. The birds had eaten it all! Then were the children in distress. The more they wandered the deeper they plunged into the forest. Night came on and the wind began to howl, so that they fancied wolves were all about them. They huddled close together, scarcely daring to speak. Then it began to rain heavily and they were drenched to the skin. They slipped about in the mud and scrambled out of pits, tired and dirty. Hop-o'-my-Thumb climbed a tree to see if he could make out anything from the top of it, and looking all about he saw a little light like that of a candle, but it was far away on the other side of the forest. He came down again and then could not see the light from the ground; but he knew the direction in which it was, and they all walked toward where they supposed it to be, and at length, coming out of the woods, they saw the light and presently came to the house where it was. They knocked at the door, and a good woman came to open it. She asked them what they wanted. Hop-o'-my-Thumb told her they were poor children who had lost their way in the forest, and begged a night's lodging for charity. The woman, seeing they were all so pretty, began to weep and said, —

"Alas! my poor children, do you know to what you have come? This is the house of an ogre who eats little boys!"

"Alas! Madam," answered Hop-o'-my-Thumb, trembling from head to foot as his brothers did, "what shall we do? If we stay in the forest the wolves will devour us before the morning. We had rather be eaten by the gentleman; perhaps he may have pity upon us if you but ask him." The ogre's wife, for so she was, was a kind-hearted woman, and fancied she could hide them from her husband till the next morning, so she brought them into the house, and led them to a fine fire where a whole sheep was on the spit, roasting for the ogre's supper. Just as they were beginning to get warm, they heard two or three loud knocks at the door. It was the ogre, who had come home. His wife immediately made the children hide under the bed, and went to open the door. The ogre asked at once if his supper was ready, and if she had drawn the wine, and with that he sat down to his meal. The mutton was all but raw, but he liked it the better for that. He began to sniff right and left and said that he smelt fresh meat.

"It must be the calf I have just skinned that you smell," said his wife.

"I smell fresh meat, I tell you again," replied the ogre looking sharply at his wife. "There is something here that I don't understand." Saying this he rose from the table and went straight to the bed. "Ah!" he exclaimed," "thou art deceiving me, wretched woman! I know not what hinders me from eating thee also, except that thou art old and tough. Here is some game which comes in good time for me to entertain three ogres of my acquaintance, who are coming to see me in a day or two." He dragged the children from under the bed one after the other. They fell on their knees begging for mercy, but he was the most cruel of ogres, who felt no pity for them but devoured them already with his eyes, and said to his wife that they would be dainty bits when she had made a good sauce for them. He went to fetch a great knife, and as he returned to the poor children, he whetted it on a long stone which he held in his left hand. He had already seized one, when his wife said to him, —

"Why do you do it at this hour of the night? Will it not be time enough to-morrow?"

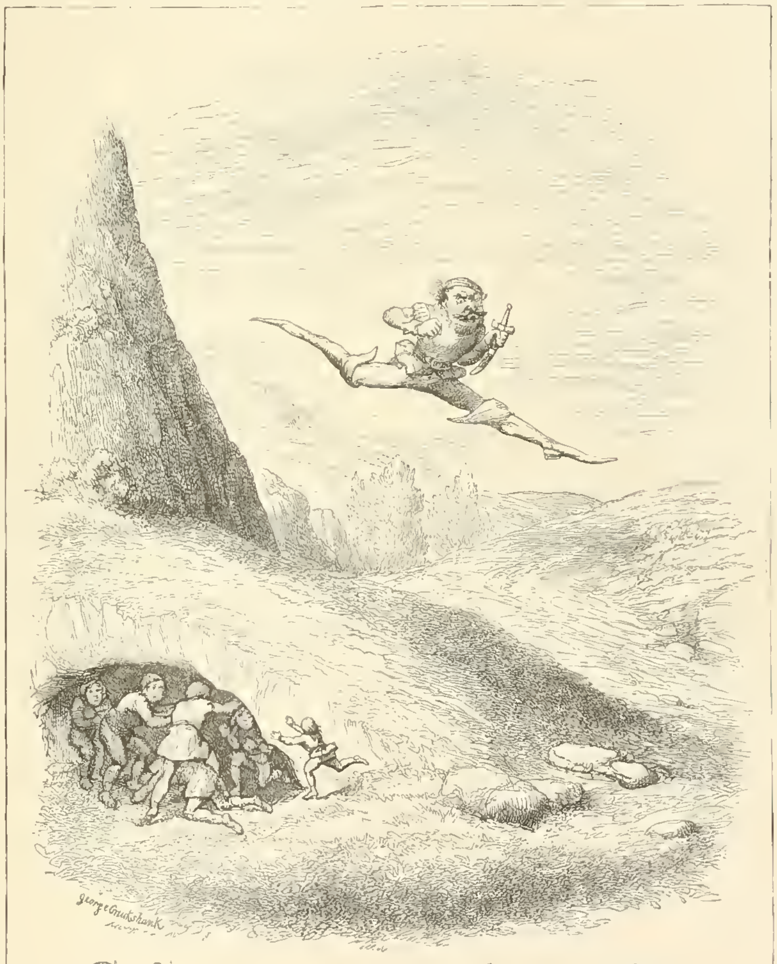
"Hold thy peace," replied the ogre, "they will be all the more tender."

"But you have already so much on hand," she persisted. "Here is a calf, two sheep, and half a pig."

"Thou art right," said the Ogre. "Give them a good supper, that they may not fall away, and put them to bed." The good woman was greatly rejoiced and brought the children plenty for supper, but they could eat nothing, so terrified were they. As for the ogre, he seated himself to drink again, much pleased to think that he had such a feast in store for his friends, and drained a dozen goblets more than usual, so that his head began to ache, and he went to bed.

The ogre had seven daughters, who were still very young. They had the most beautiful complexions, in consequence of their eating raw flesh like their father, but they had very small round gray eyes, hooked noses, and very large mouths with long teeth, exceedingly sharp and wide apart. They were not very vicious, as yet, but they showed that they would be, for they had already begun to bite little boys. They had been sent to bed early, and were all seven in a large bed, each wearing a crown of gold on her head. In the same room was another bed just as large. Into this the ogre's wife put the seven little boys to sleep, while she went off to her husband.

Hop-o-my-Thumb had noticed that the ogre's daughters all wore golden crowns on their heads, and in the middle of the night, fearing that the ogre might come up in the dark and dispatch them, he got up, took off the night-caps from his and his brothers' heads and went very softly to the bed where the little ogresses were sleeping; then he removed their golden crowns and put on their heads the night-caps, after which he put the crowns on his brothers' heads and his own, and crept into bed again. Matters turned out just as he had expected. The ogre grew impatient and could not wait for morning to come. He jumped out of bed, and seizing his great knife, said,—



The Giant Ogre in his Seven League Boots. pursuing Hop o'my Thumb & his Brothers, who hide in a Cave.

"Let us go and see how our young rogues are now; we won't make two bites at a cherry." So he stole on tiptoe up to the chamber, and came to the bed where the little boys lay, who were all asleep except Hop-o'-my-Thumb. He was dreadfully frightened when the ogre placed his hand upon his head to feel it, as he had in turn felt those of all his brothers. The ogre, who felt the golden crowns, was puzzled.

"Truly," said he," I was about to do a pretty job. I must have drank too much last night. He then went to the bed where his daughters slept, and passing his hand over their heads, felt the little night-caps. "Aha!" he cried, "Here are our young wags. Let us to work at once." So saying, he immediately cut the throats of his seven daughters, and then wiping his knife with satisfaction, went back to bed again. As soon as Hop-o'-my-Thumb heard the ogre snoring, he woke his brothers, and bade them dress themselves quickly and follow him. They went down softly into the garden and jumped over the wall. They ran all the rest of the night in fear and trembling, not knowing whither they should flee.

The ogre, on awaking in the morning, said to his wife, "Get up-stairs and dress the little rogues you took in last night." She was much astonished at the kindness of her husband, not suspecting the sort of dressing he meant, and supposing he had ordered her to go and put their clothes on them. She went up-stairs quickly, and there she saw their seven daughters all dead in their beds. She fainted away at the sight, and the ogre, waiting and wondering why his wife did not come, went up-stairs to see what was the matter.

"Ha! what have I done!" he exclaimed. "But these wretches shall pay for it speedily." He threw a basin of water in his wife's face to revive her and said, "Quick! get me my seven-league boots that I may go and catch them!" He set out, and after running in every direction came at last upon the track of the poor children, who were not above a hundred yards from their father's house. They saw the ogre striding from hill to hill, and stepping over rivers as easily as if they were brooks. Hop-o'-my-Thumb discovering a hollow rock close by where they were, bade his brothers hide in it, while he crept in afterward and kept watch at the entrance. The ogre by this time was very tired, for seven-league boots are fatiguing to the wearer, and sat down to rest upon the very rock in which the little boys had hidden themselves. There he fell sound asleep, and began to snore so dreadfully that the children were quite as frightened as when they were in his house.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb whispered to his brothers to run quickly into their house and not be uneasy about him. They did as he told them, and were soon in the wood-cutter's home. Then Hop-o'-my-Thumb, when he saw them safely housed, stole up to the ogre, pulled off his boots, and got into them himself. The boots, to fit the Ogre, were very large and very long, but being fairy boots they had the knack of exactly fitting every leg they were put on, so they were just the right size for Hop-o'-my-Thumb. He went straight to the ogre's house, where he found the ogre's wife weeping bitterly over her daughters.

"Your husband," said he, "is in great danger, for he has been seized by a band of robbers who threaten to kill him if he does not give them all his gold and silver. At the moment they had their daggers at his throat, he discovered me, and begged me to come and tell you the plight he was in, and to give me all the money he had, else they would kill him without mercy. He bade me wear his seven-league boots, which you see I have on, that I might make haste, and that you might know I was not imposing on you."

The good woman, very much alarmed, immediately gave him all the money there was in the house, for the ogre was a good husband to her in spite of his temper and his fondness for little boys. So Hop-o'-my-Thumb, laden with treasures, hastened back to his father's house, where they lived ever after happily together. As for the ogre, he had grown so heavy that he could not get about without his seven-league boots, so there he lay in the sun and the crows came after he died and picked all the skin off his bones.

A FEW SONGS.

LITTLE BIRDIE.

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away." —
"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise, and fly away." —
"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and made thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead?
Gave thee clothing of delight, —
Softest clothing, woolly, bright?
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I 'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I 'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child:
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

I THINK, as I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

But still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

JEMIMA LUKE.

THE LITTLE DOVES.

HIGH on the top of an old pine-tree
Broods a mother-dove with her young ones three.
Warm over them is her soft, downy breast,
And they sing so sweetly in their nest.
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest on the old pine-tree.

Soundly they sleep through the moonshiny night,
Each young one covered and tucked in tight;
Morn wakes them up with the first blush of light,
And they sing to each other with all their might.
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest on the old pine-tree.

When in the nest they are all left alone,
While their mother far for their dinner has flown,
Quiet and gentle they all remain,
Till their mother they see come home again.
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest on the old pine-tree,

When they are fed by their tender mother,
One never will push nor crowd another:
Each opens widely his own little bill,
And he patiently waits, and gets his fill.
Then, "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest on the old pine-tree.

Wisely the mother begins by and by
To make her young ones learn to fly;
Just for a little way over the brink,
Then back to the nest as quick as a wink.
And "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest on the old pine-tree.

Fast grow the young ones, day and night,
Till their wings are plumed for a longer flight;
Till unto them at the last draws nigh
The time when they all must say "Good-by."
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
And away they fly from the old pine-tree.

Carols, Hymns, and Songs.

PRETTY COW.

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

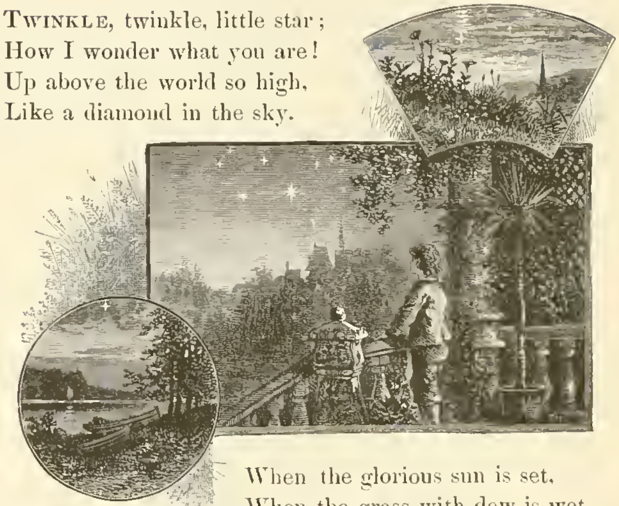
Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat.
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

Jane Taylor.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.



When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark-blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star!

WILLIE WINKIE.

Wee Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now ten o'clock.

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep;
But here's a waukrife laddie that winna fa' asleep.

Onything but sleep, ye rogue! — glowerin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna what — waukerin' sleepin' folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee, like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrums:
Hey, Willie Winkie! — See, there he comes!

Weary is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumpie stonesie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an ee;
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

William Miller.

THE SAME, WITH THE SCOTTICISMS CHANGED.

Wee Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Up stairs and down stairs
In his night gown,
Tapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed,
For it's now ten o'clock?"

"Hey! Willie Winkie,
Are you coming then?
The cat's singing Purrie
To the sleeping hen,
The dog is lying on the floor,
And does not even peep;
But here's a wakeful laddie
That will not fall asleep."

Anything but sleep, you rogue!
Glowring like the moon!
Rattling in an iron jug
With an iron spoon,
Rumbling, tumbling all about,
Crowing like a cock,
Screaming like I don't know what,
Waking sleeping folk.

"Hey! Willie Winkie,
Can't you keep him still?
Wriggling off a body's knee
Like a very eel,
Pulling at the cat's ear,
As she drowsy hums, —
Heigh, Willie Winkie,
See! there he comes!"

Wearied is the mother
That has a restless wean,
A wee, stumpie bairnie
Heard whene'er he's seen —
That has a battle aye with sleep
Before he'll close an e'e;
But a kiss from off his rosy lips
Gives strength anew to me.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night! good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night! good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road,
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night! good-night!"

She did not say to the sun "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning! good-morning! our work is begun!"
Richard Monkton Milnes.

GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Gracious God, forbid it not:
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.

Oh, supply my every want,
Feed the young and tender plant;
Day and night my keeper be,
Every moment watch o'er me.

LULLABY.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake when you do rise;
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby,
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you;
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby,
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.
Thomas Dekker.

CRADLE SONG.

Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber:
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide:
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;
Lovely infant, how He smiled!
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the Holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in the manger,
Where the hornéd oxen fed!
Peace, my darling; here 's no danger;
There 's no oxen near thy bed.

'T was to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from sin and shame,
'T was to lead thee home to heaven,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.
Isaac Watts.

THE BOOK OF POPULAR TALES.

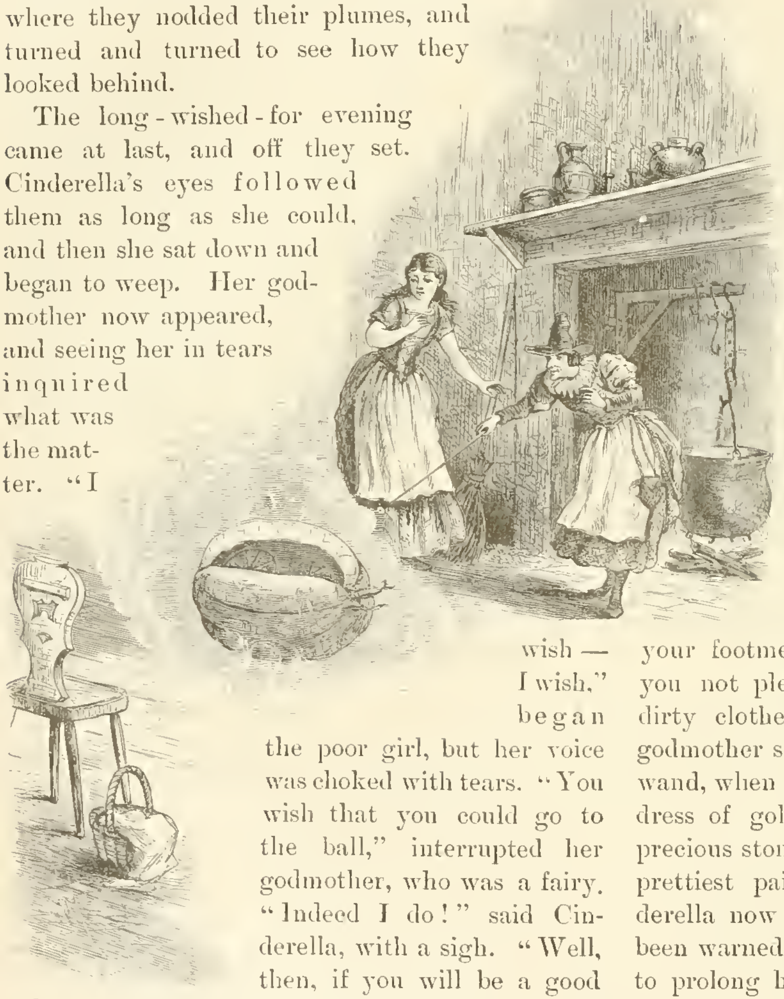
CINDERELLA; OR, THE GLASS SLIPPER.

THERE was once an honest gentleman who was left a widower with one little daughter, the image of her mother, beautiful in face and lovely in temper. He thought it well to marry again, for he was lonely and he wished for some one who should take care of his child. But though his second wife was a handsome woman she was very haughty, and she had two daughters by a former marriage, who were as proud and disagreeable as herself. The lady appeared very well before the wedding, but no sooner was that over than she began to show her evil temper. She could not bear her step-daughter, who was so amiable that her own ill-natured children seemed more disagreeable than before, and she compelled the poor girl to do all the drudgery of the household. It was she who washed the dishes, and scrubbed down the stairs, and polished the floors in my lady's chamber, and in those of the two pert misses, her daughters; and while the latter slept on good feather-beds in elegant rooms furnished with full-length looking-glasses in which they could admire themselves all day long, their sister lay in a wretched garret on an old straw mattress. Yet the poor thing bore this ill treatment very meekly, and did not dare complain to her father, for he was so blind to his wife's faults that he would only have scolded the child.

When her work was done, she used to sit in the chimney-corner amongst the cinders, so that the two sisters gave her the nickname of *Cinderella*, or, the cinder-wench; yet, for all her shabby clothes, Cinderella was a hundred times prettier than they, let them be dressed ever so magnificently.

It happened that the king's son gave a ball to which he invited all the rich and the grand; and as our two young ladies made a great figure in the world, they were to be at the ball, and perhaps would dance with the prince. So they were at once very busy choosing what head-dress and which gown would be the most becoming. Here was fresh work for poor Cinderella; for it was she, forsooth, who was to starch and get up their ruffles, and iron all their fine linen; and they talked of nothing but their fine clothes all day long. "I," said the elder, "shall put on my red velvet dress, with my point-lace trimmings." "And I," said the younger sister, "shall wear my ordinary petticoat, but shall set it off with my gold brocaded train and my circlet of diamonds, and what can be finer than that?" They sent for a clever tire-woman, for they were to have double rows of quilling on their caps, and they bought a quantity of elegant ribbons and bows. They called in Cinderella, to take her advice, as she had such good taste; and Cinderella not only advised them well, but offered to dress their hair, which they were pleased to accept. While she was thus busied, the sisters said to her, "And pray, Cinderella, would you like to go to the ball?" "Nay, you are mocking me," replied the poor girl; "it is not for such as I to go to balls." "True enough," rejoined they; "folks would laugh to see a cinder-wench at a court ball."

Any other but Cinderella would have dressed their hair awry to spite them for their rudeness; but she was so good-natured that she went on and dressed them more becomingly than ever they had been in their lives before. The two sisters were so delighted that they scarcely ate a morsel for a couple of days. And besides, it was not easy to eat much, for they were laced tight, to make their waists as slender as possible; indeed, more than a dozen stay-laces were broken in the attempt. But they were perfectly contented to spend their whole time before a looking-glass, where they nodded their plumes, and turned and turned to see how they looked behind.



The long-wished-for evening came at last, and off they set. Cinderella's eyes followed them as long as she could, and then she sat down and began to weep. Her godmother now appeared, and seeing her in tears inquired what was the matter. "I wish — I wish," began the poor girl, but her voice was choked with tears. "You wish that you could go to the ball," interrupted her godmother, who was a fairy. "Indeed I do!" said Cinderella, with a sigh. "Well, then, if you will be a good girl, you shall go," said her godmother. "Run quick and fetch me a pumpkin from the garden." Cinderella flew to gather the finest pumpkin she could find, though she could not understand how it could possibly help her to go to the ball. But her godmother, scooping it quite hollow, touched it with her wand, when it was immediately changed into a gilt coach. She then went to the mouse-trap, where she found six live mice, and bidding Cinderella let them out one by one, she changed each mouse into a fine dapple gray horse by a stroke of her wand. But what was she to do for a coachman? Cinderella proposed to look for a rat in the rat-trap. "That 's a good thought," quoth her godmother; "so go and see." Back came Cinderella with the rat-trap, in which were three large rats. The fairy chose one that had a tremendous pair of whiskers, and forthwith changed him into a coachman with the finest mustachios ever seen.

"Now," said she, "go into the garden, and bring me six lizards, which you will find behind the watering-pot." These were no sooner brought, than, lo! with a touch of the wand they were turned into six footmen, with laced liveries, who got up behind the coach just as naturally as if they had done nothing else all their lives. The Fairy then said to Cinderella: "Now here is your coach and six, your coachman and your footmen, all to take you to the ball; are you not pleased?" "But must I go in these dirty clothes?" said Cinderella, timidly. Her godmother smiled and just touched her with her wand, when her shabby clothes were changed to a dress of gold and silver tissue, all decked with precious stones. Then she put upon her feet the prettiest pair of glass slippers ever seen. Cinderella now got into the carriage, after having been warned by her godmother upon no account to prolong her stay beyond midnight, for if she should remain a moment longer at the ball her coach would again become a pumpkin, her horses mice, her footmen lizards, while her beautiful clothes would become the shabby gown of the poor girl that sat among the cinders. Cinderella promised she would not fail to leave the ball before midnight, and set off in an ecstasy of delight.

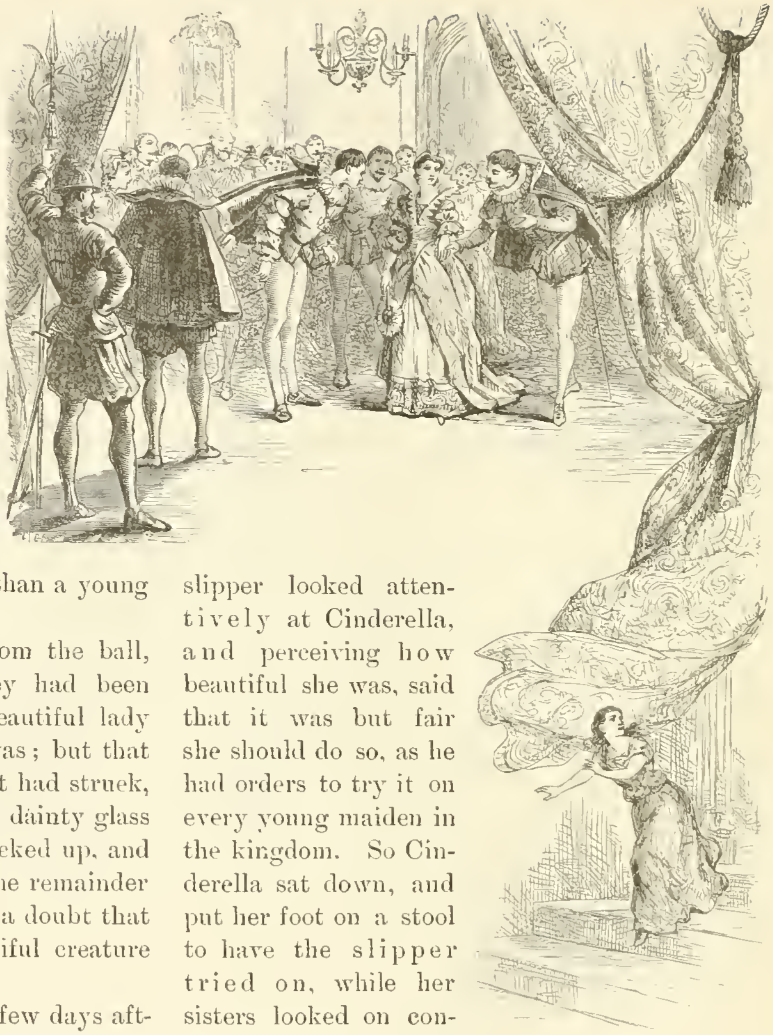
When she arrived it was in such state that the king's son, hearing that some great princess, unknown at court, had just appeared, went to hand her out of her carriage, and brought her into the hall where the company was assembled. The moment she appeared all voices were hushed, the violins ceased playing, and the dancing stopped short, so great was the sensation produced by the stranger's beauty. A confused murmur of admiration fluttered through the crowd, and each was fain to exclaim, "How surpassingly lovely she is!" Even the king, old as he was, could not forbear admiring her like the rest, and whispered to the queen that she was certainly the fairest and comeliest woman he had seen for many a long day. As for the ladies, they were all busy examining her head-dress and her clothes, in order to get similar ones the very next day, if, indeed, they could meet with stuffs of such rich patterns, and find work-women clever enough to make them up.

After leading her to the place to which her rank seemed to entitle her, the king's son requested her hand for the next dance, when she displayed so much grace that her beauty was heightened, and people said they had not praised her half enough before. An elegant supper was brought in, but the young prince was so taken up with gazing at the fair stranger, that he did not touch a morsel. Cinderella went and sat by her sisters, sharing with them the oranges and citrons the prince had offered her, much to their surprise and delight, for they felt highly flattered, never dreaming who it really was.

When Cinderella heard the clock strike three quarters past eleven, she made a low courtesy to the whole assembly, and retired in haste. On reaching home, she found her godmother, and after thanking her for the delight she had enjoyed she ventured to express a wish to return to the ball on the following evening, as the prince had requested her to do. She was still eagerly telling her godmother all that had happened at court, when her two sisters knocked at the door. Cinderella went and let them in, pretending to yawn and stretch herself, and rub her eyes and saying, "How late you are!" just as if she had been waked up out of a nap, though, one may readily believe, she had never felt less disposed to sleep in her life. "If you had been to the ball," said one of the sisters, "you would not have thought it late. There came the most beautiful princess that ever was seen, who loaded us with polite attentions, and gave us oranges and citrons."

Cinderella inquired the name of the princess. But they replied that nobody knew her name, and that the king's son was in great trouble about her, and would give the world to know who she could be. "Is she, then, so very beautiful?" said Cinderella, smiling. "Ah! how I should like to see her! Oh, do, my Lady Javotte, lend me the yellow dress you wear every day, that I may go to the ball and have a peep at this wonderful princess." "A likely story, indeed!" cried Javotte, tossing her head disdainfully, "that I should lend my clothes to a dirty cinder-wench like you!" Cinderella expected to be refused, and was not sorry for it, as she would have been very much puzzled what to do had her sister really lent her the dress she begged to have.

On the following evening the sisters again went to the court ball, and so did Cinderella, dressed even more magnificently than before. The king's son never once left her side, and spent his whole time in waiting upon her. He talked so charmingly, and whispered so many delicate speeches, that the young lady was nothing loath to listen to him; she forgot all else, she forgot her godmother's warning. Eleven o'clock came, but she did not notice the striking; the half-hour struck, but the prince grew more delightful, and Cinderella could hear nothing else; the last quarter — but still Cinderella sat by the prince. Then the great clock sounded the midnight stroke; up sprang Cinderella and like a startled fawn fled from the palace. The prince started to follow her, but she was too swift for him; only, as she flew she dropped one of her glass slippers, which he picked up very eagerly. The last stroke died away as Cinderella reached the great staircase that led

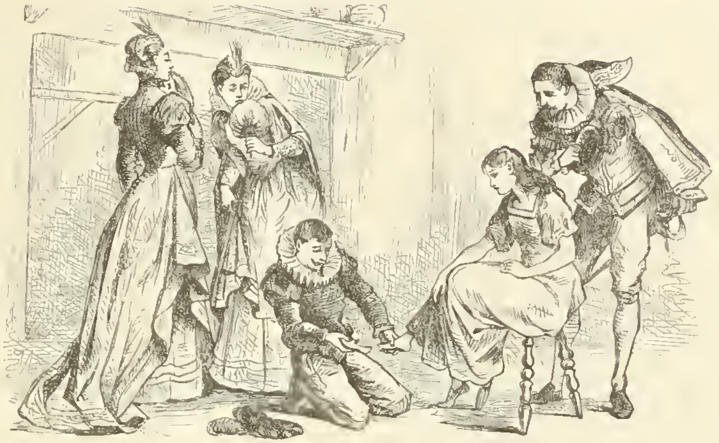


from the palace. In a twinkling the gay lady was gone, and only a shabby cinder-wench went running down the steps. The splendid coach and six, driver and footmen, had vanished; only a pumpkin lay on the ground, and a rat, six mice, and six lizards scampered off. Cinderella reached home, quite out of breath; but of all her magnificence nothing remained save a little glass slipper, the fellow to the one she had lost. The sentinels at the palace-gate were closely questioned as to whether they had not seen a princess coming out; but they answered they had seen no one except a shabbily-dressed girl, who appeared to be a peasant rather than a young lady.

When the two sisters returned from the ball, Cinderella asked them whether they had been well entertained, and whether the beautiful lady was there? They replied that she was; but that she had run away as soon as midnight had struck, and so quickly as to drop one of her dainty glass slippers, which the king's son had picked up, and was looking at most fondly during the remainder of the ball; indeed, it seemed beyond a doubt that he was deeply in love with the beautiful creature to whom it belonged.

They spoke truly enough; for, a few days afterwards, the king's son caused a proclamation to be made, by sound of trumpet, all over the kingdom, that he would marry her whose foot should be found to fit the slipper exactly. So the slipper was first tried on by all the princesses; then by all the duchesses; and next by all the persons belonging to the court; but in vain. Then it was carried to all the fine houses, and it came at last to the two sisters, who tried with all their might to force their feet into the fairy-like slipper, but with no better success. Cinderella, who was present, now laughed, and said, "Suppose I were to try?" Her sisters ridiculed such an idea; but the gentleman who was appointed to try the slipper looked attentively at Cinderella, and perceiving how beautiful she was, said that it was but fair she should do so, as he had orders to try it on every young maiden in the kingdom. So Cinderella sat down, and put her foot on a stool to have the slipper tried on, while her sisters looked on contemptuously; but no sooner did she put her little foot to the slipper, than she drew it on, and it fitted like wax. The sisters stood amazed; but their astonishment increased tenfold when Cinderella drew the fellow-slipper out of her pocket, and put that on. Her godmother then made her appearance, and touching Cinderella's clothes with her wand, made them once more the robes of a princess, but even more splendid than those which she had worn at the ball.

Her two sisters now recognized her for the beautiful stranger they had seen, and, falling at her feet, implored her forgiveness for their unworthy treatment, and all the insults they had heaped upon her head. Cinderella raised them, saying, as she embraced them, that she not only forgave them with all her heart, but wished that they might always love her. The gentleman in waiting led her to the palace of the young prince, who was overjoyed at discovering the beautiful maiden, and thought her more lovely than ever.



So they were married, and Cinderella, who was as good as she was beautiful, and wished every one about her to be happy, allowed her sisters to lodge in the palace, and gave them in marriage, that same day, to two lords belonging to the court.

HANS IN LUCK.

Hans had served his master seven years, and at last said to him, "Master, my time is up, I should like to go home and see my mother; so give me my wages." And the master said, "You have been a faithful and good servant, so your pay shall be handsome." Then he gave him a piece of silver that was as big as his head.

Hans took out his pocket-handkerchief, put the piece of silver into it, threw it over his shoulder, and jogged off homewards. As he went lazily on, dragging one foot after another, a man came in sight, trotting along gayly on a capital horse. "Ah!" said Hans aloud, "what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! there he sits as if he was at home in his chair; he trips against no stones, spares his shoes, and yet gets on he hardly knows how." The horseman heard this, and said, "Well, Hans, why do you go on foot then?" "Ah!" said he, "I have this load to carry; to be sure it is silver, but it is so heavy that I can't hold up my head, and it hurts my shoulder sadly." "What do you say to changing?" said the horseman; "I will give you my horse, and you shall give me the silver." "With all my heart," said Hans: "but I tell you one thing, — you 'll have a weary task to drag it along." The horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, put the bridle into his hand, and said, "When you want to go very fast, you must smack your lips loud, and cry 'Jip.'"

Hans was delighted as he sat on the horse, and rode merrily on. After a time he thought he should like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips and cried "Jip." Away went the horse full gallop; and before Hans knew what he was about he was thrown off, and lay in a ditch by the roadside; and his horse would have run away, if a shepherd who was coming by, driving a cow, had not stopped it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again. He was sadly vexed, and said to the shepherd, "This riding is no joke when a man gets on a beast like this, that stumbles and flings him off as if he would break his neck. However, I am off now once for all: I like your cow a great deal better; one can walk along at one's leisure behind her, and have milk, butter, and cheese every day into the bargain. What would I give to have such a cow!" "Well," said the shepherd, "if you are so fond of her, I will change my cow for your horse." "Done!" said Hans, merrily. The shepherd jumped upon the horse and away he rode.

Hans drove off his cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one. "If I have only a piece of bread (and I certainly shall be able to get that), I can, whenever I like, eat my butter and cheese with it; and when I am thirsty I can milk my cow and drink the milk: what can I wish for more?" When he came to an inn, he halted, ate all his bread, and gave away his last penny for a glass of beer; then he drove his cow towards his mother's village; and the heat grew greater as noon came on, till at last he found himself on a wide heath that would take him more than an hour to cross, and he began to be so hot and parched that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. "I can find a cure for this," thought he, "now will I milk my cow and quench my thirst;" so he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leathern cap to milk into; but not a drop was to be had.

While he was trying his luck and managing the matter very clumsily, the uneasy beast gave him a kick on the head that knocked him down, and there he lay a long while senseless. Luckily a butcher soon came by driving a pig in a wheelbarrow. "What is the matter with you?" said the butcher, as he helped him up. Hans told him what had happened, and the butcher gave him a flask, saying, "There, drink and refresh yourself; your cow will give you no milk: she is an old beast, good for nothing but the slaughter-house." "Alas, alas!" said Hans, "who would have thought it? If I kill her, what would she be good for? I hate cow-beef, it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig now, one could do something with it; it would at any rate make some sausages." "Well," said the butcher, "to please you I'll change, and give you the pig for the cow." "Heaven reward you for your kindness!" said Hans, as he gave the butcher the cow, and took the pig off the wheelbarrow, and drove it along, holding it by the string that was tied to its leg.

So on he jogged, and all seemed now to go right with him; he had met with some misfortunes, to be sure, but he was now well repaid for all. The next person he met was a countryman carrying a fine white goose under his arm. The countryman stopped to ask what o'clock it was; and Hans told him all his luck, and how he had made so many good bargains. The countryman said he was going to take the goose to a christening. "Feel," said he, "how heavy it is, and yet it is only eight weeks old. Whoever roasts and eats it may cut plenty of fat off it, it has lived so well!" "You're right," said Hans as he weighed it in his hand; "but my pig is no trifle." Meantime the countryman began to look grave, and shook his head. "Hark ye," said he, "my good friend; your pig may get you into a scrape; in the village I just came from the squire has had a pig stolen out of his stye. I was dreadfully afraid, when I saw you, that you had got the squire's pig; it will be a bad job if they catch you; the least they'll do will be to throw you into the horse pond."

Poor Hans was sadly frightened. "Good man," cried he, "pray get me out of this scrape; you know this country better than I, take my pig and give me the goose." "I ought to have something into the bargain," said the countryman; "however, I will not bear hard upon you, as you are in trouble." Then he took the string in his hand, and drove off the pig by a side path; while Hans went on the way homewards free from care. "After all," thought he, "I have the best of the bargain: first there will be a capital roast; then the fat will find me in goose-grease for six months; and there are all the beautiful white feathers; I will put them into my pillow, and then I am sure I shall sleep soundly without rocking. How happy my mother will be!"

As he came to the last village, he saw a scissors-grinder, with his wheel, working away, and singing:—

> "O'er hill and o'er dale so happy I roam,
> Work light and live well, all the world is my home;
> Who so blythe, so merry as I?"

Hans stood looking for a while, and at last said, "You must be well off, master grinder, you seem so happy at your work." "Yes," said the other, "mine is a golden trade; a good grinder never puts his hand in his pocket without finding money in it:—but where did you get that beautiful goose?" "I did not buy it, but changed a pig for it." "And where did you get the pig?" "I gave a cow for it." "And the cow?" "I gave a horse for it." "And the horse?" "I gave a piece of silver as big as my head for that." "And the silver?" "Oh! I worked hard for that seven long years." "You have thriven well in the world hitherto," said the grinder; "now if you could find money in your pocket whenever you put your hand into it, your fortune would be made." "Very true: but how is that to be managed?" "You must turn grinder like me," said the other, "you only want a grindstone; the rest will come of itself. Here is one that is a little the worse for wear; I would not ask more than the value of your goose for it; — will you buy?" "How can you ask such a question?" replied Hans; "I should be the happiest man in the world if I could have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket; what could I want more; there 's the goose!" "Now," said the grinder, as he gave him a common rough stone that lay by his side, "this is a most capital stone; do but manage it cleverly, and you can make an old nail cut with it."

Hans took the stone and went off with a light heart: his eyes sparkled for joy, and he said to himself, "I must have been born in a lucky hour; everything that I want or wish for comes to me of itself."

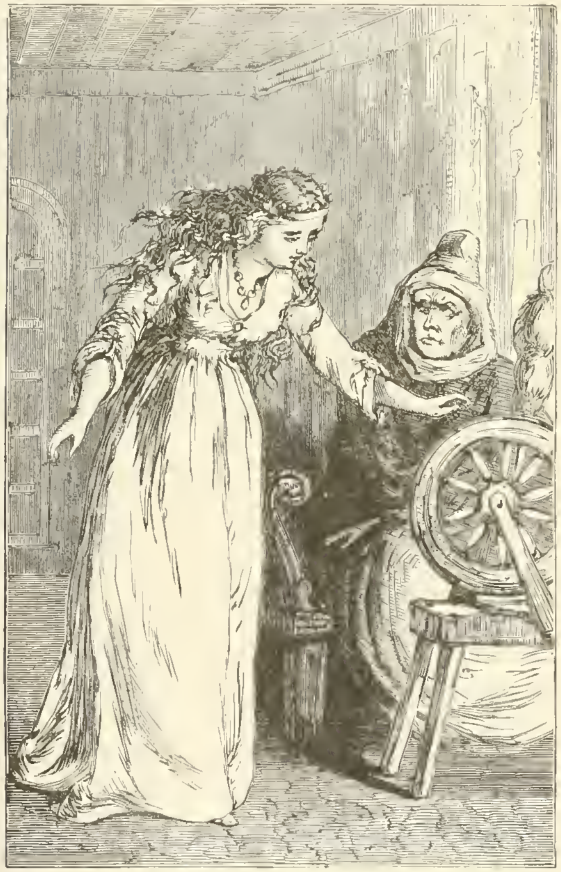
Meantime he began to be tired, for he had been traveling ever since daybreak; he was hungry, too, for he had given away his last penny in his joy at getting the cow. At last he could go no farther, and the stone tired him terribly; he dragged himself to the side of a pond, that he might drink some water and rest a while; so he laid the stone carefully by his side on the bank: but as he stooped down to drink, he forgot it, pushed it a little, and down it went plump into the pond. For a while he watched it sinking in the deep clear water, then sprang up for joy, and again fell upon his knees, and thanked heaven with tears in his eyes for its kindness in taking away his only plague, the ugly heavy stone. "How happy am I!" cried he: "no mortal was ever so lucky as I am." Then up he got with a light and merry heart, and walked on free from all his troubles, till he reached his mother's house.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.

Once upon a time there was a king and a queen who grieved sorely that they had no children. When at last the queen gave birth to a daughter the king was so overjoyed that he gave a great christening feast, the like of which had never before been known. He asked all the fairies in the land — there were seven all told — to stand godmothers to the little princess, hoping that each might give her a gift, and so she should have all imaginable perfections.

After the christening, all the company returned to the palace where a great feast had been spread for the fairy godmothers. Before each was set a magnificent plate, with a gold knife and a gold fork studded with diamonds and rubies. Just as they were seating themselves, however, there entered an old fairy who had not been invited because more than fifty years ago she had shut herself up in a tower and it was supposed that she was either dead or enchanted.

The king ordered a cover to be laid for her, but it could not be a massive gold one like the others, for only seven had been ordered made. The old fairy thought herself ill-used and muttered between her teeth. One of the young fairies, overhearing her, and fancying she might work some mischief to the little baby, went and hid herself behind the hangings in the hall, so as to be able to have the last word and undo any harm the old fairy might wish to work. The fairies now began to endow the princess. The youngest, for her gift, decreed that she should be the most beautiful person in the world; the next that she should have the mind of an angel; the third that she should be perfectly graceful; the fourth that she should dance admirably well; the fifth, that she should sing like a nightingale; the sixth, that she should play charmingly upon every musical instrument. The turn of the old fairy had now come, and she declared, while her head shook with malice, that the princess should pierce her hand with a spindle and die of the wound. This dreadful fate threw all the company into tears of dismay, when the young fairy who had hidden herself came forward and said: —



"Be of good cheer, king and queen; your daughter shall not so die. It is true I cannot entirely undo what my elder has done. The princess will pierce her hand with a spindle, but, instead of dying, she will only fall into a deep sleep. The sleep will last a hundred years, and at the end of that time a king's son will come to wake her."

The king, in hopes of preventing what the old fairy had foretold, immediately issued an edict by which he forbade all persons in his dominion from spinning or even having spindles in their houses under pain of instant death.

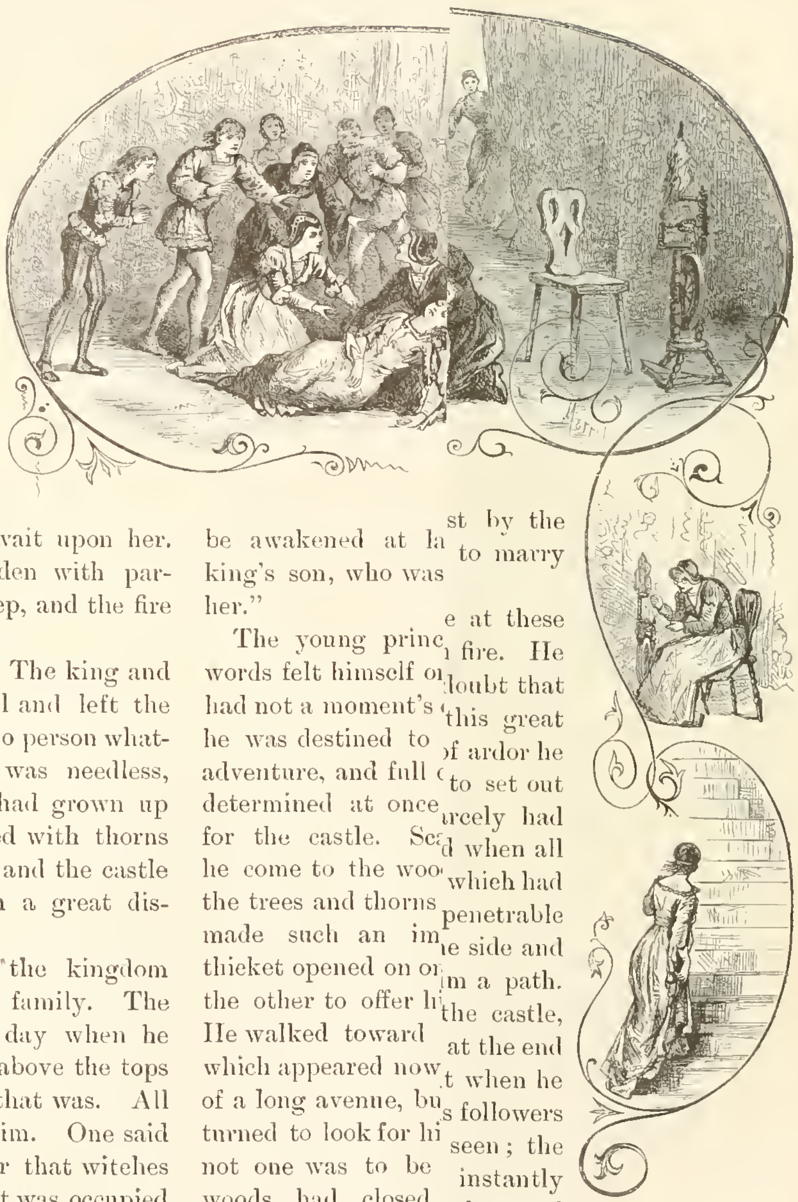
Now fifteen years after the princess was born she was with the king and queen at one of their castles, and as she was running about by herself she came to a little chamber at the top of a tower, and there sat an honest old woman spinning, for she had never heard of the king's edict.

"What are you doing?" asked the princess.

"I am spinning, my fair child," said the old woman, who did not know her.

"How pretty it is!" exclaimed the princess. "How do you do it? Give it to me that I may see if I can do it." She had no sooner taken up the spindle, than, being hasty and careless, she pierced her hand with the point of it, and fainted away. The old woman, in great alarm, called for help. People came running in from all sides; they threw water in the princess's face and did all they could to restore her, but nothing would bring her to. The king, who had heard the noise and confusion, came up also, and remembering what the fairy had said, he had the princess carried to the finest apartment and laid upon a richly embroidered bed. She lay there in all her loveliness, for the swoon had not made her pale; her lips were cherry-ripe and her cheeks ruddy and fair; her eyes were closed, but they could hear her breathing quietly; she could not be dead. The king looked sorrowfully upon her. He knew that she would not awake for a hundred years.

The good fairy who had saved her life and turned her death into sleep was in the kingdom of Mataquin, twelve thousand leagues away, when this happened, but she learned of it from a dwarf who had a pair of seven-league boots, and instantly set out for the castle, where she arrived in an hour, drawn by dragons in a fiery chariot. The king came forward to receive her and showed his grief. The good fairy was very wise and saw that the princess when she woke would find herself all alone in that great castle and everything about her would be strange. So this is what she did. She touched with her wand everybody that was



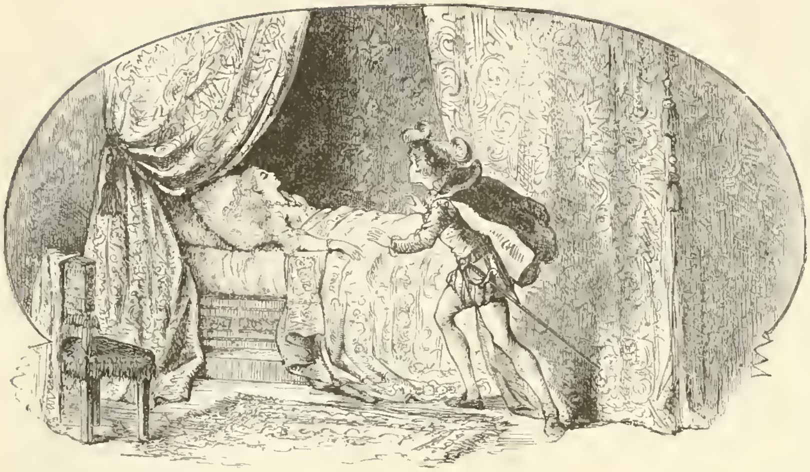
in the castle, except the king and queen. She touched the governesses, maids of honor, women of the bed-chamber, gentlemen, officers, stewards, cooks, scullions, boys, guards, porters, pages, footmen; she touched the horses in the stable with their grooms, the great mastiffs in the court-yard, and even little Pouste, the tiny lap-dog of the princess that was on the bed beside her. As soon as she had touched them they all fell asleep, not to wake again until the time arrived for their mistress to do so, when they would be ready to wait upon her. Even the spits before the fire, laden with partridges and pheasants, went to sleep, and the fire itself went to sleep also.

It was the work of a moment. The king and queen kissed their daughter farewell and left the castle, issuing a proclamation that no person whatsoever was to approach it. That was needless, for in a quarter of an hour there had grown up about it a wood so thick and filled with thorns that nothing could get at the castle, and the castle top itself could only be seen from a great distance.

A hundred years went by, and the kingdom was in the hands of another royal family. The son of the king was hunting one day when he discovered the towers of the castle above the tops of the trees, and asked what castle that was. All manner of answers were given to him. One said it was an enchanted castle, another that witches lived there, but most believed that it was occupied by a great ogre which carried thither all the children he could catch and ate them up one at a time, for nobody could get at him through the wood. The prince did not know what to believe, when finally an old peasant said, —

"Prince, it is more than fifty years since I heard my father say that there was in that castle the most beautiful princess that ever was seen; that she was to sleep for a hundred years, and to be awakened at last by the king's son, who was to marry her."

The young prince at these words felt himself on fire. He had not a moment's doubt that he was destined to this great adventure, and full of ardor he determined at once to set out for the castle. Scarcely had he come to the wood when all the trees and thorns which had made such an impenetrable thicket opened on one side and the other to offer him a path. He walked toward the castle, which appeared now at the end of a long avenue, but when he turned to look for his followers not one was to be seen; the woods had closed instantly upon him as he had passed through. He was entirely alone, and utter silence was about him. He entered a large fore-court and stood still with amazement and awe. On every side were stretched the bodies of men and animals apparently lifeless. But the faces of the men were rosy, and the goblets by them had a few drops of wine left. The men had plainly fallen asleep. His steps resounded as he passed over

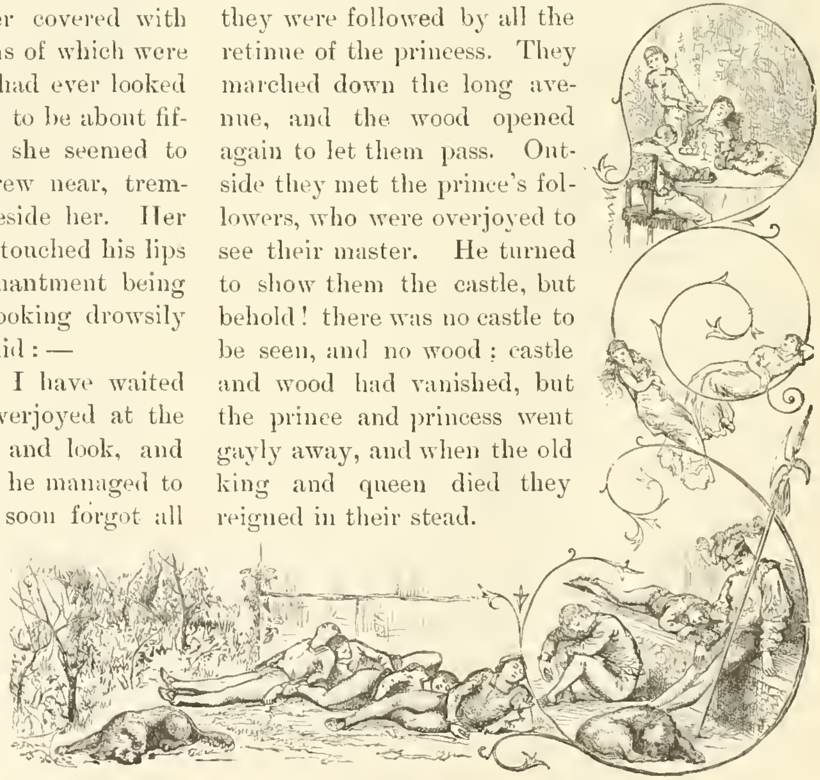


the marble pavement and up the marble staircase. He entered the guard-room; there the guards stood drawn up in line with carbines at their shoulders, but they were sound asleep. He passed through one apartment after another, where were ladies and gentlemen asleep in their chairs or standing. He entered a chamber covered with gold, and saw on a bed, the curtains of which were drawn, the most lovely sight he had ever looked upon, — a princess, who appeared to be about fifteen or sixteen, and so fair that she seemed to belong to another world. He drew near, trembling and wondering, and knelt beside her. Her hand lay upon her breast, and he touched his lips to it. At that moment, the enchantment being ended, the princess awoke, and, looking drowsily and tenderly at the young man, said: —

"Have you come, my prince? I have waited long for you." The prince was overjoyed at the words, and at the tender voice and look, and scarcely knew how to speak. But he managed to assure her of his love, and they soon forgot all else as they talked and talked. They talked for four hours, and had not then said half that was in their heads to say.

Meanwhile all the rest of the people in the castle had been wakened at the same moment as the princess, and they were now extremely hungry. The lady-in-waiting became very impatient, and at length announced to the princess that they all waited for her. Then the prince took the princess by the hand; she was dressed in great splendor, but he did not hint that she looked as he had seen pictures of his great-grandmother look; he thought her all the more charming for that. They passed into a hall of mirrors, where they supped, attended by the officers of the princess. The violins and hautboys played old but excellent pieces of music, and after supper, to lose no time, the grand almoner married the royal lovers in the chapel of the castle.

When they left the castle the next day to return to the prince's home, they were followed by all the retinue of the princess. They marched down the long avenue, and the wood opened again to let them pass. Outside they met the prince's followers, who were overjoyed to see their master. He turned to show them the castle, but behold! there was no castle to be seen, and no wood; castle and wood had vanished, but the prince and princess went gayly away, and when the old king and queen died they reigned in their stead.



JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

IN the reign of King Arthur, and in the county of Cornwall, near to the Land's End of England, there lived a wealthy farmer, who had an only son, named Jack. He was brisk, and of a ready wit, so that whatever he could not perform by force and strength he accomplished by ingenious wit and policy. Never was any person heard of that could worst him, and he very often baffled even the learned by his sharp and ready inventions.

In those days the Mount of Cornwall was kept by a huge and monstrous giant, eighteen feet in height, about three yards in compass, and of a fierce and grim countenance, the terror of all the neighboring towns and villages. He inhabited a cave in the middle of the Mount, and he was such a selfish monster that he would not suffer any one to live near him. He fed on other men's cattle, which often became his prey, for whensoever he wanted food he would wade over to the main-land, where he would furnish himself with whatever came in his way. The people, at his coming, forsook their homes. Then would he seize on their cattle, making nothing of carrying half-a-dozen oxen on his back at a time; and as for their sheep and hogs, he would tie them round his waist like a bunch of bandoleers. This course he had followed for many years, so that a great part of the country was made poor by his robberies.

This was the state of affairs when Jack, happening one day to be present at the town-hall, where the governors were consulting about the giant, had the curiosity to ask what reward would be given to the person who should destroy him. The giant's treasure was declared as the recompense, and Jack at once undertook the task.

In order to effect his purpose, he furnished himself with a horn, shovel, and pickaxe, and went over to the Mount in the beginning of a dark winter's evening, when he fell to work, and before morning had dug a pit twenty-two feet deep, and nearly as broad, covering it over with long sticks and straw. Then strewing a little mould upon it, it appeared like plain ground. This done, Jack placed himself on the side of the pit which was farthest from the giant's lodging, and, just at break of day, he put the horn to his mouth and blew with all his might. Although Jack was a little fellow, he managed to make noise enough to awake the giant, who rushed roaring from his cave, crying out, "You incorrigible villain! are you come here to disturb my rest? you shall pay dearly for this. I will take you whole and broil you for my breakfast." He had no sooner uttered this cruel threat than he tumbled into the pit, and his heavy fall made the foundation of the Mount shake.

"O Giant!" said Jack, "where are you now? Oh, faith, you are gotten now into Lob's Pound,[1] where I will surely plague you for your threatening words. What do you think now of broiling me for your breakfast? Will no other diet serve you but poor Jack?"

Thus did little Jack tantalize the big giant, as a cat does a mouse, when she knows it cannot escape, and when he had tired of that amusement he gave him a heavy blow with his pickaxe on the very crown of his head, which tumbled him down and killed him on the spot. When Jack saw he was dead, he filled up the pit with earth, and went to search the cave, where he found much treasure.

Now when the magistrates who employed Jack heard that the work was done, they sent for him, declaring that he should henceforth be termed *Jack the Giant-killer*, and gave him a sword and embroidered belt, on the latter of which these words were inscribed in letters of gold: —

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[1] An old jocular term for a prison, or any place of confinement.

"Here's the right valiant Cornish man
Who slew the giant Cormoran."

The news of Jack's victory soon spread over all the West of England, so that another giant, named Blunderbore, hearing of it, vowed to be revenged on the little hero, if ever it was his fortune to light on him. This giant was lord of an enchanted castle, situated in the midst of a lonesome wood. Now Jack, about four months after his last exploit, walking near this castle, in his journey towards Wales, being weary, seated himself near a pleasant fountain in the wood, and presently fell asleep. The giant, coming there for water, found him, and by the lines upon his belt knew him to be Jack; so, without any words, he took him upon his shoulder and carried him towards his enchanted castle.

Now, as they passed through a thicket, the rustling of the boughs awakened Jack, who was uncomfortably surprised to find himself in the clutches of the giant. His terror was not lessened when, on entering the castle, he saw the courtyard strewed with human bones, the giant telling him his own bones would erelong be added to the pile. This said, the giant locked poor Jack in an upper chamber, leaving him there while he went to fetch another giant, living in the same wood, to keep him company in the destruction of their enemy. While he was gone, dreadful shrieks and lamentations affrighted Jack, especially a voice which continually cried: —

"Do what you can to get away,
Or you 'll become the giant's prey;
He 's gone to fetch his brother, who
Will likewise kill and torture you."

This dreadful warning almost distracted poor Jack, who, going to the window and opening a casement, saw afar off the two giants coming towards the castle.

"Now," quoth Jack to himself, "my death or my deliverance is at hand."

Now the giants of those days, although very powerful, were really very stupid fellows, and readily conquered by stratagem, even of the humblest kind. There happened to be in the room where Jack was confined two strong cords, at the ends of which he made strong nooses, and as the giants were unlocking the iron gate of the castle he threw the ropes over each of their heads, and then, before the giants knew what he was about, drew the other ends across a beam, and, pulling with all his might, throttled them. Then sliding down the rope, he came to the heads of the giants, and, as they could not defend themselves, he easily dispatched them with his sword. Jack next took a great bunch of keys from the pocket of Blunderbore, and went into the castle again. He made a strict search through all the rooms and in them he found three ladies tied up by the hair of their heads and almost starved to death. It was they who had warned him. He set them free, gave them the keys of the castle, and proceeded on his journey to Wales.

Jack would take no money, and having but little of his own left, was obliged to make the best of his way by traveling as hard as he could. At length, losing his road, he was belated, and could not get to any place of entertainment until, coming to a lonesome valley, he found a large house, and by reason of his present necessity took courage to knock at the gate. But what was his astonishment when there came forth a monstrous giant, with two heads! yet he did not appear so fiery as the others were, for he was a Welsh giant, and what he did was by private and secret malice under the false show of friendship.

Jack, having unfolded his condition to the giant, was shown into a bedroom, where in the dead of night he heard the giant in another room saying to himself these words: —

"Though here you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light;
My club shall dash your brains out quite."

"Say'st thou so?" quoth Jack; "that is like one of your Welsh tricks, yet I hope to be cunning enough for you." He immediately got out of bed, and, feeling about in the dark, found a thick billet of wood, which he laid in the bed in his stead, and hid himself in a dark corner of the room. Shortly after in came the Welsh giant, who thoroughly pummeled the billet with his club, thinking, naturally enough, he had broken every bone in Jack's skin. The next morning, however, to the inexpressible surprise of the giant, Jack came down-stairs as if nothing had happened, and gave him thanks for his night's lodging.

"How have you rested?" quoth the giant; "did you not feel anything in the night?"

"No," said Jack; "nothing but a rat that gave me two or three flaps with her tail."

Concealing his amazement as well as he could, the giant took Jack in to breakfast, and placed upon the table for himself and his guest two bowls, each containing four gallons of hasty-pudding.

Jack was unwilling that the giant should suppose him unable to eat it all, and accordingly placed a large leather bag under his loose coat, in such a position that, without being perceived, he could put in it all the pudding which he could not eat.

Breakfast over, Jack excited the giant's curiosity by offering to show him an extraordinary sleight of hand; so, taking a knife, he ripped the leather bag and out came all the hasty-pudding upon the ground.

The giant, unwilling to be beaten, cried out in true Welsh, "Odds splutters! hur can do that trick hurself!" He took the knife, and ripping himself open, immediately fell down dead.

Thus Jack outwitted the Welsh giant and proceeded on his journey.

A few days after, he met with King Arthur's only son, who had got his father's leave to travel into Wales to deliver a beautiful lady from the power of a wicked magician, by whom she was held in enchantment. When Jack found that the young prince had no servants with him he begged leave to attend him; and the prince at once agreed to this, and gave Jack many thanks for his kindness.

King Arthur's son was a handsome, polite, and brave knight, and so good-natured that he gave money to everybody he met. At length he gave his last penny to an old woman, and then, turning to Jack, said, "How shall we be able to get food for ourselves the rest of our journey?"

"Leave that to me," said Jack. "I warrant you we shall never want."

Night now came on, and the prince began to grow uneasy at thinking where they should lodge.

"Master," said Jack, "we shall do well enough, for I have an uncle who lives within two miles of this place; he is a huge and monstrous giant, with three heads; he will fight five hundred men in armor, and make them flee before him."

"Alas!" quoth the prince, "what shall we do then? He 'll certainly chop us up at one mouthful; nay, we are scarce enough to fill his hollow tooth."

"It is no matter for that," quoth Jack; "I myself will go before and prepare the way for you. Tarry here and wait till I return."

Jack now rode off at full speed, and coming to the gate of the castle he knocked so loud that the hills resounded like thunder. The giant, terribly vexed, roared out, "Who 's there?"

He was answered, "No one but your poor Cousin Jack."

Quoth he, "What news, Cousin Jack?"

"Dear uncle," said Jack, "I have heavy news."

"Pooh!" said the giant, "what heavy news can come to me? I am a giant with three heads, and besides thou knowest I can fight five hundred men in armor, and make them fly like chaff before the wind."

"Oh, but," quoth Jack, "here 's the prince coming with a thousand men in armor to kill you, and to destroy all that you have."

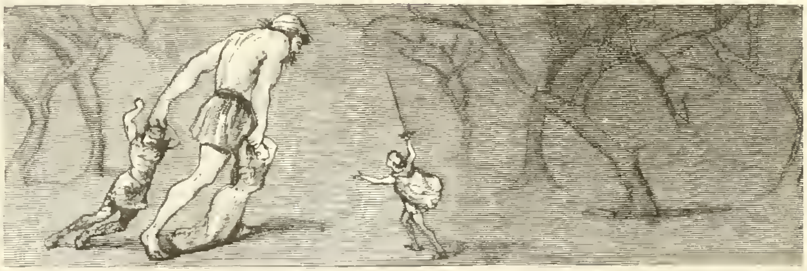
"O Cousin Jack," said the giant, "this is heavy news indeed! But I have a large cellar underground, where I will immediately run and hide myself, and you shall lock, bolt, and bar me in, and keep the keys till the prince is gone."

Now Jack barred the giant fast, and fetching his master to the castle, they feasted and made themselves merry whilst the poor giant lay trembling in the vault. Early in the morning Jack gave the king's son gold and silver out of the giant's treasure, and sent him three miles forward on his journey. Then Jack returned to let his uncle out of the hole, who asked what he should give him for saving his castle.

"Why," quoth Jack, "I desire nothing but the old coat and cap, together with the old rusty sword and shoes which you keep at your bed's head."

Quoth the giant, "Thou shalt have them, and pray keep them for my sake, for they are things of excellent use. The coat will keep you invisible, the cap will give you knowledge, the sword will cut through anything, and the shoes are of extraordinary swiftness; so take them with all my heart."

Jack was delighted with these useful presents, and coming up with the king's son they soon arrived at the dwelling of the beautiful lady who was under the power of a wicked magician. She, finding the prince to be a suitor, made a noble feast for him. When it was ended she rose, and, wiping her mouth with a fine handkerchief, said, "My lord, you must show me this handkerchief to-morrow morning, or lose your head." She then put the handkerchief in her bosom and left the room.



The prince went to bed in great sorrow, but Jack put on his cap of knowledge, which told him that the lady was forced to meet the wicked magician every night in the middle of the forest. Jack immediately put on his coat of darkness and his shoes of swiftness, and was there before her.

When the lady came she gave the handkerchief to the magician, who laid it upon a shelf, whence Jack took it, and brought it to his master, who showed it to the lady the next day, and so saved his life. The next evening at supper she saluted the prince, telling him he must show her the lips to-morrow morning that she kissed last this night, or lose his head. He replied, —

"If you kiss none but mine, I will."

"That is neither here nor there," said she, "if you do not, death is your portion!" At midnight she went as before, and was angry with the magician for letting the handkerchief go.

"But now," quoth she, "I will be too hard for the prince, for I will kiss thee, and he is to show me thy lips." She did so, and Jack, who was standing by, cut off the magician's head and brought it under his invisible coat to his master, who showed it to the lady, which broke the enchantment, and restored her to her former goodness. She was married to the prince on the next day, and they soon after went back with joy to the court of King Arthur, where Jack, for his good services, was created one of the Knights of the Round Table.

As Jack had been so lucky in all his adventures he resolved not to be idle for the future, but still to do what services he could for the honor of the king and the nation. He therefore humbly besought the king to furnish him with a horse and money, that he might travel in search of new adventures. "For," said he to the king, "there are many giants yet living in the remote part of Wales, to the unspeakable damage of your majesty's subjects; wherefore, may it please you to favor me, I do not doubt but speedily to rid your realm of these giants and monsters in human shape."

Now, when the king heard this offer, and began to think of the cruel deeds of these bloodthirsty giants and savage monsters, he gave Jack everything proper for such a journey. After this, Jack took leave of the king, the prince, and all the knights, and set off, taking with him his magical cap, sword, shoes, and coat, the better to perform the dangerous enterprises which lay before him.

He went along over hills and mountains; and on the third day he came to a wide forest, when, on a sudden, he heard dreadful shrieks and cries; and, forcing his way through the trees, saw a monstrous giant dragging along, by the hair of their heads, a worthy knight and his beautiful lady, with as much ease as if they had been a pair of gloves. Their tears and cries melted the heart of honest Jack; he alighted from his horse, and, tying him to an oak-tree, put on his invisible coat, under which he carried his sword of sharpness.

When he came up to the giant he made several strokes at him, and succeeded, after considerable trouble, in dispatching the monster, whose dying groans were so terrible that they made the whole wood ring again. The courteous knight and his fair lady were overpowered with gratitude, and, after returning Jack their best thanks, invited him to their house, there to recruit his strength and to receive a further reward. Jack, however, declared that he would not rest until he had found out the giant's abode.

The knight, on hearing this, grew very sorrowful, and replied: "Noble stranger, it is too much to run a second hazard; this monster lived in a den under yonder mountain with a brother of his, more fierce and cruel than himself; therefore, if you should go thither and perish in the attempt, it would be a heart-breaking thing to me and my lady; so let me persuade you to go back with us, and desist from any farther pursuit."

"Nay," answered Jack; "if there be another, even if there were twenty, I would shed the last drop of blood in my body before one of them should escape. When I have finished this task, I will come and pay my respects to you."

So when they had told him where to find them again, he got on his horse and went after the dead giant's brother.

Jack had not ridden a mile and a half before he came in sight of the mouth of the cave; and, near the entrance of it, he saw the other giant, sitting on a huge block of timber, with a knotted iron club by his side, waiting for his brother's return with his prey. His eyes looked like flames of fire, his face was grim and ugly, and his cheeks were like two flitches of bacon; the bristles of his beard seemed to be thick rods of iron wire; and his long locks of hair hung down upon his broad shoulders like curling snakes or hissing adders. Jack alighted from his horse, and putting on the invisible coat drew near the giant and said, softly, "Oh! are you there? It will not be long ere I shall take you fast by the beard."

The giant all this while could not see him, by reason of his invisible coat; so Jack came quite close to him, and struck a blow at his head with his sword; but missing his aim, he cut off the nose of the giant instead. The giant rolled his glaring eyes round on every side, but could not see who had given him the blow; so he took up his iron club and began to lay about him so desperately, that even Jack was frightened, but soon dispatched him. After this Jack cut off the giant's head, and sent it, with the head of his brother, to King Arthur, by a wagoner whom he had hired for that purpose, who gave an account of all Jack's wonderful proceedings.

The redoubtable Jack next proceeded to search the giants' cave for their treasure. He passed through many turnings and windings, which led him to a great room paved with freestone; at the other end of this was a boiling caldron, and on the right hand stood a large table, at which the giants usually dined. He then came to a window secured with iron bars, through which he saw many wretched captives, who cried out, when they saw Jack: "Alas! alas! young man, are you come to be one among us poor wretches in this horrid den?"

"I hope," said Jack, "you will not tarry here long; but pray tell me what is the meaning of your being here at all?"

"Alas!" said one poor old man, "I will tell you, sir. We are persons that have been taken by the giants who hold this cave, and are kept till they choose to have a feast; then the fattest of us is to be killed, and cooked to please their taste. It is not long since they took three for the same purpose."

"Well," said Jack, "I have given them such a dinner that it will be long enough before they have any more."

The captives were amazed at his words.

"You may believe me," said Jack, "for I have killed them both with the edge of this sword, and have sent their heads in a wagon to the court of King Arthur, as marks of my glorious victory."

To show that what he said was true, he unlocked the gate and set the captives all free. Then he led them to the great room, placed them round the table, and put before them two quarters of beef, with bread and wine, upon which they feasted their fill. When supper was over, they searched the giants' coffers, and Jack divided among them all the treasures. The next morning they set off to their homes, and Jack to the house of the knight, whom he had left with his lady not long before.

It was about sunrise when Jack mounted his horse to go on his way, and he came about noon to the knight's house, where he was received with the greatest joy by the thankful knight and his lady, who, in honor of Jack, gave a grand feast, which lasted many days, all the nobles and gentry in the neighborhood being invited to it. When the company were assembled the knight related Jack's adventures, and gave him a fine ring, on which was engraved the picture of the giant dragging the distressed knight and his lady, with this motto round it: —

"We were in sad distress you see,
  Under the giant's fierce command;
But gained our lives and liberty
  By valiant Jack's victorious hand."

In the midst of the festivities arrived a messenger with the dismal news that Thunderdell, a savage giant with two heads, having heard of the death of his two kinsmen, was come from the north to take his revenge on Jack; and was already within a mile of the house, the country people flying before him in all directions. At this news the very boldest of the guests trembled; but Jack drew his sword, and said, "Let him come; I have a tooth-pick for him. Pray, ladies and gentlemen, walk into the garden, and you shall soon behold the giant's defeat and death."

To this they all agreed, and heartily wished him success in his dangerous attempt.

The knight's house or castle stood on an island surrounded by a moat, thirty feet deep and twenty feet wide, passable by a drawbridge. Jack set men to work to cut the bridge on both sides, almost to the middle, and then dressed himself in his invisible coat, and went against the giant with his well-tried sword. As he came close to him, though the giant could not see him for his invisible coat, yet he found some danger was near, which made him cry out: —

"Fi, fee, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I 'll grind his bones to make me bread."

"Say you so?" said Jack; "then you are a monstrous miller, indeed!"

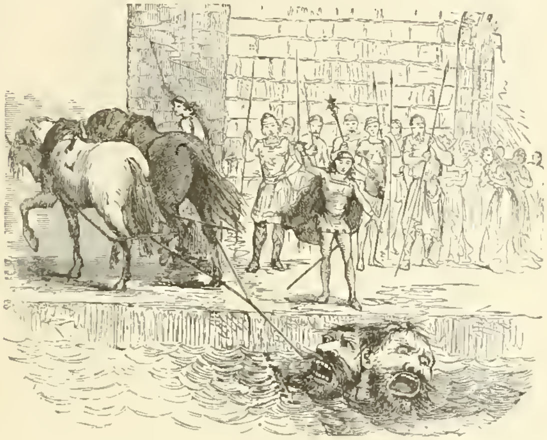
"Art thou," cried the giant, "the villain who killed my kinsmen? Then I will tear thee with my teeth, and grind thy bones to powder."

"You must catch me first," said Jack; so putting aside his invisible coat that the giant might see him, and putting on his wonderful shoes he began to run, the giant following him like a walking castle, till the earth shook at every step.

Jack led him round and round the walls of the house, that the company might see the monster; but at last, to end the matter, he ran over the drawbridge, the giant going after him with his club; but when he came to the middle, where the bridge had been cut on both sides, the giant's great weight made it break, and he tumbled into the water, where he rolled about like a vast whale. Jack now stood by the side of the moat and laughed at him, saying, "I think you told me you would grind my bones to powder; when will you begin?"

After he had teased him sufficiently, Jack got a cart-rope, cast it over the giant, and by the help of a team of horses dragged him out of the moat, cut off his heads; and sent them both to King Arthur.

After staying with the knight for some time Jack grew weary of such an idle life, and set out again in search of another giant, the last whose head he was to chop off. He went over hills and dales without meeting any, till he came to the foot of a very high mountain. Here he knocked at the door of a small and lonely house, and an old man, with a head as white as snow, let him in.



"Good father," said Jack, "can you lodge a traveler who has lost his way?"

"Yes," said the hermit, "I can, if you will accept such fare as my poor house affords."

Jack entered, and the old man set before him some bread and fruit for his supper. When Jack had eaten as much as he chose the old man, who knew more than Jack suspected, said: "My son, I know you are a famous conqueror of giants; now, at the top of this mountain is an enchanted castle, kept by a giant named Galligantus, who, by the help of a conjuror, gets many knights into his castle, where he changes them into sundry shapes and forms. Above all, I lament a duke's daughter whom they took from her father's garden, and brought hither through the air in a chariot drawn by fiery dragons, and turned her into the shape of a deer. Many knights have tried to break the enchantment and deliver her, yet none have been able to do it, by reason of two fiery griffins who guard the gate of the castle, and destroy all who come nigh; but, as you, my son, have an invisible coat, you may pass by them without being seen; and on the gates of the castle you will find engraven in large characters by what means the enchantment may be broken."

In the morning as soon as it was daylight he put on his invisible coat, and got ready for the enterprise. When he had reached the top of the mountain he saw the fiery griffins; but being invisible he passed them without the slightest danger. When he had reached the castle-gate he found a golden trumpet, under which were written in large characters these lines: —

"Whoever doth this trumpet blow
Shall soon the giant overthrow;
And break the black enchantment straight,
So all shall be in happy state."

As soon as Jack had read this he seized the trumpet, and blew a shrill blast, which made the gates fly open, and the very castle itself tremble. The giant and the conjuror now knew that their wicked course was at an end, and they stood biting their thumbs and shaking with fear. Jack, standing at the giant's elbow, with his wonderful sword cut off his head, and the conjuror, seeing this, mounted into the air and was carried away in a whirlwind and never heard of more. All the knights and beautiful ladies, who had been changed into birds and beasts, returned to their proper shapes. The castle vanished away like smoke, and the head of the giant Galligantus was sent to King Arthur. The knights and ladies rested that night at the old man's hermitage, and next day they set out for the court. Jack then went up to the king, and gave his majesty an account of all his fierce battles. Jack's fame had spread through the whole country; and at the king's desire the duke gave him his daughter in marriage, to the joy of all the kingdom. After this, the king gave him a large estate, on which he and his lady lived the rest of their days in joy and content.

TOM THUMB.

There was once a poor woodman sitting by the fire in his cottage, and his wife sat by his side spinning. "How lonely it is," said he, "for you and me to sit here by ourselves without any children to play about and amuse us, while other people seem so happy and merry with their children!" "What you say is very true," said the wife, sighing and turning round her wheel; "how happy should I be if I had but one child! and if it were ever so small, nay, if it were no bigger than my thumb, I should be very happy, and love it dearly." Now it came to pass that this good woman's wish was fulfilled just as she desired; for, some time afterwards, she had a little boy who was quite healthy and strong, but not much bigger than her thumb. So they said, "Well, we cannot say we have not got what we wished for, and, little as he is, we will love him dearly;" and they called him Tom Thumb.

They gave him plenty of food, yet he never grew bigger, but remained just the same size as when he was born; still his eyes were sharp and sparkling, and he soon showed himself to be a clever little fellow, who always knew well what he was about. One day, as the woodman was getting ready to go into the wood to cut fuel, he said, "I wish I had some one to bring the cart after me, for I want to make haste." "O father!" cried Tom, "I will take care of that; the cart shall be in the wood by the time you want it." Then the woodman laughed, and said, "How can that be? you cannot reach up to the horse's bridle." "Never mind that, father," said Tom: "if my mother will only harness the horse, I will get into his ear, and tell him which way to go." "Well," said the father, "we will try for once."

When the time came, the mother harnessed the horse to the cart, and put Tom into his ear; and as he sat there, the little man told the beast how to go, crying out, "Go on," and "Stop," as he wanted; so the horse went on just as if the woodman had driven it himself into the wood. It happened that, as the horse was going a little too fast, and Tom was calling out "Gently! gently!" two strangers came up. "What an odd thing that is!" said one, "there is a cart going along, and I hear a carter talking to the horse, but can see no one. "That is strange," said the other; "let us follow the cart and see where it goes." So they went on into the wood, till at last they came to the place where the woodman was. Then Tom Thumb, seeing his father, cried out, "See, father, here I am, with the cart, all right and safe; now take me down." So his father took hold of the horse with one hand, and with the other took his son out of the ear; then he put him down upon a straw, where he sat as merry as you please. The two strangers were all this time looking on, and did not know what to say for wonder. At last one took the other aside and said, "That little urchin will make our fortune if we can get him, and carry him about from town to town as a show: we must buy him." So they went to the woodman and asked him what he would take for the little man: "He will be better off," said they, "with us than with you." "I won't sell him at all," said the father, "my own flesh and blood is dearer to me than all the silver and gold in the world." But Tom, hearing of the bargain they wanted to make, crept up his father's coat to his shoulder, and whispered in his ear, "Take the money, father, and let them have me; I'll soon come back to you."

So the woodman at last agreed to sell Tom to the strangers for a large piece of gold. "Where do you like to sit?" said one of them. "Oh, put me on the rim of your hat, that will be a nice gallery for me; I can walk about there, and see the country as we go along." So they did as he wished; and when Tom had taken leave of his father, they took him away with them. They journeyed on till it began to be dusky, and then the little man said, "Let me get down, I'm tired." So the man took off his hat and set him down on a clod of earth in a plowed field by the side of the road. But Tom ran about amongst the furrows, and at last slipped into an old mouse-hole. "Good night, masters," said he, "I 'm off! mind and look sharp after me the next time." They ran directly to the place, and poked the ends of their sticks into the mouse-hole, but all in vain; Tom only crawled farther and farther in, and at last it became quite dark, so that they were obliged to go their way without their prize, as sulky as you please.

When Tom found they were gone, he came out of his hiding-place. "What dangerous walking it is," said he, "in this ploughed field! If I were to fall from one of these great clods I should certainly break my neck." At last, by good luck, he found a large empty snail-shell. "This is lucky," said he, "I can sleep here very well," and in he crept. Just as he was falling asleep he heard two men passing, and one said to the other, "How shall we manage to steal that rich parson's silver and gold?" "I 'll tell you," cried Tom. "What noise was that?" said the thief, frightened, "I am sure I heard some one speak." They stood still listening, and Tom said, "Take me with you, and I 'll soon show you how to get the parson's money." "But where are you?" said they. "Look about on the ground," answered he, "and listen where the sound comes from." At last the thieves found him out, and lifted him up in their hands. "You little urchin!" said they, "what can you do for us?" "Why I can get between the iron window-bars of the parson's house, and throw you out whatever you want." "That 's a good thought," said the thieves; "come along, we shall see what you can do."

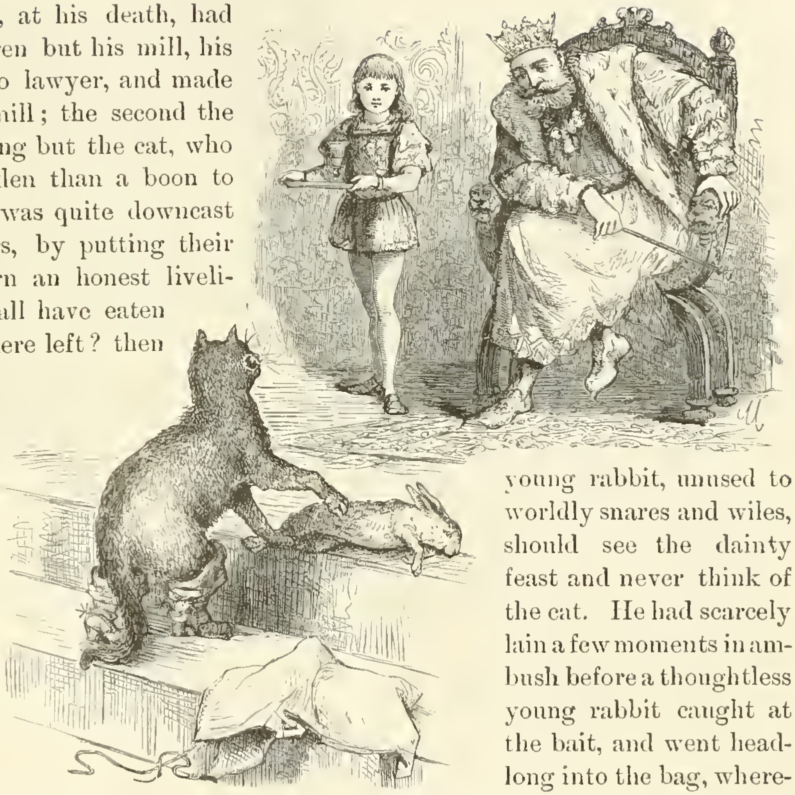
When they came to the parson's house, Tom slipped through the window-bars into the room, and then called out as loud as he could bawl, "Will you have all that is here?" At this the thieves were frightened, and said, "Softly, softly! Speak low, that you may not awaken anybody." But Tom pretended not to understand them, and bawled out again, "How much will you have? Shall I throw it all out?" Now the cook lay in the next room, and hearing a noise she raised herself in her bed and listened. Meantime the thieves were frightened, and ran off to a little distance; but at last they plucked up courage, and said, "The little urchin is only trying to make fools of us." So they came back and whispered softly to him, saying, "Now let us have no more of your jokes, but throw out some of the money." Then Tom called out as loud as he could, "Very well: hold your hands, here it comes." The cook heard this quite plain, so she sprang out of bed and ran to open the door. The thieves ran off as if a wolf was at their tails; and the maid, having groped about and found nothing, went away for a light. By the time she returned Tom had slipped off into the barn; and when the cook had looked about and searched every hole and corner, and found nobody, she went to bed, thinking she must have been dreaming with her eyes open. The little man crawled about in the hay-loft, and at last found a glorious place to finish his night's rest in; so he laid himself down, meaning to sleep till daylight, and then find his way home to his father and mother. But, alas! how cruelly was he disappointed! what crosses and sorrows happen in this world! The cook got up early before daybreak to feed the cows: she went straight to the hay-loft, and carried away a large bundle of hay with the little man in the middle of it fast asleep. He still, however, slept on, and did not awake till he found himself in the mouth of the cow, who had taken him up with a mouthful of hay: "Good lack-a-day!" said he, "how did I manage to tumble into the mill?" But he soon found out where he really was, and was obliged to have all his wits about him in order that he might not get between the cow's teeth, and so be crushed to death. At last down he went into her stomach. "It is rather dark here," said he; "they forgot to build windows in this room to let the sun in; a candle would be no bad thing."

Though he made the best of his bad luck, he did not like his quarters at all; and the worst of it was, that more and more hay was always coming down, and the space in which he was became smaller and smaller. At last he cried out as loud as he could, "Don't bring me any more hay! Don't bring me any more hay!" The maid happened to be just then milking the cow, and hearing some one speak and seeing nobody, and yet being quite sure it was the same voice that she had heard in the night, she was so frightened that she fell off her stool and overset the milk-pail. She ran off as fast as she could to her master the parson, and said, "Sir, sir, the cow is talking!" But the parson said, "Woman, thou art surely mad!" However, he went with her into the cow-house to see what was the matter. Scarcely had they set their foot on the threshold when Tom called out. "Don't bring me any more hay!" Then the parson himself was frightened; and thinking the cow was surely bewitched, ordered that she should be killed directly. So the cow was killed, and the stomach, in which Tom lay, was thrown out upon a dunghill.

Tom soon set himself to work to get out, which was not a very easy task; but at last, just as he had made room to get his head out, a new misfortune befell him: a hungry wolf sprang out, and swallowed the whole stomach, with Tom in it, at a single gulp, and ran away. Tom, however, was not disheartened; and thinking the wolf would not dislike having some chat with him as he was going along, he called out, "My good friend, I can show you a famous treat." "Where's that?" said the wolf. "In such and such a house," said Tom, describing his father's house, "you can crawl through the drain into the kitchen, and there you will find cakes, ham, beef, and everything your heart can desire." The wolf did not want to be asked twice; so that very night he went to the house and crawled through the drain into the kitchen, and ate and drank there to his heart's content. As soon as he was satisfied he wanted to get away; but he had eaten so much that he could not get out the same way that he came in. This was just what Tom had reckoned upon; and he now began to set up a great shout, making all the noise he could. "Will you be quiet?" said the wolf: "you'll awaken everybody in the house." "What's that to me?" said the little man: "you have had your frolic, now I've a mind to be merry myself;" and he began again singing and shouting as loud as he could.

The woodman and his wife, being awakened by the noise, peeped through a crack in the door; but when they saw that the wolf was there, you may well suppose that they were terribly frightened; and the woodman ran for his axe, and gave his wife a scythe. "Now do you stay behind," said the woodman; "and when I have knocked him on the head, do you rip up his belly for him with the scythe." Tom heard all this, and said, "Father, father! I am here, the wolf has swallowed me:" and his father said, "Heaven be praised! we have found our dear child again;" and he told his wife not to use the scythe, for fear she should hurt him. Then he aimed a great blow, and struck the wolf on the head, and killed him on the spot; and when he was dead they cut open his body and set Tommy free. "Ah!" said the father, "what fears we have had for you!" "Yes, father," answered he, "I have traveled all over the world, since we parted, in one way or other; and now I am very glad to get fresh air again." "Why, where have you been?" said his father. "I have been in a mouse-hole, in a snail-shell, down a cow's throat, and in the wolf's belly; and yet here I am again safe and sound." "Well," said they, "we will not sell you again for all the riches in the world." So they hugged and kissed their dear little son, and gave him plenty to eat and drink, and fetched new clothes for him, for his old ones were quite spoiled on his journey.

PUSS IN BOOTS.



There was once a miller, who, at his death, had nothing to leave to his three children but his mill, his ass, and his cat; so he called in no lawyer, and made no will. The eldest son took the mill; the second the ass; while the youngest had nothing but the cat, who seemed more likely to prove a burden than a boon to his new master. The poor fellow was quite downcast and said to himself: "My brothers, by putting their goods together, will be able to earn an honest livelihood; but as for myself, when I shall have eaten my cat, and sold his skin, what is there left? then I shall die of hunger."

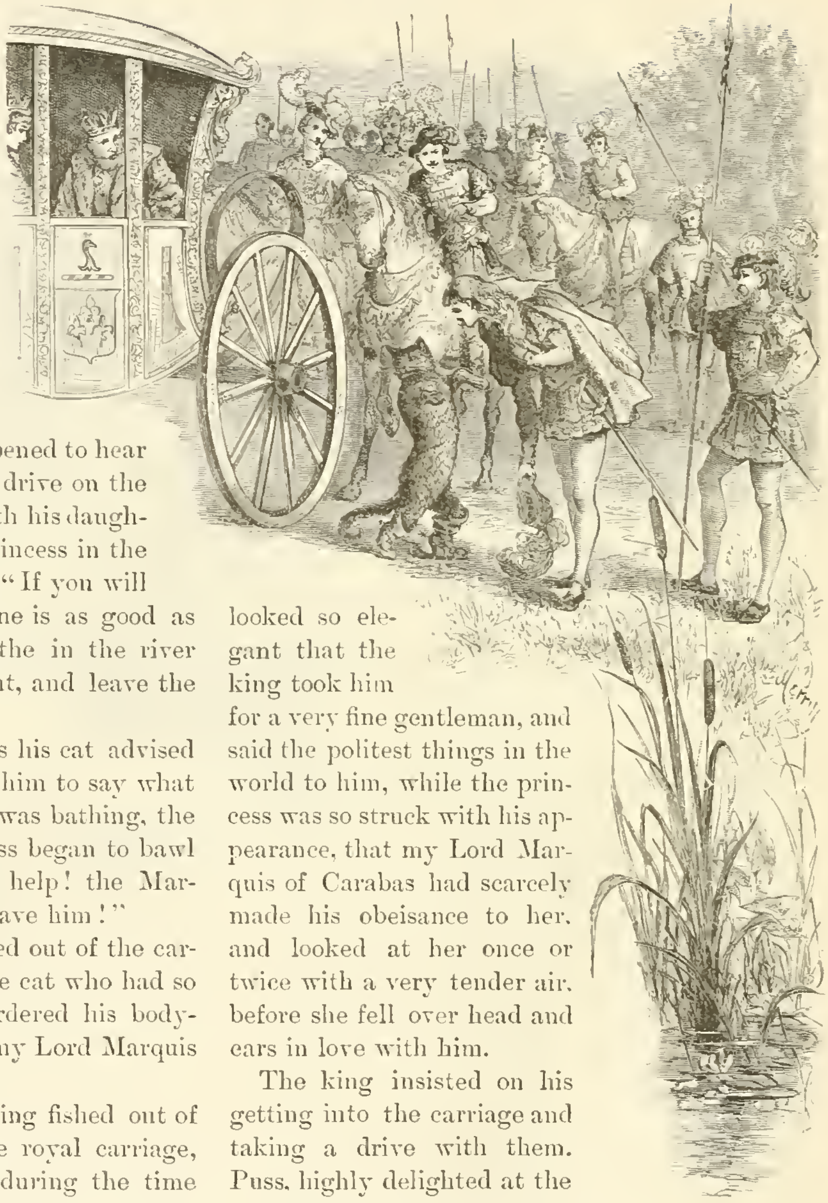
The cat, who was sitting on the window-seat, overheard these words, without seeming to do so, and, looking up, said to him with a very serious, sober air, — "Nay, dear master, do not be downcast at your future prospects. Only give me a bag, and get me a pair of boots made, such as other folks wear, so that I may stride through the brambles, and you will soon see that you have a better bargain than you think for."

Although the cat's new master did not put much faith in these promises, yet he had seen him perform so many clever tricks in catching rats and mice, — such as hanging stiff by his hind legs, to make believe he were dead, and concealing himself in the meal-tub, as if he were nowhere about, — that he did not quite despair of his helping him to better his fortunes. Besides, he knew not what else to do, and there was no harm in trying this.

As soon as the cat was provided with what he asked for, he drew on his boots, and, slinging the bag round his neck, took hold of the two strings with his fore-paws, and set off for a warren that he knew of, plentifully stocked with rabbits. He filled his bag with bran and sow-thistles, and then stretched himself out as stiff as though he had been dead, waiting patiently till some simple young rabbit, unused to worldly snares and wiles, should see the dainty feast and never think of the cat. He had scarcely lain a few moments in ambush before a thoughtless young rabbit caught at the bait, and went headlong into the bag, whereupon the cat drew the strings, and immediately strangled the foolish creature. The cat was vastly proud of his victory, and immediately went to the palace and asked to speak to the king. He was shown into the king's cabinet, when he bowed respectfully to his majesty, and said, "Sire, this is a rabbit from the warren of the Marquis of Carabas (such was the title the cat took it into his head to bestow on his master), which he desired me to present to your majesty."

"Tell your master that I am obliged by his courtesy, and that I accept his present with much pleasure," replied the king, looking graciously at him.

Another time the cat went and concealed himself in a cornfield, and held his bag open as before, and, very shortly after, two partridges were lured into the trap, when he drew the strings and made



them both prisoners. He then went and presented them to the king, as he had done the rabbit. The king received the partridges very graciously, and ordered the messenger to be rewarded for his trouble.

For two or three months, Puss continued to carry game every now and then to the king, always presenting it in the name of his master, the Marquis of Carabas, who he said was a famous sportsman. At last he happened to hear that the king was going to take a drive on the banks of the river, in company with his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess in the world; and he said to his master, "If you will but follow my advice, your fortune is as good as made. You need only go and bathe in the river at the spot that I shall point out, and leave the rest to me."

The Marquis of Carabas did as his cat advised him, though it was too much for him to say what it was all coming to. Just as he was bathing, the king came driving past, when Puss began to bawl out as loud as he could, "Help! help! the Marquis of Carabas is drowning! Save him!"

On hearing this, the king looked out of the carriage-window, and, recognizing the cat who had so frequently brought him game, ordered his bodyguards to fly to the assistance of my Lord Marquis of Carabas.

While the poor marquis was being fished out of the river, Puss stepped up to the royal carriage, and informed his majesty, that, during the time his master was bathing, some robbers had stolen his clothes, although he had cried out "Stop thief!" with all his might. The rogue had really only hidden them under a large stone. The king immediately ordered the gentlemen of his wardrobe to go and fetch one of his most sumptuous dresses for the Marquis of Carabas.

When the marquis, who was a well-grown, handsome young fellow, came forth gayly dressed, he looked so elegant that the king took him for a very fine gentleman, and said the politest things in the world to him, while the princess was so struck with his appearance, that my Lord Marquis of Carabas had scarcely made his obeisance to her, and looked at her once or twice with a very tender air, before she fell over head and ears in love with him.

The king insisted on his getting into the carriage and taking a drive with them. Puss, highly delighted at the turn things were taking, and determined that all should turn out in the very best way, now ran on before, and having reached a meadow where some peasants were mowing the grass, he thus accosted them: "I say, good folks, if you do not tell the king, when he comes this way, that the field you are mowing belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall all be chopped as fine as mince-meat."

When the carriage came by, the king put his head out, and asked the mowers whose good grass-land that was. "It belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty," said they in a breath, for the cat's threats had frightened them mightily.

"Upon my word, marquis," observed the king, "that is a fine estate of yours."

"Yes, sire," replied the marquis, with an easy air, "it yields me a tolerable income every year."

Puss, who continued to run on before the carriage, presently came up to some reapers. "I say, you reapers," cried he, "mind you tell the king that all this corn belongs to the Marquis of Carabas or else you shall, every one of you, be chopped into mince-meat."

The king passed by a moment after, and inquired to whom those cornfields belonged.

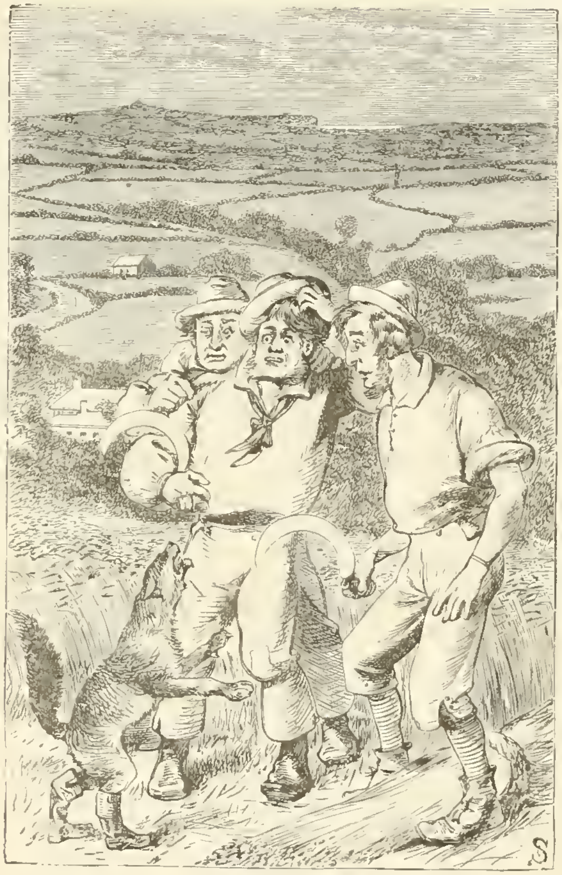
"To the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty," replied the reapers.

"Faith, it pleases our majesty right well to see our beloved marquis is so wealthy!" quoth the king.

Puss kept still running on before the carriage, and repeating the same instructions to all the laborers he met, and the king was astounded at the vast possessions of the Marquis of Carabas, and kept congratulating him, while the new-made nobleman received each fresh compliment more lightly than the last, so that one could see he was really a marquis, and a very grand one too.

At length Puss reached a magnificent castle belonging to an ogre, who was immensely rich, since all the lands the king had been riding through were a portion of his estate. Puss having inquired what sort of a person the ogre might be, and what he was able to do, sent in a message asking leave to speak with him, adding that he was unwilling to pass so near his castle without paying his respects to him.

The ogre received him as civilly as it is in the nature of an ogre to do, and bade him rest himself. "I have been told," said Puss, "that you have the power of transforming yourself into all sorts of animals, such, for instance, as a lion, or an elephant." "So I have," replied the ogre, sharply; "do you disbelieve it? then look, and you shall see me become a lion at once."



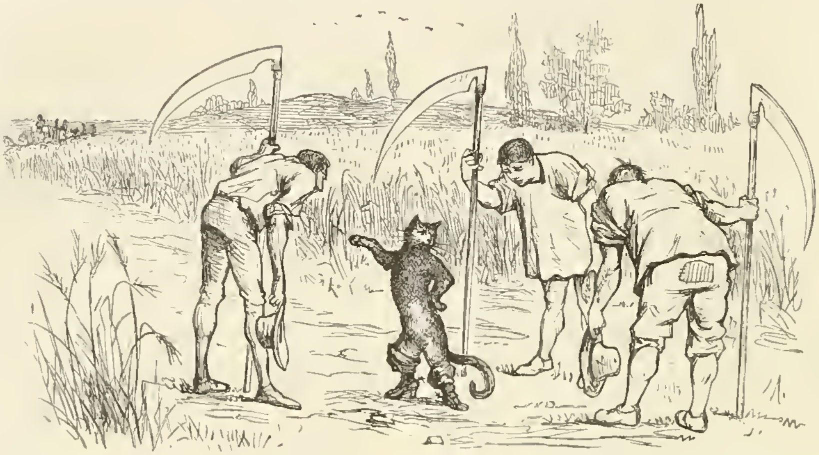
When Puss saw a lion before him, he was seized with such a fright that he scrambled up to the roof, although it was no easy job, owing to his boots, which were not intended for walking in a gutter and over tiles.

At last perceiving that the ogre had returned to his natural shape, Puss came down again, and confessed he had been exceedingly frightened.

"But I have also been told," said Puss, "only I really cannot believe it, that you likewise possess the power of taking the shape of the smallest animals, and that, for instance, you could change yourself into a rat or a mouse; but that is really too much to believe; it is quite impossible."

"Impossible, indeed!" quoth the ogre, now put upon his mettle; "you shall see!"

So saying, he immediately took on the shape of a mouse, and began frisking about the floor, when Puss pounced upon him, gave him one shake, and that was the end of the ogre.



By this time the king had reached the gates of the ogre's magnificent castle, and expressed a wish to enter so splendid a building. Puss hearing the rumbling of the carriage across the drawbridge, now ran out to meet the king, saying, "Your majesty is welcome to the Marquis of Carabas's castle."

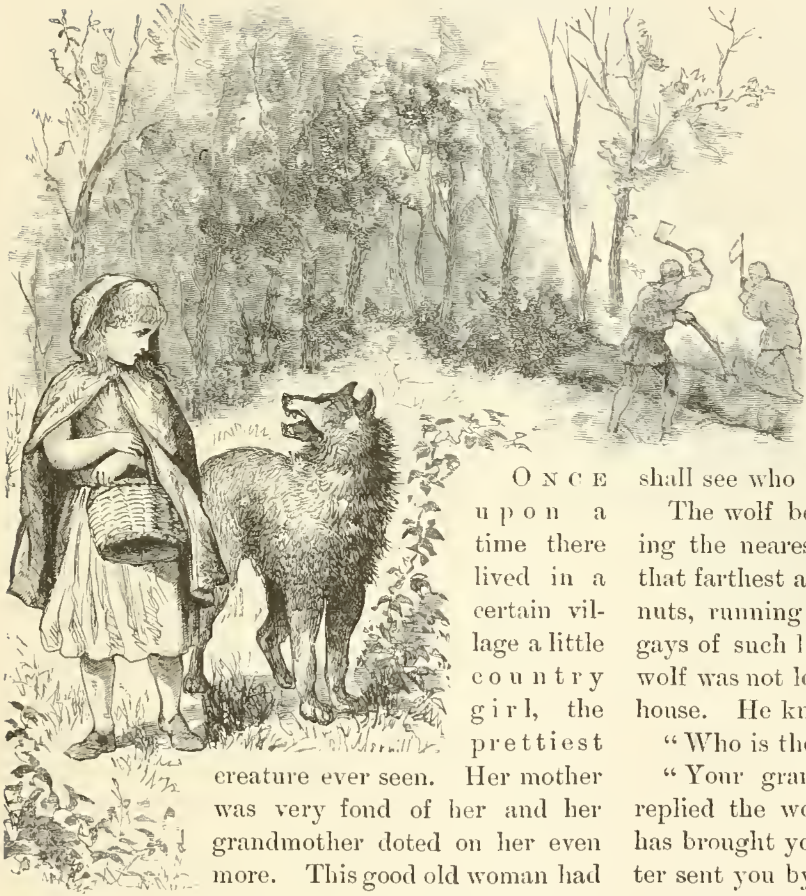
"What! my lord marquis," exclaimed the king, "does this castle likewise belong to you? Really, I never saw anything more splendid than the courtyard and the surrounding buildings; pray let us see if the inside be equal to the outside."

The marquis gracefully handed out the princess, and, following the king, they mounted a flight of steps, and were ushered by Puss, who danced before them, into a vast hall, where they found an elegant feast spread. Some of the ogre's friends were to have visited him that day, but the news went about that the king had come, and so they dared not go. The king was positively delighted, the castle was so magnificent and the Marquis of Carabas such an excellent young man; the princess, too, was evidently already in love with him so; after drinking five or six glasses of wine, his majesty hemmed and said, —

"You have only to say the word, my lord marquis, to become the son-in-law of your sovereign."

The marquis bowed and looked at the princess, and that very same day they were married, and the old king gave them his blessing. Puss, who had brought it all about, looked on mightily pleased, and ever after lived there a great lord, and hunted mice for mere sport, just when he pleased.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.



Once upon a time there lived in a certain village a little country girl, the prettiest creature ever seen. Her mother was very fond of her and her grandmother doted on her even more. This good old woman had made for her a little red riding-hood, which became the girl so extremely well that everybody called her Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day her mother, having made some custards, said to her, "Go, my dear, and see how thy grandmamma does, for I hear she has been very ill; carry her a custard and a little pot of butter." Little Red Riding-Hood set out at once to go to her grandmother, who lived in another village. As she was going through the wood she met Gaffer Wolf, who had a very great mind to eat her up, but durst not because of some fagot-makers hard by in the forest.

He asked her whither she was going. The poor child, who did not know it was dangerous to stay and hear a wolf talk, said to him, "I am going to see my grandmamma, and carry her a custard and a little pot of butter from my mother."

"Does she live far off?" asked the wolf.

"Oh, yes," said Little Red Riding-Hood; "it is beyond that mill you see there, at the first house in the village."

"Well," said the wolf; "and I will go and see her too. I will go this way, and go you that, and we shall see who will be there soonest."

The wolf began to run as fast as he could, taking the nearest way; and the little girl went by that farthest about, diverting herself in gathering nuts, running after butterflies, and making nosegays of such little flowers as she met with. The wolf was not long before he got to the old woman's house. He knocked at the door — tap, tap.

"Who is there?"

"Your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood," replied the wolf, counterfeiting her voice; "who has brought you a custard and a little pot of butter sent you by my mamma."

The good grandmother, who was in bed because she was ill, cried out: —

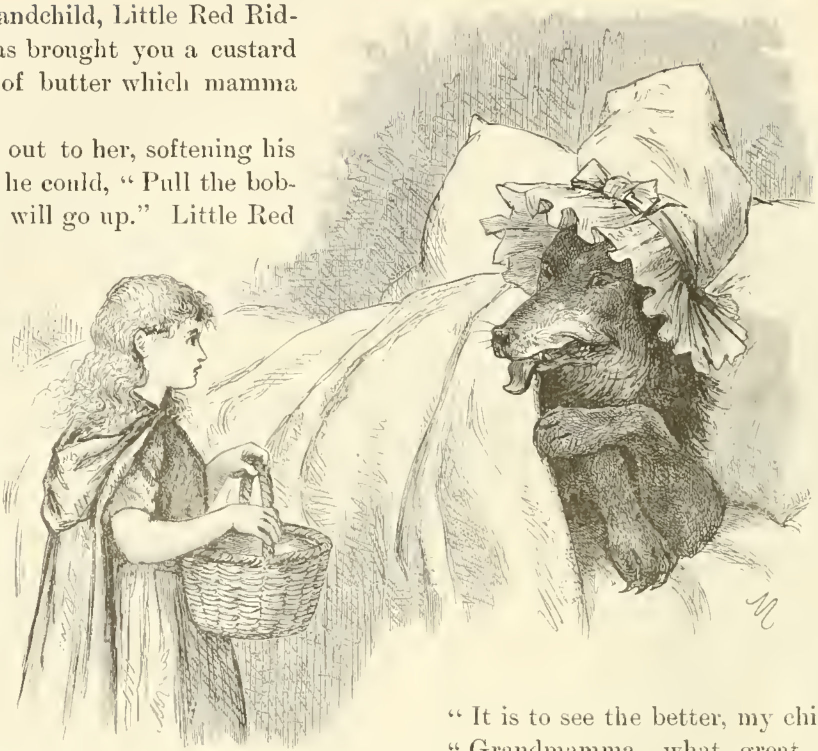
"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up."

The wolf pulled the bobbin, and the door opened, and in jumped the wolf, who fell upon the good woman and ate her up in a moment, as he had not tasted food for three days. He then shut the door, and got into the grandmother's bed, expecting Little Red Riding-Hood, who came some time after, and knocked at the door — tap, tap.

"Who is there?"

Little Red Riding-Hood, hearing the big voice of the wolf, was at first afraid, but, believing her grandmother had a cold, and was hoarse, answered: —

"It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood, who has brought you a custard and a little pot of butter which mamma sends you."



The wolf cried out to her, softening his voice as much as he could, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up." Little Red Riding-Hood pulled the bobbin, and the door opened.

The wolf, seeing her come in, said to her, hiding himself under the bedclothes, "Put the custard and the little pot of butter upon the stool, and come and lie down by me."

Little Red Riding-Hood undressed herself and got into bed, where being greatly amazed to see how her grandmother looked in her night-clothes, said to her: —

"Grandmamma, what great arms you have got!"

"That is the better to hug thee, my dear."

"Grandmamma, what great legs you have got!"

"That is to run the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great ears you have got!"

"That is to hear the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great eyes you have got!"

"It is to see the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great teeth you have got!"

"That is to eat thee up."

And, saying these words, this wicked wolf fell upon poor Little Red Riding-Hood, and ate her all up.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

THERE was once a rich merchant who had six children, three sons and three daughters; and he loved them more than he loved all his riches, so that he was always seeking to make them happy and wise. The daughters were extremely pretty, but the youngest was more than pretty, she was beautiful; and as every one called her Little Beauty when she was a child, and she became more lovely each year, the name grew up with her, so that she had no other but just — Beauty. Now Beauty was as good as she was beautiful, but her elder sisters were ill-natured and jealous of her, and could not bear to hear her called Beauty. They were very proud, too, of their father's riches, and put on great airs and would not condescend to visit other merchants' daughters, but were always dangling after persons of quality, and going to plays and grand balls; they laughed at Beauty, who lived quietly at home with her father. The father was so rich that many great merchants wished to marry his daughters, but the two eldest always said that they could never think of marrying anybody below a duke or at the least an earl; as for Beauty, she thanked her lovers for thinking so well of her, but as she was still very young she wished to live a few years longer with her father.

But suddenly it fell that the merchant lost all his great wealth; nothing remained save one small house in the country, and there the poor man told his children they must all now go and earn their daily living. The two eldest daughters said that they were not going, for they had plenty of lovers in town who would be glad enough to marry them, though they had lost their fortune. But they were greatly mistaken in this, for their lovers would not even look at them now, and jeered at them in their trouble because they had been so odiously proud. Yet everybody pitied poor Beauty, and several gentlemen who loved her, begged her still to let them marry her, though she had not a penny; Beauty refused, and said she could not leave her father now that trouble had come upon him.

So the family went to live in the small house in the country, where the merchant and his three sons plowed and sowed the fields, and worked all day in the garden; and Beauty rose at four o'clock every morning, put the house in order, and got breakfast for the whole family. It was very hard at first, and no one helped her; but every day it grew easier to work, and Beauty waxed healthier and rosier. When her work was done, she would read, or play on the harpsichord, or sit at her spinning-wheel, singing as she spun. As for her two sisters, they were idle and miserable, and perfectly helpless; they never got up till ten o'clock, and then they spent the day moping and fretting because they no longer had fine clothes to wear, and could not go to fine parties to be admired. They sneered at Beauty, and said she was nothing but a servant-girl after all, to like that way of living; but Beauty lived on cheerfully.

They had been in the country about a year, when the merchant received a letter which brought the news that a ship laden with rich goods belonging to him, and which was thought to be lost, had just come into port. At this the two eldest sisters were half wild with joy, for now they could soon leave the farm-house and go back to the gay city; and when their father was about leaving for the port, to settle his business there, they begged for all manner of fine clothes and trinkets, which he was to bring with him. Then the merchant asked Beauty, —

"And what shall I bring you, Beauty?" for Beauty had yet asked for nothing.

"Why, since you ask me, dear father," said she, "I should like you to bring me a rose, for none grow in these parts." Now it was not that Beauty wished so very much for a rose, but she did not like to seem to blame her sisters, or to appear better than they, by saying that she did not wish for anything.

The good man set off, but when he reached the port he was obliged to go to law about the cargo, and it ended in his turning back poorer than when he left his home. He set out to return to the farm-house; when he was within thirty miles of home, he came to a large forest through which he must pass. The snow began to fall and covered the path; the night closed in, and it grew so dark and so cold that the poor man gave himself up as lost. He could not see the way, and he was faint with cold and hunger; when, all of a sudden, he saw a light, at the end of a long avenue of trees. He turned into the avenue and rode until he came to the end of it; and there was a splendid palace, yet not a soul could he see at the windows which were blazing with light, or by the doors or in the courtyard. His horse, seeing a stable door open, walked in, and finding a crib full of hay and oats, the poor jaded beast fell to eating heartily. The merchant left him in the stall and entered the palace; but, though he found nobody, and nobody came out to him, there was a fire blazing, and a table spread with the richest viands and set for one person. Being wet to the skin, he went toward the fire to dry himself, saying, —

"I hope the master of the house or his servants will excuse the liberty I am taking, for no doubt they will soon make their appearance."

He waited, but no one came. The clock struck eleven; and then, faint for want of food, he went to the table and ate a chicken, yet all the while in a great fright; he took several glasses of wine also; and being now satisfied, he felt more courage and looked about him. The clock struck twelve, and he left the hall through an open door and passed through several splendid rooms till he came to one with a comfortable bed; and now, being excessively tired, he took off his clothes and got into it.

The merchant did not wake till ten o'clock on the following morning, when he was surprised to find a new suit of clothes instead of his own, which had been quite ruined. He now began to believe that the palace belonged to some good fairy, and was sure of it when he looked out of the window and saw that the snow had given place to lovely gardens with flowery arbors. Returning to the great hall, where he had supped, he found the table prepared for his breakfast. He sat down without hesitation to this meal, and when he had finished he went to look after his horse. The way led under a bower of roses; and remembering Beauty's request, he plucked a bunch to take home. No sooner had he done this than he heard a frightful roar, and saw such a horrible Beast stalking up to him that he was ready to faint with fear.

"Ungrateful wretch!" cried the Beast in a terrific voice; "I saved your life by admitting you into my palace, and you reward me by stealing my roses, which I love beyond everything! You shall pay the forfeit with your life's blood!" The poor merchant threw himself on his knees before the Beast, saying, —

"Forgive me, my lord. I did not know I was offending you; I only wanted to pluck a rose for one of my daughters, who had asked me to bring one home to her. I pray you, do not kill me, my lord."

"I am not a lord, but a Beast," answered the monster. "I hate flattery, and you will not wheedle me with any fine speeches; but as you say you have daughters, I will forgive you, provided one of them comes willingly to die in your stead; but swear that, should they refuse, you will return in three months." The merchant had not the most distant intention of suffering any of his daughters to die for him; but wishing to see his children once more before he died, he swore to return; and the Beast dismissed him, telling him he need not go empty-handed, but that he might go back to the room where he had slept, and there he would find a large chest which he was at liberty to fill with whatever he fancied in the palace, and that it would be sent after him to his home. The merchant, comforting himself with the thought that at least he should leave his children provided for, returned to his room and found the chest as Beast had said, with heaps of gold pieces about the floor. He filled the chest with the gold, and left sadly for his home. He held the roses in his hand, and as the children came to meet him, he gave them to his youngest daughter, saying, —

"Take them, Beauty; you little think how dear they have cost your poor father;" and then he told all that had befallen him since he left his home.

The two eldest sisters then began to lament loudly, and to rail at Beauty because she had been the cause of their father's death. She so wise, indeed! if she had been content to ask for dresses, as they had, all would have been well; and now the hard-hearted thing had not even a tear for the mischief she had done! But Beauty replied quietly that it were of little use to weep, for she had resolved within herself to go and die in her father's stead.

"No, no!" cried the three brothers at once; "we will go and seek this monster, and either he or we shall perish."

But the merchant told them they did not know this Beast. He was more mighty than they could imagine, and it would be vain attempting to resist his will. Their duty it was to live and protect their sisters, for, as for himself, he would go back to the Beast, as he had promised, and sacrifice the few remaining years which he could expect to enjoy; and saying this, he left his children and went to his room for the night. There, to his surprise, for he had quite forgotten the Beast's promise, he found the chest with the gold in it, which he had packed in the Beast's palace; but he determined to say nothing about this at present to his eldest daughters, for he knew they would at once pester him to return to town.

Beauty was firm in her resolve, and when the three months were over, she made ready to go with her father. As they set out on the journey, the family gathered about and wept over her, — her father and brothers shedding real tears, but the two heartless sisters pretended ones; for they rubbed their eyes beforehand with an onion, to make it seem as if they had cried a great deal. The horse took the right road of his own accord, and, on reaching the palace, which was illuminated as before, he went at once into the stable, while the father and daughter entered the great hall, and found the table spread for two persons with most dainty fare. After supper there was a tremendous noise, and the Beast entered. Beauty shuddered, and when he asked her whether she had come of her own will, she could not help trembling as she faltered out "Yes."

"Then I am obliged to you for your kindness," growled the Beast; and turning to the father, he added, "As for you, get you gone to-morrow, and never let me see you here again. Good-night, Beauty."

"Good-night, Beast," said she; and Beast walked off. The merchant again fell to entreating his daughter to leave him there, while she should return to her home; but when the morrow came she prevailed on him to set out, he thinking, the Beast will after all relent; surely he will not harm Beauty.

When her father was gone, Beauty could not help shedding a few tears; but soon she dried her eyes and began walking about the various rooms of the palace, and came to her surprise to a door upon which was written, "BEAUTY'S ROOM." Opening it hastily, she found herself in a splendidly furnished chamber, where were a multitude of books, a harpsichord, and much music. "It cannot be," she thought, "that I have only a day to live, else such pleasure would not have been provided for me." Her surprise increased on opening one of the books and seeing written in golden letters, — *Your wishes and commands shall be obeyed! you are here the queen over everything!* "Alas!" she thought, "my wish would be to see what my poor father is now about." No sooner had she spoken this wish to herself, than, casting her eyes upon a large looking-glass, she saw in it her father's arrival at home. Her sisters came out to meet him; they tried to look sorrowful, but it was plain enough they were highly delighted that he should return without Beauty. The vision lasted but a moment; then it disappeared, and Beauty turned away, grateful to the Beast for fulfilling her wish.

At noon she found dinner ready for her, and all the while beautiful music was played; but though she heard the music she saw nobody. At night the Beast came and asked leave to sup with her, which of course she could not refuse, though she trembled from head to foot. Presently he inquired whether she did not think him very ugly?

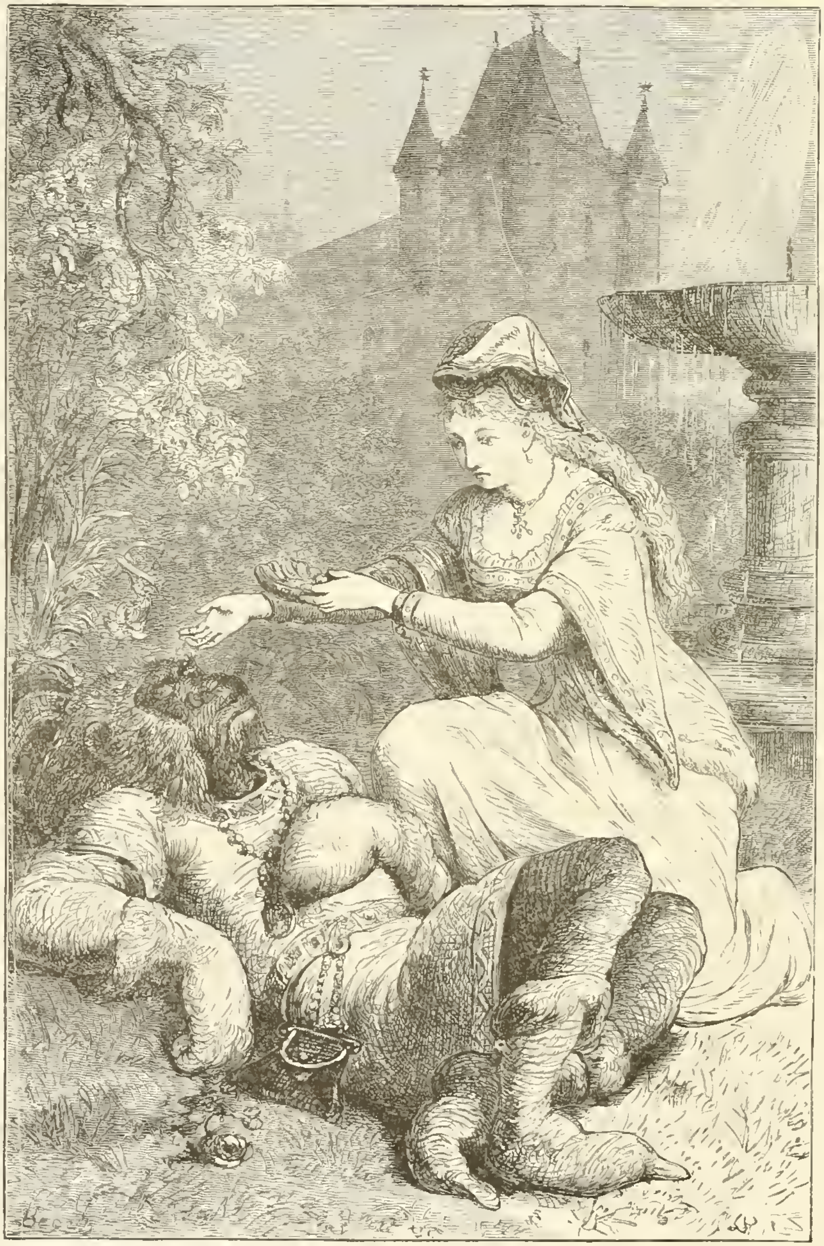
"Yes," said Beauty, "for I cannot tell a lie; but I think you very good." Then the supper went on, pleasantly enough, and Beauty had half recovered from her alarm, when he suddenly asked her, —

"Beauty, will you marry me?"

Though in great alarm, she faltered out, —

"No, Beast;" when he sighed so as to shake the whole house; and, saying in a sorrowful tone, "Good-night, Beauty," left the room, to her great relief, though she could not help pitying him from her soul.

Beauty lived in this manner for three months. The Beast came to supper every night, and by degrees, as she grew accustomed to his ugliness, she learned to mind it less, and to think more of his many amiable qualities. The only thing that pained her was, that he never failed to ask her each night if she would marry him, and when, at last, she answered that she had the greatest friendship though no love for him, he begged her at least to promise never to leave him. Now that very morning Beauty had seen in her glass that her father lay sick with grief, supposing her to be dead; her sisters were married, her brothers were gone for soldiers, and so she told the Beast, and weeping said she should die if he refused her leave to go once more and see her father.



"No," said the Beast, "I will not refuse you, for I would much rather your poor Beast should die of grief for your absence; so you may go." But Beauty promised to return in a week; and the Beast telling her that she need only lay her ring on her toilet-table before she went to bed, when she meant to return, bade her good-night as usual, and left her.

The next morning Beauty awoke to find herself in her father's cottage, and so rejoiced was he to see her alive that his sickness left him quickly. He sent for her sisters, who came and brought their husbands; but they were not living very happily with them, for one was so vain of his person that he thought nothing of his wife, and the other so sharp-tongued that he was playing off his wit all day long on everybody around him, and most of all on his own wife. The sisters were so jealous on finding Beauty grandly dressed and hearing how kind the Beast had been to her, that they laid a plan for delaying her return beyond the time which she had promised, in hopes that the Beast would be so angry as to devour her. Accordingly, when the week was over they made such an ado about her leaving, and professed to be so grieved, that Beauty agreed to stay another week, though she felt some misgivings.

On the night of the tenth day, when her sisters had been feasting her and pretending great affection, she dreamt that she saw poor Beast lying half dead on the grass in the palace garden; and waking all in tears, she got out of bed, laid her ring on the table, and then went to bed again where she soon fell asleep. When she awoke, she was relieved to find herself once more in the palace, and she waited impatiently till supper time, when she should see the Beast. But the clock struck nine, and no Beast appeared.

"Oh, if I have killed him!" she cried, and ran into the garden toward the spot she had dreamed of, and there she saw the poor Beast lying senseless on the grass. She threw herself upon his body in despair; she felt his heart beat, and running to a neighboring fountain for water, she threw it into his face. The Beast opened his eyes and said in a faint voice, —

"You forgot your promise, and I resolved to starve myself to death; but since you are come, I shall at least die happy."

"No! you shall not die, dear Beast," cried Beauty; "you shall live to be my husband, for now I feel I really love you." At these words the whole palace was suddenly ablaze with light, fireworks flew in the air, and a band of music sounded. There was no Beast, but in his place a very handsome prince was at her feet, thanking her for having broken his enchantment.

"But where is my poor Beast?" asked Beauty anxiously; "I want my dear Beast."

"I was the Beast," said the prince. "A wicked fairy condemned me to live in that ugly form until some good and beautiful maid should be found, so good as to love me in spite of my ugliness." Beauty, filled with surprise, took the prince by the hand and they passed into the palace. There stood Beauty's father; and the young pair were at once married, to the joy of the prince's subjects, who had long mourned his mysterious absence, and over whom the prince and his beautiful bride reigned wisely for many a long and happy year.

THE HISTORY OF SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

Richard Whittington was supposed to have been an outcast, for he did not know his parents, who either died, or had left him to the parish of Taunton Dean, in Somersetshire. As he grew up, being displeased with the cruel usage of his nurse, he ran away from her at seven years of age, and traveled about the country, living upon the charity of well-disposed persons, till he came to be a fine sturdy youth; when at last, being threatened with a whipping if he continued in that idle course of life, he resolved to go to London, having heard that the streets were paved with gold.

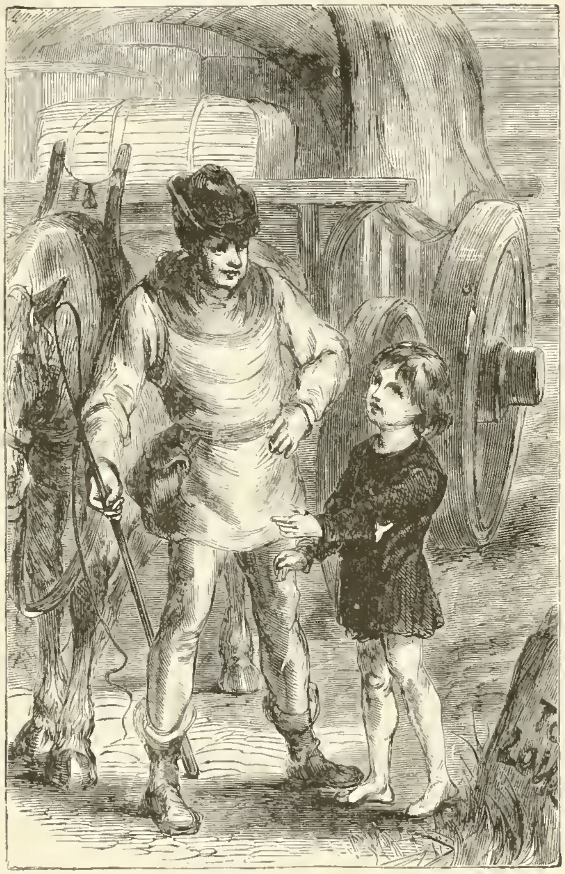
Not knowing the way, he followed the carrier; and at night, for the little services he did him in rubbing his horses, he got from him a supper. When he arrived in this famous city, the carrier, supposing he would be a troublesome hanger-on, told him plainly he must leave the inn, and immediately seek for employment, giving him a groat. With this poor Whittington wandered about, but not knowing any one, and being in a tattered garb, some pitied him as a forlorn, destitute wretch, but few gave him anything.

What he had got being soon spent, his stomach craved supply; but not having anything to satisfy it, he resolved rather to starve than steal.

After two hungry days, and lying on the bulkheads at night, weary and faint, he came to a merchant's house in Leadenhall Street, where he showed many signs of his distressed condition. The ill-natured cook was ready to kick him from the door, saying, "If you tarry here, I will kick you into the kennel." This put him almost into despair, so he laid himself down on the ground, being unable to go any farther.

In the mean time, Mr. Fitzwarren, whose house it was, came from the Royal Exchange, and, seeing him there in that condition, demanded what he wanted, and sharply told him, if he did not immediately depart, he would cause him to be sent to the house of correction, calling him a lazy, idle fellow.

On this he got up, and after falling two or three times, through faintness and want of food, he made a bow, telling him he was a poor country fellow, in a starving condition, and that, if he might be put in a way, he would refuse no labor, if it was only for his victuals. This raised a Christian compassion in the merchant towards him, and wanting a scullion then, he immediately ordered one of his servants to take him in, and give him some food until orders were given how he should be employed. And so he was feasted, to his great refreshment.



This was the first step of Providence to raise him to what in time made him the city's glory and the nation's wonder. But he met with many difficulties, for the servants made sport of him, and the ill-natured cook told him, "You are to come under me; so look sharp, clean the spits and the dripping-pan, make the fires, wind up the jack, and nimbly do all other scullery work that I may set you about, or else I will break your head with my ladle, and kick you about like a foot-ball."

This was cold comfort, but better than starving; and what gave him a beam of hope was that Mistress Alice, his master's daughter, hearing her father had entertained another servant, came to see him, and ordered that he should be kindly used. After she had discoursed with him about his kindred and method of life, and found his answers ingenuous, she ordered him some cast-off garments, and that he should be cleaned, and appear like a servant in the house.

Then she went to her parents, and gave them her opinion of this stranger, which pleased them well, saying, "He looks like a serviceable fellow to do kitchen drudgery, run on errands, clean shoes, and do such other things as the rest of the servants think beneath them."

By this he was confirmed in his place, and a flock bed prepared in the garret for him. These circumstances pleased him, and he showed great diligence in his work, rising early and sitting up late, leaving nothing undone that he could do. But being mostly under the cook-maid, he had but sour sauce to these little sweets; for as she was of a morose temper, she used her authority beyond reason; so that, to keep in the family, he went with many a broken head, bearing it patiently, and the more he tried with good words to dissuade her from her cruelty, the more she insulted him, and not only abused him, but frequently complained against him, endeavoring to get him turned out of his service. But Mistress Alice, hearing of her usage, interposed in his favor, so that she could not prevail against him.

This was not the only misery he suffered, for, lying in a place for a long time unfrequented, such abundance of rats and mice had bred there, that they were almost as troublesome by night as the cook was by day. They ran over his face, and disturbed him with their squeaking, so that he knew not what to think of his condition or how to mend it.

After many disquieting thoughts, he at last comforted himself with the hope that the cook might soon marry, or die, or quit her service, and as for the rats and mice, a cat would be an effectual remedy against them. Soon after, a merchant came to dinner, and, as it rained hard, he stayed all night. Whittington having cleaned his shoes, and brought them to his chamber-door, received from him a penny.

This stock he improved, for, going along the street of an errand, he saw a woman with a cat under her arm; so he desired to know the price of it. The woman praised it for a good mouser, and told him, sixpence. But he declaring that a penny was all his stock, she let him have it. He brought the cat home, and kept her in a box all day, lest the cook should kill her if she came into the kitchen, and at night he set her to work for her living. Puss delivered him from one plague; but the other remained, though not for many years.

It was the custom with the worthy merchant, Mr. Hugh Fitzwarren, that God might give a greater blessing to his endeavors, to call his servants together when he sent out a ship, and cause every one to venture something in it, to try their fortunes, for which they were to pay nothing for freight or custom.

Now all but Whittington appeared, and brought things according to their abilities. But Mistress Alice being by, and supposing that poverty made him decline coming, ordered him to be called, on which he made several excuses; however, being constrained to come, he fell on his knees, desiring them not to jeer at a poor simple boy in expectation that he was going to turn merchant, since all that he could claim as his own was but a poor cat, which he had bought for a penny that had been given him for cleaning shoes, and which had much befriended him in keeping off the rats and mice.

Upon this Mistress Alice offered to lay something down for him; but her father told her the custom was, it must be his own which he ventured, and ordered him to fetch his cat. This he did, but with great reluctance, fancying nothing would come of it, and with some tears delivered her to the master of the ship, which was called the Unicorn, and which fell down to Blackwall in order to proceed on her voyage.

The cook-maid, who little thought how advantageous Whittington's cat would prove, when she did not scold at him would jeer at him about his grand adventure, and led him such a life that he grew weary of enduring it. Little expecting what ensued, he resolved, rather to try Dame Fortune than live in such great torment. So, having packed up his bundle over night, he got out early on All-hallows Day, intending to ramble about the country.

But as he went through Moorfields, he began to have pensive thoughts, and his resolutions began to fail. However, he went on to Holloway, and sat down to consider the matter, when on a sudden Bow bells began to ring a merry peal. He listened, fancied they called him back from his intended journey, and promised him the good fortune that afterwards befell him. He thought they sang, —

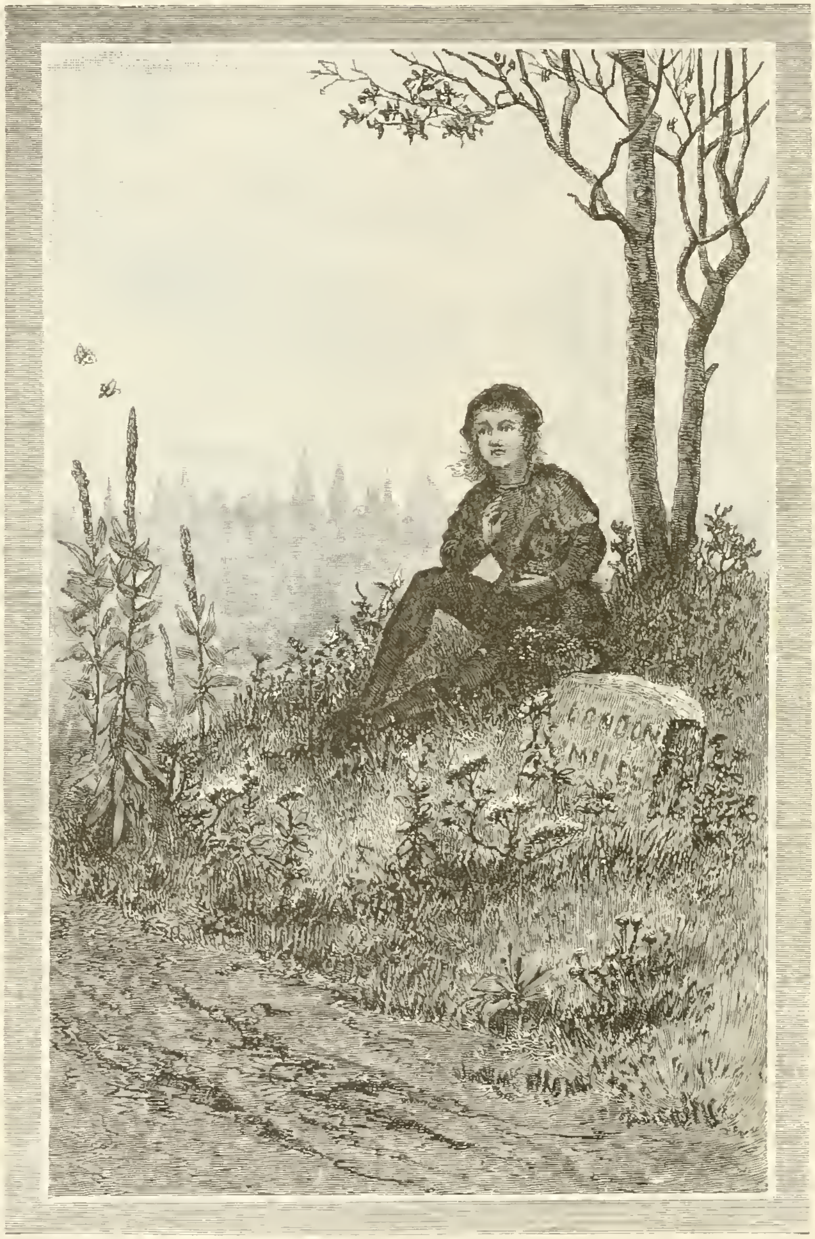
"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

This was a happy thought for him, and it made so great an impression on him, that finding it early, and that he might be at home before the family were stirring, he delayed not. All things answered his expectation, for, having left the door ajar, he crept softly in, and got to his usual drudgery.

During this time the ship in which the cat was was driven by contrary winds on to the coast of Barbary, a place unknown to the English. Finding the people courteous, the master and factor traded with them. Bringing their wares of sundry sorts upon the decks, and opening them, they suited them so well that the news was carried to the king, who sent for patterns, with which he was so pleased that he sent for the factor to his palace.

Their entertainment, according to custom, was on the floor, which was covered with carpets interwoven with gold and silver, and on which they sat cross-legged. This kind of table was no sooner laid with various dishes but the scent drew together a great number of rats and mice, which devoured all that came in their way; this much surprised the factor, who asked the nobles if these vermin were not offensive.

“Oh,” said they, “very much so. His majesty would give half his revenue to be freed from them; for they are not only offensive at his table, but his chamber and bed are so troubled with them that he is always watched, for fear of mischief.” The factor then remembering Whittington's cat, and rejoicing at the occasion, told them that he had an English beast in the ship which would rid all the court of them quickly.



The king was overjoyed at hearing the good news, and being anxious to be freed from those vermin, which so much spoiled his pleasure, disturbed his mind, and made all his enjoyments burdensome, desired to see this surprising creature, saying, “For such a thing, I will load your ship with gold, diamonds, and pearls.” This large offer made the master endeavor to enhance the cat's merits. “She is the most admirable creature in the world,” he said; “and I cannot spare her, for she keeps my ship clear of them, otherwise they would destroy all my goods.” But his majesty would take no denial, saying, “No price shall part us.”

The cat being sent for, and the tables being spread, the vermin came as before; then putting her on the table, she fell to work at once, and killed them in a trice. Then she came purring and curling up her tail to the king and queen, as if she asked a reward for her service; whilst they admired her, protesting it was the finest diversion they had ever seen.

The Moorish king was so pleased with the cat that he gave ten times more for her than all the freight besides. The ship then sailed with a fair wind, and arrived safe at Blackwall, being the richest ship that ever arrived in England. The master taking the cabinet of jewels with him on shore, for they were too rich a prize to be left on board, presented his bill of lading to Mr. Fitzwarren who praised God for such a prosperous voyage.

But when he called all of his servants to give each his due, the master showed him the cabinet of pearls and jewels, and on being told it was all for Whittington's cat, Mr. Fitzwarren said, "God forbid that I should deprive him of one farthing of it," and so he sent for him by the title of Mr. Whittington, who was then in the kitchen cleaning pots and spits. Being told he must come to his master, he made several excuses; but, being urged to go, he at length came to the door, and there stood bowing and scraping, scrupling to enter until the merchant commanded him in, and ordered a chair to be immediately set for him; on which he, thinking they intended to make sport of him, fell on his knees, and with tears in his eyes besought them not to mock a simple fellow, who meant none of them any harm.

Mr. Fitzwarren, raising him up, said, "Indeed, Mr. Whittington, we are serious with you, for in estate at this instant you are an abler man than myself," and then he gave him the vast riches, which amounted to three hundred thousand pounds.

At length, being persuaded to believe, he fell upon his knees, and praised God, who had vouchsafed to behold so poor a creature in the midst of his misery. Then turning to his master, he laid his riches at his feet; but he said, "No, Mr. Whittington; God forbid that I should take so much as a ducat from you; it may be a comfort to you."

Whittington then turned to Mistress Alice, but she also refused it; upon which, bowing low, he said to her, "Madam, whenever you please to make choice of a husband, I will make you the greatest fortune in the world." Upon this he began to distribute his bounty to his fellow-servants, giving even his mortal enemy the cook one hundred pounds for her portion; she saying she was in a passion, he freely forgave her.

Upon this change the haberdashers, drapers, tailors, and sempstresses were set to work to make Mr. Whittington fine clothes, and all things answerable to his fortune. Being dressed, he appeared a very comely person, insomuch that Mistress Alice began to lay her eyes about him. Now, her father, seeing this, intended a match between them, looking upon him to be a fortunate man. He also took him to the Royal Exchange to see the customs of the merchants, where he was no sooner known than they came to welcome him into their society.

Soon after this a match was proposed between him and his master's daughter, when he excused himself on account of the meanness of his birth; but that objection being removed by his present worth, it was soon agreed on, and the lord mayor and aldermen were invited to the wedding. After the honeymoon was over, his father-in-law asked him what employment he would follow, whereupon he replied, he should like that of a merchant. So they joined together in partnership, and both grew immensely rich.

Though fortune had thus bountifully smiled on the subject of our history, he was far from being proud. He was, on the contrary, very merry, which made his company and acquaintance courted by all. In a short time he was nominated Sheriff of London, in the year 1393, Sir John Hadley then being lord mayor.

Thus he grew in riches and fame, being greatly beloved by all, especially the poor, whose hunger he always supplied. In five years' time he was chosen lord mayor, in which office he behaved with such justice and prudence that he was chosen to the same office twice afterwards.

In the last year he entertained King Henry V., after his conquest of France, and his queen at Guildhall, in such a very grand manner, that the king was pleased to say, "Never prince had such a subject," and conferred upon him the honor of knighthood. At this entertainment the king particularly praised the fire, which was made of choice wood, mixed with mace, cinnamon, and all other spices. On which Sir Richard said he would endeavor to make one still more agreeable to his majesty, and immediately tore and threw into the fire the king's bond for ten thousand marks due to the company of mercers; two thousand five hundred to the Chambers of London; two thousand to the grocers; and to the staplers, goldsmiths, haberdashers, vintners, brewers, and bakers, three thousand marks each.

"All these," said Sir Richard, "with divers others, lent for the payment of your soldiers in France, I have taken in and discharged, to the amount of sixty thousand pounds sterling; can your majesty wish to see such another sight?" The king and nobles were struck dumb with surprise at his wealth and liberality.

Sir Richard spent the rest of his days honored by the rich and beloved by the poor. He had by his wife two sons and two daughters, some of whose posterity are worthy citizens. He built many charitable houses, also a church in Vintry Ward, dedicated to St. Michael, adding to it a college, dedicated to St. Mary, with a yearly allowance for poor scholars, near which he erected a hospital, called God's house, and well endowed it. There he caused his father-in-law and mother-in-law to be buried, and left room for himself and wife when death should call them. He built Newgate, a place for criminals. He gave large sums to Bartholomew's Hospital, and to many other charitable uses.

Dame Alice, his wife, died in the sixty-third year of her age, after which he would not marry, though he outlived her near twenty years. In the conclusion, he died, and was buried in the place aforesaid, leaving a good name to posterity; and the following epitaph was written on their tomb, and continued perfect till destroyed by the fire in London: —

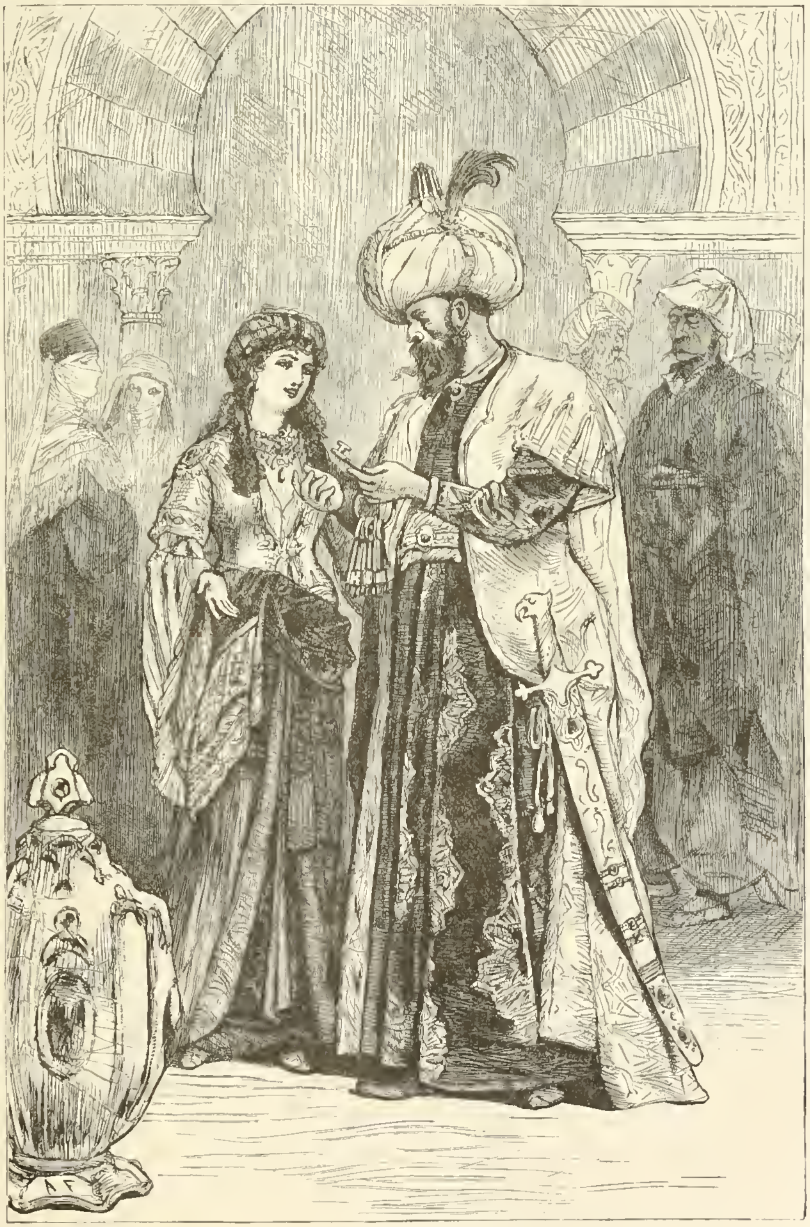
"Here lies Sir Richard Whittington, thrice mayor,
And his dear wife, a virtuous, loving pair;
Him fortune raised to be beloved and great,
By the adventure only of a cat.
Let none that read it of God's love despair,
Who trust in Him, He will of them take care;
But growing rich, choose humbleness, not pride,
Let these dead virtuous persons be your guide."

BLUE BEARD.

Once upon a time there was a man who was very rich. He had a fine house in town and another in the country; in the houses were costly furniture and gold and silver plate; when he drove out it was in a coach covered with gilding. But for all that not a woman or girl would look at him, he was so ugly and terrible. Yes, this man had a blue beard. Now there was in the neighborhood a lady of quality who had two daughters, who were perfectly beautiful. Blue Beard wished to marry one of these and left it to the mother to say which she would give him, but neither of them would have him, for they could not bear to marry a man with a blue beard, and, besides, he had been married several times already, and no one knew what had become of his wives.

Blue Beard, in order to become well acquainted with these young ladies, invited them, their mother, and a few of their particular friends to visit his country seat, where they passed an entire week. Nothing was thought of but jaunts, hunting and fishing, parties, balls, and dinners. Nobody went to bed; the whole night was spent in merry-making. In short, all went off so well that by the end of the week the younger daughter began to think the master of the house an agreeable man, and that his beard was not so very blue, after all. So it was that shortly after the return to town she was married to him.

About a month afterward Blue Beard told his wife that he was forced to take a journey, and should be gone six weeks; he had business of importance to attend to; but she was to amuse herself in his absence, to have all her young friends about her, and to fare as sumptuously as if he were present. "Here," he said, "are the keys of my two large store-rooms; these are for the chests in which the best gold and silver plate are kept; these are for the strong boxes in which I keep my money; these open the caskets that contain my jewels; this is the pass-key to all the apartments. And this," he ended, looking at her fixedly, "is the key to the closet at the end of the long gallery on the ground floor. Open everything and go everywhere except into that closet, which I forbid you to enter, and I forbid you so strictly that if you dare to open the door you will have everything to dread from my anger." She promised faithfully to obey him, and when he had embraced his obedient wife he got into his coach and drove away.



The neighbors and friends of the young bride scarcely waited for an invitation, so eager were they to see all the treasures which the house contained, for never before had they dared to enter it, being much afraid of the blue beard of the owner. Now they made haste to run through all the apartments and to peep into all the closets to which they had entrance. They went into the store-rooms and chambers and admired the elegance of the tapestries, the beds, the sofas, the cabinets, the tables, the lightstands; there were mirrors so large that in them they could see themselves from top to toe, and the mirrors had frames, some of glass, some of silver and some of gold, all more beautiful and magnificent than any they had ever before seen. They never ceased exclaiming upon the wonderful riches of this wonderful man, and they looked with envy upon the fortunate bride. But she heard and saw all with impatience, for she could think of nothing but the closet at the end of the gallery on the ground floor. At length her curiosity became so great to see what it contained that she slipped away from her friends, though that was very rude, and hastened down a secret staircase, nearly falling from the top to the bottom in her excitement. She came to the door of the closet and stopped, remembering what her husband had solemnly said to her, but the temptation was so strong that she could not overcome it. She therefore took the key and opened with trembling hand the door of the closet.

At first she could make out nothing, for the windows were closed there and it was dark; after a short time she began to see that there was blood on the floor, and then that there were dead bodies hung upon the walls. They were the wives of Blue Beard. She was ready to die with fright, and the key of the closet, which she had withdrawn from the lock, fell from her hand. She picked it up, locked the door again, and went up to her chamber to compose herself, but she was too agitated. She looked at the key of the closet, and it was stained with blood. She wiped it and wiped it but the blood would not come off. In vain she washed it, and scrubbed it with sand and freestone, the blood was still there, for the key was enchanted, and there was no means of cleaning it completely; when the blood was washed off one side it came back on the other.

Blue Beard came home that evening. He said that he had received letters on his way telling him that the business on which he was going was already settled. His wife did her best to persuade him that she was delighted at his early return. When morning came he called for his keys. She gave them to him, but her hand trembled. Then he said: —

"Where is the key of the closet at the end of the long gallery? it is not with the rest."

"I must have left it," she replied, "up-stairs on my table."

"Then go at once and bring it to me." She made excuses but they would not serve, and she went and brought the key. Blue Beard looked at it and asked his wife: —

"Why is there blood on this key?"

"I do not know," said the poor woman, paler than death.

"You do not know?" replied Blue Beard. "I know. You wished to enter the closet. Very well, madam, you shall enter it and take your place among the ladies whom you saw there." She flung herself at her husband's feet, weeping and begging pardon for having disobeyed him. Her beauty and grief would have melted a rock, but Blue Beard's heart was harder than rock.

"You must die, madam; you must die at once."

"If I must die," she replied, looking up at him with streaming eyes, "give me a little time to say my prayers."

"I will give you half a quarter of an hour," answered Blue Beard, "but not a minute more." As soon as he had left her she called her sister and said, —

"Sister Anne" (for that was her name) "go up, I pray thee, to the top of the tower and see if my brothers be not coming. They have promised to come to me to-day; if you see them, sign to them to make haste." Sister Anne mounted to the top of the tower and the poor distressed creature called to her every few moments, —

"Anne! Sister Anne! dost thou not see anything coming?" and Sister Anne would answer, —

"I see nothing but the sun making dust, and the grass growing green." In the mean time Blue Beard, with a great cutlass in his hand, called out from below to his wife, —

"Come down quickly, or I will come up to thee!"

"One minute more," replied his wife, and then in a low voice, —

"Anne! Sister Anne! dost thou not see anything coming?" and Sister Anne replied, —

"I see nothing but the sun making dust and the grass growing green."

"Come down quickly," shouted Blue Beard, "or I will come up to thee."

"I come," answered his wife, and then cried, "Anne! Sister Anne! dost thou not see anything coming?"

"I see," said Sister Anne, "a great cloud of dust moving this way."

"Is it my brothers?"

"Alas, no, sister! it is a flock of sheep."

"Wilt thou not come down?" roared Blue Beard.

"I am coming now. Anne! Sister Anne! dost thou not see anything coming?"

"Yes. I see two horsemen coming this way, but they are a great way off. God be praised!" she added in a moment. "They are my brothers. I am beckoning to them to hasten."

"Come down!" and Blue Beard roared so loudly that the house shook. The poor wife went slowly down-stairs, and when she came to her husband she threw herself, all weeping and with disheveled hair, at his feet.

"It is in vain," said Blue Beard, "thou must die," and seizing her hair with one hand, he held his cutlass with the other to strike off her head. The poor wife lifted her weeping eyes up to him and implored him to give her one moment in which to collect her thoughts.

"No, no," said he, "commend thyself to God." He raised his arm — at this moment there was a loud knocking at the gate and Blue Beard stopped short. The gate flew open and two horsemen sprang in and ran with drawn swords upon Blue Beard. He knew them at once, they were the brothers of his wife, one was a dragoon, the other a musketeer, and Blue Beard ran to the house to save himself. But they were upon him in a moment and before he could reach the door they had slain him with their swords. The poor wife was almost dead herself with fear, and could scarcely rise to embrace her brothers.

It was found that Blue Beard had no heirs, and so his young wife became mistress of all his riches. She spent part of it in marrying her sister Anne to a young gentleman whom she had long loved, another part in buying captains' commissions for her two brothers, and with the rest she married herself a very worthy man, who made her forget her wretchedness with Blue Beard.

THE HISTORY OF FORTUNATUS.

In the famous Island of Cyprus there is a stately city called Famagosta, in which lived a wealthy citizen named Theodorus. He being left young by his parents addicted himself to all pleasure, resorting to the courts of princes and spending all his wealth in riotous living, to the grief of his friends, who, thinking to make him leave his idle courses, got him married to a rich citizen's daughter named Gratiana.

In one year after their marriage Gratiana gave birth to a son, who was named Fortunatus. Theodorus, in a short time, began again to follow his old, bad courses, insomuch that he sold and mortgaged his land, until he had wasted all his estate, so that he fell into extreme poverty. Gratiana was forced to dress her meat and wash her clothes herself, not being able to keep one servant, or hire the meanest assistance.

Theodorus and his wife sitting one day at a poor dinner, he could hardly refrain from weeping, which his son, who was now about eighteen years of age, and skilled in hunting, hawking, and playing on the lute, perceiving, said, "Father, what aileth you? for I observe, when you look upon me, you seem sad. Sir, I have in some way offended you."

Theodorus answered, "My dear son, thou art not the cause of my grief, but I myself have been the sole cause of the pinching poverty we all feel. When I call to mind the wealth and honor so lately enjoyed, and when I consider how unable I am now to help my child, it is that which vexes me."

To this his son replied, "Beloved father, do not take immoderate care for me, for I am young and strong. I have not been so brought up but that I can shift for myself. I will go abroad and try my fortune. I fear not but I shall find work and preferment."

Soon after, without the least ceremony, Fortunatus set out, with a hawk on his hand, and traveled towards the seaside, where he espied a galley of Venice lying at anchor. He inquired what ship she was, and where bound, hoping he might here find employment. He was told the Earl of Flanders was on board, and had lost two of his men.

Fortunatus, wishing that he could be entertained as one of the servants, and so get away from his native place, where his poverty was so well known, steps up to the earl, and says, "I understand, noble lord, you have lost two of your men; if so you please, I desire to be received into your service." "What wages do you ask?" says the earl. "No wages," says Fortunatus, "but to be rewarded according to my deserts." This answer pleased the earl, so they agreed, and sailed to Venice.

The earl now turned back and was joyfully received by his subjects, and welcomed by his neighbors, for he was a very affable and just prince. Soon after his return he married the Duke of Cleve's daughter, who was a very beautiful lady. At the wedding, to which came several lords, tournaments were held before the ladies, and though there were so many gentlemen, yet none behaved so well as Fortunatus.

After the nobles had finished their triumphs and delightful games, the duke and the bride and bridegroom agreed to let their servants try their manhood at several pastimes for two jewels, each worth a hundred crowns. This made all the servants glad, every one striving to do his best.

The Duke of Burgundy's servant won one, and Fortunatus the other, which displeased the other servants. Upon which they desired the duke's servant to challenge Fortunatus to fight him before the ladies, the winner to have both jewels. This challenge he accepted. Coming to the tilt-yard, they encountered each other very briskly, and at last Fortunatus hoisted the duke's servant quite off his horse, at spear's length. Whereupon he obtained the victory, and got the jewels, which increased the envy of all the other servants, but much rejoiced the earl.

Among the earl's servants was a crafty old fellow, who consulted with the rest of the servants, and agreed, for ten crowns, to make Fortunatus quit his master's service of his own accord. To accomplish the affair he pretended great friendship to Fortunatus, treating him, and praising him much for his great courage.

At last he told him he had a secret to reveal to him, which was, that his lord having conceived a jealousy of his two chamberlains, of whom Fortunatus was one, he had a design privately to have them whipped. This much amazed Fortunatus, who desired his fellow-servant to inform him how to convey himself away; "for," said he, "I had rather wander as a vagabond, than be so served." Says Robert, "I am sorry I told thee anything, since I shall now lose thy company." Being resolved to go off, however, he desired Robert to conceal his departure, and mounting his horse rode away.

When Fortunatus had ridden ten miles he bought another horse, and returned the earl's, that he might not pursue him; but when the earl found he was gone without his leave, not knowing the cause, he was offended, and demanded of the servants if they knew the occasion; which they all denied. Then he went to the ladies and gentlewomen, and inquired of them if they knew anything of his departure. And they answered, No.

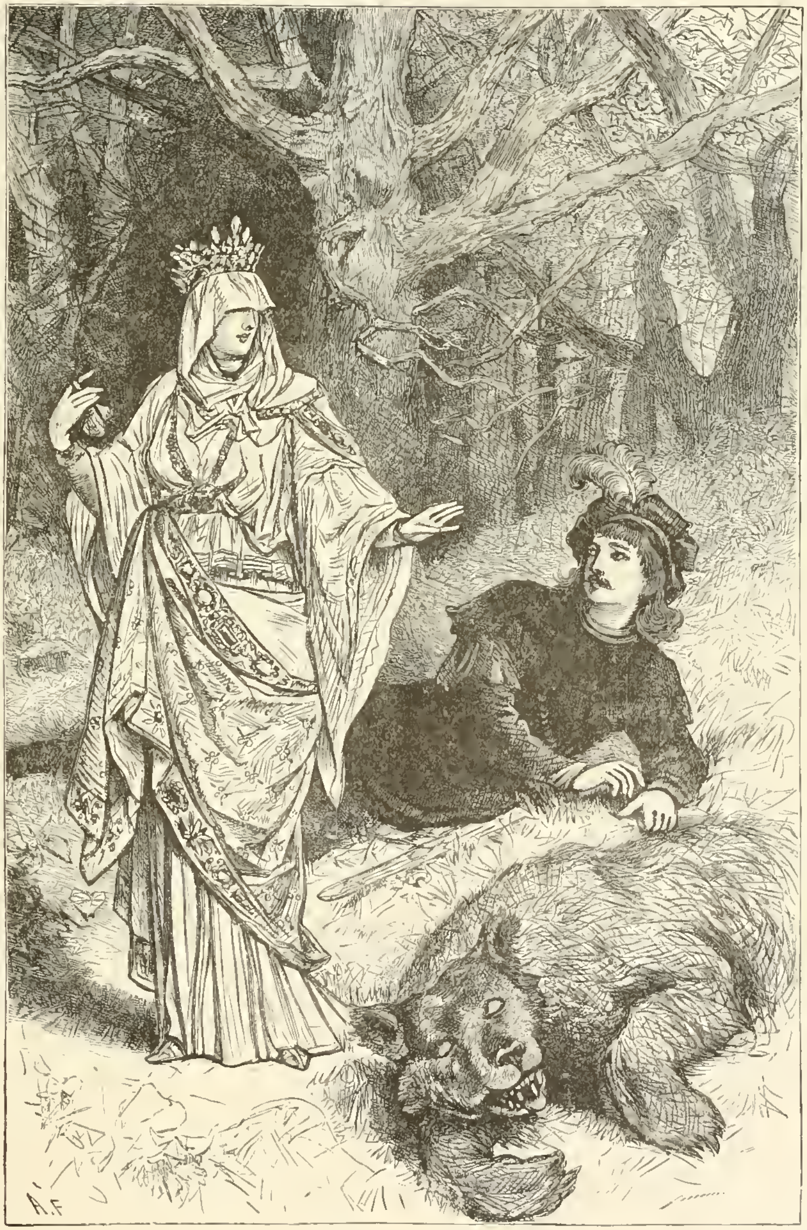
Then said the earl, "Though the cause of his departure is hidden from me, yet I am persuaded he is not gone without some cause, which I will find out, if it be possible." When Robert found his lord was so vexed for the loss of Fortunatus, he went and hanged himself, for fear of being discovered.

Fortunatus, having sent home his master's horse, traveled with all speed to Calais, where he took shipping, and arrived safe in England. Coming to London, he met with some young Cyprus merchants, his countrymen, who riotously spent their money in gaming; so that in about half a year's time their cash was quite spent. Fortunatus, having least, was soon exhausted.

Being moneyless, he went to some of his landladies to borrow three crowns, telling them he wanted to go to Flanders to fetch four hundred crowns that were in his uncle's hands; but he was denied, and none would they lend him. He then desired to be trusted for a quart of wine; but they refused, and bid the servants fetch him a pint of small beer. He then took shipping, and soon arrived in Picardy in France.

Traveling through a wood, and being benighted, he approached an old house, where he hoped to find some relief; but there was no creature in it. Then, hearing a noise among the bears, he got up into a tree, where one of them had climbed. Fortunatus, being surprised, drew his sword, and struck the bear, so that he fell from the tree. The rest of the beasts being gone, Fortunatus came down from the tree, and, laying his mouth to the wound, sucked out some of the blood, with which he was refreshed, and then slept until morning.

As soon as Fortunatus awoke, he saw standing before him a fair lady, with her eyes muffled. "I beseech thee," said he, "sweet virgin, to assist me, that I may get out of this wood, for I have traveled a great way without food." She asked what country he was of. He replied, "Of Cyprus, and am constrained by poverty to seek my fortune." "Fear not, Fortunatus," said she; "I am the Goddess Fortune, and by the permission of Heaven have the power of six gifts, one of which I will bestow on thee. So choose for yourself. They are, Wisdom, Strength, Riches, Health, Beauty, and Long Life."



Said Fortunatus, "I desire to have Riches as long as I live." With that she gave him a purse, saying, "As often as you put your hand into this purse, you shall find ten pounds of the coin of any nation you shall happen to be in." Fortunatus returned many thanks to the goddess. Then she bid him follow her out of the wood, and so vanished.

He then put his hand into the purse, and drew out the first-fruits of the goddess's bounty, with which he went to an inn, and refreshed himself. After which he paid his host, and instantly departed, as doubting the reality of his money, notwithstanding the evidence of his hands and eyes.

Two miles from this wood was a little town and castle, where dwelt an earl who owned the wood. Fortunatus here took up his lodging at the best inn, and asked the host if he could help him to some good horses. The host him told there was a dealer who had several very fine ones, of which the earl had chosen three; but was refused, though he offered three hundred crowns for them. Fortunatus went to his chamber, and took out of his purse six hundred crowns, and bid the host to send for the dealer with his horses.

The host at first supposed he had been in jest, seeing him so meanly appareled; but on being convinced by the sight of the money, the dealer and horses were sent for, and Fortunatus, with a few words, bargained for two of those the earl had wanted, and gave three hundred crowns for them. He bought also costly saddles and furniture, and desired his host to get him two servants.

The earl, hearing that the two horses had been bought out of his hands, grew angry, and sent to the innkeeper, to be informed who he was. The earl, being told that he was a stranger, commanded him to be apprehended, imagining he had committed some robbery. Fortunatus, on being questioned who he was, answered he was born in Cyprus, and was the son of a decayed gentleman. The earl asked him how he got so much money. He told him he came by it honestly.

Then the earl swore in a violent passion, that if he would not discover, he would put him to the rack. Fortunatus proposed to die rather than reveal it. Upon this he was put on the rack; and being again asked how he got so many crowns, he said that he found them in a wood adjoining. "Thou villain," said the earl, "the money you found is mine, and thy body and goods are forfeited." "O my gracious lord," said he, "I knew not it was in your dominion." "But," said the earl, "this shall not excuse you, for to-day I will take thy goods, and to-morrow thy life."

Then did Fortunatus wish he had chosen Wisdom before Riches. He earnestly begged his life of the earl, who, at the entreaty of some of the nobles, spared his life, and restored him the crowns and his purse, and charged him never to come into his dominion. Fortunatus rejoiced that he had so well escaped, and had not lost his purse.

After that he had traveled towards his own country, having got horses and servants to attend him, he arrived at Famagosta, where it was told him that his father and mother were dead. He then purchased his father's house, pulled it down, and built a stately palace. He also built a fine church, and had three tombs made: one for his father and mother, the other for the wife he intended to marry, and the last for his heirs and himself.

Not far from Famagosta lived a lord who had three daughters, one of whom the King of Cyprus intended to bestow on Fortunatus, but gave him leave to take his choice. When Fortunatus had asked them the question, he chose the youngest, to the great grief of the other two sisters; but the countess and earl approved of the match. Fortunatus presented the countess, his wife's mother, and her two sisters with several rich jewels.

Then did the king offer to keep the wedding at his court; but Fortunatus wished to keep it at his own palace, desiring the king and queen's company. "Then," said the king, "I will come with my queen and all my relations." After four days the king and all his company went to Fortunatus' house, where they were entertained in a grand manner. His house was adorned with costly furniture, glorious to behold. This feasting lasted forty days. Then the king returned to his court, vastly well satisfied with the entertainment. After this, Fortunatus made another feast for the citizens, their wives and daughters.

Fortunatus and his wife Cassandra lived long in a happy state, and found no want of anything but children. Fortunatus knew the virtue of his purse would fail at his death if he had no heirs. Therefore he made it constantly his prayer to God that he would be pleased to send him a child, and at length in due time a son was born to him, and he named him Ampadu. Shortly after, he had another son: and he provided for them the best of tutors, to take care they had an education suitable to their fortunes.

Fortunatus, having been married twelve years, took it into his head to travel once more; which his wife much opposed, desiring him, by all the love he bore to her and her dear children, not to leave them. But he was resolved, and soon after took leave of his wife and children, promising them to return again in a short space. A few days after, he took shipping for Alexandria, where he stayed some time, and got acquainted with the sultan, whose favor he gained so as to receive letters to carry him safe through his dominions.

Fortunatus, after supper, opened his purse, and gave to all the sultan's servants very liberally. The sultan, being highly pleased, told Fortunatus he would show him such curiosities as he had never seen. Then he took him to a strong marble tower. In the first room were several very rich vessels and jewels; in the second he showed several vessels of gold coin, with a fine wardrobe of garments, and golden candlesticks, which shone all over the room, and mightily pleased Fortunatus.

Then the sultan showed him his bed-chamber, which was finely adorned; and likewise a small felt hat, simple to behold; saying, "I set more value on this hat than on all my jewels, as such another is not to be had, for it lets a person be wherever he doth wish."

Fortunatus imagined this hat would agree very well with his purse, and he thereupon put it on his head, saying he should be very glad of a hat that had such virtue. So the sultan immediately gave it to him. With that he suddenly wished himself in his ship, it being then under sail, that he might return to his own country. The sultan, looking out of the window and seeing the ship under sail, was very angry, and commanded his men to fetch him back, declaring, if they took him, he should be immediately put to death. But all in vain. Fortunatus was too quick for them, and arriving safe at Famagosta, richly laden, was joyfully received by his wife, two sons, and the citizens.

He now began to care for the advancement of his children, maintained a princely court, and provided masters to instruct his children in all manner of chivalry. The youngest was most inclined to behave manfully, which caused Fortunatus to bestow many jewels upon him for his exploits. When he had many years enjoyed all earthly pleasures, Cassandra died, which so grieved him that he prepared himself for death also.

Fortunatus, perceiving his death to approach, said to his two sons: "God has taken away your mother, who so tenderly nourished you; and I, perceiving death at hand, will show you how you may continue in honor to your dying days." Then he declared to them the virtue of his purse, and that it would last no longer than their lives. He also told them the virtue of his wishing-hat, and commanded them not to part with those jewels, but to keep them in common, and live friendly together, and not to make any person privy to their virtues; "For," said he, "I have concealed them forty years, and never revealed them to any but you." Having said this, he ceased to speak and immediately gave up the ghost. His sons buried him in the magnificent church before mentioned.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

IN the days of King Alfred, there lived a poor woman, whose cottage was in a remote country village, many miles from London. She had been a widow some years, and had an only child named Jack, whom she indulged so much that he never paid the least attention to anything she said, but was idle, careless, and wasteful. His follies were not owing to a bad disposition, but to his mother's foolish partiality. By degrees, he spent all that she had — scarcely anything remained but a cow. One day, for the first time in her life, she reproached him: "Cruel, cruel boy! you have at last brought me to beggary. I have not money enough to purchase even a bit of bread; nothing now remains to sell but my poor cow! I am sorry to part with her; it grieves me sadly, but we cannot starve." For a few minutes Jack felt remorse, but it was soon over; and he began asking his mother to let him sell the cow at the next village, and teased her so much that she at last consented. As he was going along he met a butcher, who inquired why he was driving the cow from home? Jack replied, he was going to sell it. The butcher held some curious beans in his hat; they were of various colors, and attracted Jack's attention: this did not pass unnoticed by the man, who, knowing Jack's easy temper, thought now was the time to take advantage of it; and, determined not to let slip so good a chance, asked what was the price of the cow, offering at the same time all the beans in his hat for her. The silly boy could not hide the pleasure he felt at what he fancied so great an offer: the bargain was struck instantly, and the cow exchanged for a few paltry beans. Jack made the best of his way home, calling aloud to his mother before he reached the door, thinking to surprise her.

When she saw the beans, and heard Jack's account, her patience quite forsook her: she tossed the beans out of the window, where they fell on the garden-bed below. Then she threw her apron over her head, and cried bitterly. Jack tried to console her, but in vain, and, not having anything to eat, they both went supperless to bed. Jack awoke early in the morning, and seeing something uncommon darkening the window of his bed-chamber, ran down-stairs into the garden, where he found some of the beans had taken root, and sprung up surprisingly: the stalks were of an immense thickness, and had twined together until they formed a ladder like a chain, and so high that the top appeared to be lost in the clouds. Jack was an adventurous lad; he determined to climb up to the top, and ran to tell his mother, not doubting but that she would be equally pleased. She declared he should not go; said it would break her heart if he did — entreated and threatened, but all in vain. Jack set out, and after climbing for some hours reached the top of the bean-stalk, quite exhausted. Looking around, he found himself in a strange country; it appeared to be a barren desert — not a tree, shrub, house, or living creature was to be seen; here and there were scattered fragments of stone; and at unequal distances small heaps of earth were loosely thrown together.

Jack seated himself upon a block of stone, and thought of his mother; he thought with sorrow upon his disobedience in climbing the bean-stalk against her will, and feared that he must die of hunger. However, he walked on, hoping to see a house, where he might beg something to eat and drink. He did not find it; but he saw at a distance a beautiful lady, walking alone. She was elegantly clad, and carried a white wand, at the top of which sat a peacock of pure gold.

Jack, who was a gallant fellow, went straight up to her; when, with a bewitching smile, she asked him how he came there. He told her all about the bean-stalk. The lady answered him by a question, "Do you remember your father, young man?"

"No, madam; but I am sure there is some mystery about him, for when I name him to my mother she always begins to weep, and will tell me nothing."

"She dare not," replied the lady, "but I can and will. For know, young man, that I am a fairy, and was your father's guardian. But fairies are bound by laws as well as mortals; and by an error of mine I lost my power for a term of years, so that I was unable to succor your father when he most needed it, and he died." Here the fairy looked so sorrowful that Jack's heart warmed to her, and he begged her earnestly to tell him more.

"I will; only you must promise to obey me in everything, or you will perish yourself."

Jack was brave, and, besides, his fortunes were so bad they could not well be worse — so he promised.

The fairy continued: "Your father, Jack, was a most excellent, amiable, generous man. He had a good wife, faithful servants, plenty of money; but he had one misfortune — a false friend. This was a giant, whom he had succored in misfortune, and who returned his kindness by murdering him, and seizing on all his property; also making your mother take a solemn oath that she would never tell you anything about your father, or he would murder both her and you. Then he turned her off with you in her arms, to wander about the wide world as she might. I could not help her, as my power only returned on the day you went to sell your cow."

"It was I," added the fairy, "who impelled you to take the beans, who made the bean-stalk grow, and inspired you with the desire to climb up it to this strange country; for it is here the wicked giant lives who was your father's destroyer. It is you who must avenge him, and rid the world of a monster who never will do anything but evil. I will help you. You may lawfully take possession of his house and all his riches, for everything he has belonged to your father, and is therefore yours. Now farewell! Do not let your mother know you are acquainted with your father's history; this is my command, and if you disobey me you will suffer for it. Now go."

Jack asked where he was to go.

"Along the direct road, till you see the house where the giant lives. You must then act according to your own judgment, and I will guide you if any difficulty arises. Farewell!"

She bestowed on the youth a benignant smile, and vanished.

Jack pursued his journey. He walked on till after sunset, when, to his great joy, he espied a large mansion. A plain-looking woman was at the door: he accosted her, begging she would give him a morsel of bread and a night's lodging. She expressed the greatest surprise, and said it was quite uncommon to see a human being near their house; for it was well known that her husband was a powerful giant, who would never eat anything but human flesh, if he could possibly get it; that he would walk fifty miles to procure it, usually being out the whole day for that purpose.

This account greatly terrified Jack, but still he hoped to elude the giant, and therefore he again entreated the woman to take him in for one night only, and hide him where she thought proper. She at last suffered herself to be persuaded, for she was of a compassionate and generous nature, and took him into the house. First, they entered a fine large hall, magnificently furnished; then they passed through several spacious rooms, in the same style of grandeur; but all appeared forsaken and desolate. A long gallery came next, it was very dark — just light enough to show that, instead of a wall on one side, there was a grating of iron which parted off a dismal dungeon, from whence issued the groans of those victims whom the cruel giant kept in confinement for his own voracious appetite. Poor Jack was half dead with fear, and would have given the world to have been with his mother again, for he now began to doubt if he should ever see her more; he even mistrusted the good woman, and thought she had let him into the house for no other purpose than to lock him up among the unfortunate people in the dungeon. However, he sat down to the abundant table when she bade him, and, not seeing anything to make him uncomfortable, soon forgot his fear, and was just beginning to enjoy himself, when he was startled by a loud knocking at the outer door, which made the whole house shake.

"Ah! that's the giant; and if he sees you he will kill you and me too," cried the poor woman, trembling all over. "What shall I do?"

"Hide me in the oven," cried Jack, now as bold as a lion at the thought of being face to face with his father's cruel murderer. So he crept into the oven — for there was no fire near it — and listened to the giant's loud voice and heavy step as he went up and down the kitchen scolding his wife. At last he seated himself at table, and Jack, peeping through a crevice in the oven, was amazed to see what a quantity of food he devoured. It seemed as if he never would have done eating and drinking; but he did at last, and, leaning back, called to his wife in a voice like thunder: —

"Bring me my hen!"

She obeyed, and placed upon the table a very beautiful live hen.

"Lay!" roared the giant, and the hen laid immediately an egg of solid gold.

"Lay another!" and every time the giant said this the hen laid a larger egg than before.

He amused himself a long time with his hen, and then sent his wife to bed, while he fell asleep by the fireside, and snored like the roaring of cannon.

As soon as he was asleep Jack crept out of the oven, seized the hen, and ran off with her. He got safely out of the house, and finding his way along the road by which he had come, reached the top of the bean-stalk, which he descended in safety.

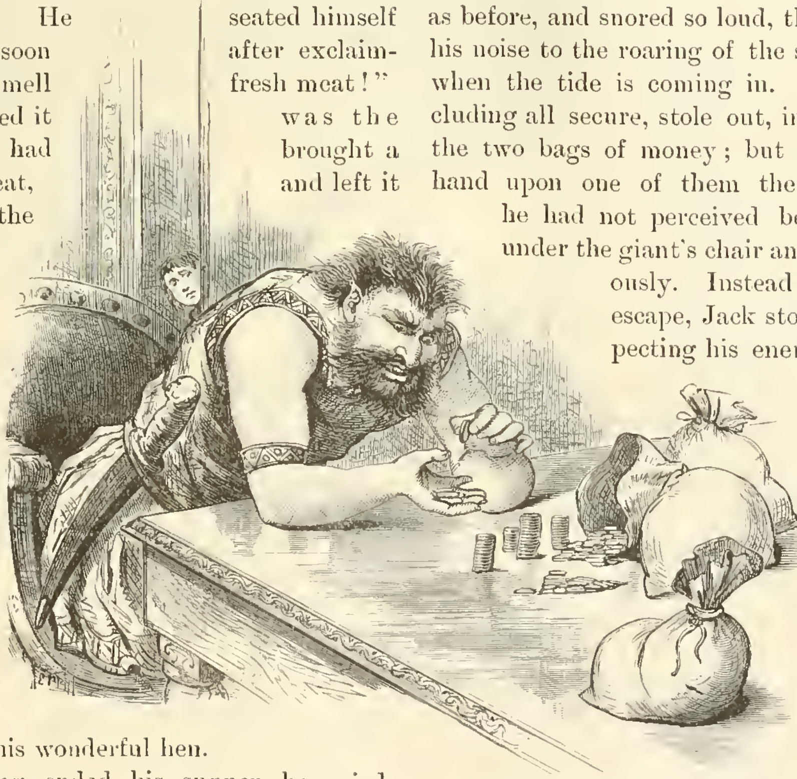
His mother was overjoyed to see him. She thought he had come to some ill end.

"Not a bit of it, mother. Look here!" and he showed her the hen. "Now lay!" and the hen obeyed him as readily as she did the giant, and laid as many golden eggs as he desired.

These eggs being sold, Jack and his mother got plenty of money, and for some months lived very happily together; till Jack had another great longing to climb the bean-stalk, and carry away some more of the giant's riches. He had told his mother of his adventure, but had been very careful not to say a word about his father. He thought of his journey again and again, but still he could not summon resolution enough to break it to his mother, being well assured that she would endeavor to prevent his going. However, one day he told her boldly that he must take another journey up the bean-stalk; she begged and prayed him not to think of it, and tried all in her power to dissuade him. She told him that the giant's wife would certainly know him again, and that the giant would desire nothing better than to get him into his power, that he might put him to a cruel death, in order to be revenged for the loss of his hen. Jack, finding that all his arguments were useless, ceased speaking, though resolved to go at all events. He had a dress prepared which would disguise him, and something to color his skin; he thought it impossible for any one to recollect him in this dress.

A few mornings after, he rose very early and, unperceived by any one, climbed the bean-stalk a second time. He was greatly fatigued when he reached the top, and very hungry. Having rested some time on one of the stones, he pursued his journey to the giant's mansion, which he reached late in the evening: the woman was at the door as before. Jack addressed her, at the same time telling her a pitiful tale, and requesting that she would give him some victuals and drink, and also a night's lodging.

She told him (what he knew before very well) about her husband's being a powerful and cruel giant, and also that she had one night admitted a poor, hungry, friendless boy; that the little ungrateful fellow had stolen one of the giant's treasures; and ever since that her husband had been worse than before, using her very cruelly, and continually upbraiding her with being the cause of his misfortune. Jack felt sorry for her, but confessed nothing, and did his best to persuade her to admit him, but found it a very hard task. At last she consented, and as she led the way, Jack observed that everything was just as he had found it before: she took him into the kitchen, and after he had done eating and drinking, she hid him in an old lumber-closet. The giant returned at the usual time, and walked in so heavily that the house was shaken to its foundation. He seated himself by the fire, and soon after exclaimed: "Wife, I smell fresh meat!" The wife replied it was the crows, which had brought a piece of raw meat, and left it at the top of the house. While supper was preparing, the giant was very ill-tempered and impatient, frequently lifting up his hand to strike his wife for not being quick enough. He was also continually upbraiding her with the loss of his wonderful hen.



At last, having ended his supper, he cried, "Give me something to amuse me — my harp or my money-bags."

"Which will you have, my dear?" said the wife, humbly.

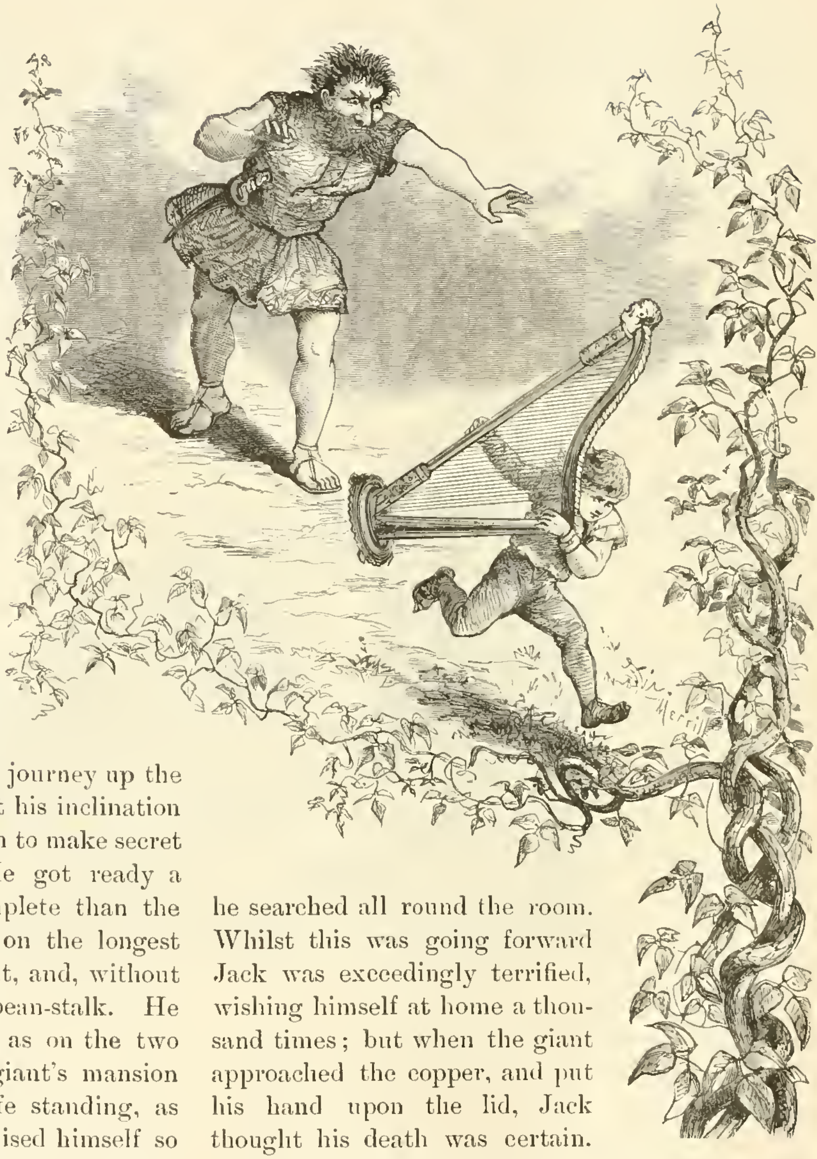
"My money-bags, because they are the heaviest to carry," thundered he.

She brought them, staggering under the weight; two bags — one filled with new guineas, and the other with new shillings; she emptied them out on the table, and the giant began counting them in great glee. "Now you may go to bed, you old fool." So the wife crept away.

Jack, from his hiding-place, watched the counting of the money, which he knew was his poor father's, and wished it was his own; it would give him much less trouble than going about selling the golden eggs. The giant, little thinking he was so narrowly observed, reckoned it all up, and then replaced it in the two bags, which he tied up very carefully and put beside his chair, with his little dog to guard them. At last he fell asleep as before, and snored so loud, that Jack compared his noise to the roaring of the sea in a high wind, when the tide is coming in. At last Jack, concluding all secure, stole out, in order to carry off the two bags of money; but just as he laid his hand upon one of them the little dog, which he had not perceived before, started from under the giant's chair and barked most furiously. Instead of endeavoring to escape, Jack stood still, though expecting his enemy to awake every instant. Contrary, however, to his expectation, the giant continued in a sound sleep, and Jack, seeing a piece of meat, threw it to the dog, who at once ceased barking, and began to devour it. So Jack carried off the bags, one on each shoulder, but they were so heavy that it took him two whole days to descend the bean-stalk and get back to his mother's door.

When he came he found the cottage deserted. He ran from one room to another, without being able to find any one; he then hastened into the village, hoping to see some of the neighbors, who could inform him where he could find his mother. An old woman at last directed him to a neighboring house, where she was ill of a fever. He was greatly shocked at finding her apparently dying, and blamed himself bitterly as the cause of it all.

However, at sight of her dear son the poor woman revived, and slowly recovered health. Jack gave her his two money-bags: they had the cottage rebuilt and well furnished, and lived happier than they had ever done before.



For three years Jack talked no more of the bean-stalk, but he could not forget it, though he feared making his mother unhappy. It was in vain endeavoring to amuse himself; he became thoughtful, and would arise at the first dawn of day, and sit looking at the bean-stalk for hours together. His mother saw that something preyed upon his mind, and endeavored to discover the cause; but Jack knew too well what the consequence would be should she succeed. He did his utmost, therefore, to conquer the great desire he had for another journey up the bean-stalk. Finding, however, that his inclination grew too powerful for him, he began to make secret preparations for his journey. He got ready a new disguise, better and more complete than the former; and when summer came, on the longest day he woke as soon as it was light, and, without telling his mother, ascended the bean-stalk. He found the road and journey much as on the two former times. He arrived at the giant's mansion in the evening, and found the wife standing, as usual, at the door. Jack had disguised himself so completely that she did not appear to have the least recollection of him; however, when he pleaded hunger and poverty, in order to gain admittance, he found it very difficult indeed to persuade her. At last he prevailed, and was concealed in the copper. When the giant returned, he said, furiously, "I smell fresh meat!" But Jack felt quite composed, as he had said so before, and had been soon satisfied. However, the giant started up suddenly, and, notwithstanding all his wife could say, he searched all round the room. Whilst this was going forward Jack was exceedingly terrified, wishing himself at home a thousand times; but when the giant approached the copper, and put his hand upon the lid, Jack thought his death was certain. However, nothing happened; for the giant did not take the trouble to lift up the lid, but sat down shortly by the fireside, and began to eat his enormous supper. When he had finished, he commanded his wife to fetch his harp. Jack peeped under the copper-lid, and saw a most beautiful harp. The giant placed it on the table, said "Play!" and it played of its own accord, without anybody touching it, the most exquisite music imaginable. Jack, who was a very good musician, was delighted, and more anxious to get this than any other of his enemy's treasures. But the giant not being particularly fond of music, the harp had only the effect of lulling him to sleep earlier than usual. As for the wife, she had gone to bed as soon as ever she could.

As soon as he thought all was safe, Jack got out of the copper, and seizing the harp, was eagerly running off with it. But the harp was enchanted by a fairy, and as soon as it found itself in strange hands it called out loudly, just as if it had been alive, "Master! Master!"

The giant awoke, started up, and saw Jack scampering away as fast as his legs could carry him.

"O you villain! it is you who have robbed me of my hen and my money-bags, and now you are stealing my harp also. Wait till I catch you, and I 'll eat you up alive!"

"Very well; try!" shouted Jack, who was not a bit afraid, for he saw the giant was so tipsy he could hardly stand, much less run; and he himself had young legs and a clear conscience, which carry a man a long way. So, after leading the giant a considerable race, he contrived to be first at the top of the bean-stalk, and then scrambled down it as fast as he could, the harp playing all the while the most melancholy music, till he said, "Stop," and it stopped.

Arrived at the bottom, he found his mother sitting at her cottage-door, weeping silently.

"Here, mother, don't cry; just give me a hatchet; make haste." For he knew there was not a moment to spare; he saw the giant beginning to descend the bean-stalk.

The giant was midway when Jack with his hatchet cut the bean-stalk close off at the root; the monster fell headlong into the garden, and was killed on the spot.

Instantly the fairy appeared, and explained everything to Jack's mother, begging her to forgive Jack, who was his father's own son for bravery and generosity, and who would be sure to make her happy for the rest of her days.

So all ended well, and nothing was ever more heard or seen of the wonderful Bean-stalk.

THE HISTORY OF VALENTINE AND ORSON.

It stands upon record that Pepin, king of France, had a fair sister named Bellisant, who was married to Alexander, the Emperor of Greece, and by him carried to his capital at Constantinople; from whence, after having lived with great virtue, she was banished through the means of a false accuser, whom she had severely checked for his imprudence. Although she was ill, yet was she compelled to leave her husband's empire, to the great regret of the people, and went away attended by a squire named Blandiman.

After a long and fatiguing journey, she arrived in the forest of Orleans, where, being very faint, she dismissed her attendant for a nurse, but before his return gave birth to two lovely children, one of which was carried off by a she-bear; but she, wishing to save it, pursued on her hands and knees, leaving the other behind. Before her return, King Pepin, being a-hunting in the forest, came to the tree where she had left the other babe, and causing it to be taken up, sent it to a nurse, and when it grew up he called his name Valentine. Blandiman at length came back and instead of finding his mistress, found her brother Pepin at the tree, to whom he declared all that had happened, and how his sister was banished through the false suggestions of the arch-priest. But King Pepin, hearing this, believed the charge, and was greatly enraged against the Lady Bellisant, saying the emperor ought to have put her to death. So leaving Blandiman, he returned with his nobles to Paris.

The Lady Bellisant, having followed the bear to no purpose, returned to the place where she had left the other babe; but great was her sorrow when Blandiman said he had seen her brother Pepin, but could tell nothing of the child; and having comforted her for the loss of it, they went to the seaside, took shipping, and arrived at the castle of the great Feragus, in Portugal.

All this while the bear nourished the infant among her young ones, until at length it grew up a wild, hairy man, doing great mischief to all that passed through the forest; in which we will leave him and return to the arch-priest, who continued his ill-doing until he was impeached by a merchant of having wrongfully accused the empress; upon which they fought, and the merchant conquering, made the priest confess all his treasons. The emperor wrote about it to the King of France and the arch-priest was hanged.

Now was Valentine grown a lusty young man, and by the king was greatly beloved, as if he had been his own child; he commanded him to be taught the use of arms, in which he soon became so expert that few in the court dared to encounter him, which made Hufray and Henry, the king's sons, exceedingly envy him. At this juncture great complaints were made against the Wild Man, from whom no knight who had encountered him had escaped with his life, which made the king promise a thousand marks to any one who should bring him dead or alive, which offer none dared to accept. Hufray and Henry desired King Pepin to send Valentine, with a view of getting rid of so powerful a rival in the king's favor; but his majesty, seeing their malice, was very angry, telling them he had rather lose the best baron in the land.

However, Valentine desired leave of his majesty to go to the forest, resolving either to conquer the Wild Man or die in the attempt. Accordingly, having furnished himself with a good horse and arms, he set forward on his journey, and after hard traveling he arrived in the forest. In the evening he tied his horse to a large spreading oak, and got up into a tree himself for security, where he rested that night.

Next morning he beheld the Wild Man traversing the forest in search of his prey; at length he came to the tree where Valentine's horse stood, from whom he pulled many hairs, upon which the horse kicked him. The Wild Man feeling the pain, was going to tear him to pieces, which Valentine seeing, made signs as if he would fight him, and accordingly he leaped down and gave him a blow, but the Wild Man caught him by the arm and threw him to the ground; then taking up Valentine's shield, he beheld it with amaze, in respect to the colors thereon emblazoned. Valentine being much bruised, got up and came to his brother in much anger, but Orson ran to a tree, and then they engaged, but both being terribly wounded, gave out by consent; after which Valentine signified to Orson that if he would yield to him he would order matters so as he should become a rational creature.

Orson, thinking that he meant no harm, stretched forth his hands to him; upon which he bound him and then led him to Paris, where he presented him to King Pepin, who had the Wild Man baptized by the name of Orson, from his being taken in a wood. Orson's actions, during their stay there, very much amused the whole court, so that at length the Duke of Acquitain sent letters importing that whoever should overcome the Green Knight, a fierce Pagan champion, should have his daughter Fazon in marriage. Upon which Valentine set out for that province, attended by his brother Orson, by which means he came to the knowledge of his parents, as we shall find hereafter.

After a long journey, Valentine and Orson arrived at Duke Savary's palace in Acquitain, and making known the reasons that brought them there, were presented to Fazon, to whom Valentine thus addressed himself: "Sweet creature! King Pepin has sent me hither to fight the Green Knight, and with me the bravest knight in all his realm, who, though he is dumb and naked, is endued with such valor that no knight under the sun is able to cope with him."

During this speech she viewed Orson narrowly and he her; but supper coming in, interrupted them, and they sat down to eat. Whilst they were in the midst of their feasting, the Green Knight entered, saying, —

"Noble Duke of Acquitain, hast thou any more knights to cope with me for thy daughter?"

"Yea," replied the duke, "I have seventeen," and so he showed them to him. The Green Knight then said to them: —

"Eat your fill, for to-morrow will be your last."

Orson, hearing what he had said, was much incensed against him, and suddenly rising from the table, threw the Green Knight with such force against the wall as laid him dead for some time, which very much pleased the whole company. Next day, many knights went to fight the Green Knight, but he overcame and slew them all, until at last Orson, being armed in Valentine's armor, came to the Green Knight's pavilion, and defying him, they began the most desperate combat that ever was heard of, and the Green Knight made so great a stroke at him, as cut off the top of his helmet, and half his shield, wounding him much. But this served only to enrage the valiant Orson, who, coming to him on foot, took hold of him, and pulling him from his horse, got astride him, and was just going to kill him, when he was prevented by Valentine, who interceded with Orson to spare his life, on condition of his turning Christian, and he acquainted King Pepin how he was conquered.

The Green Knight having promised to perform all that was desired, they led him a prisoner to the city of Acquitain, and the duke received them with great joy, and offered the Lady Fazon to Orson; but he would not marry her till his brother had won the Green Knight's sister, Lady Clerimond, nor till they had talked with the enchanted Head of Brass, to know his parents, and get the proper use of his tongue. When the lady knew this she was very sorrowful, because she loved Orson, and was resolved to marry none but him who had nobly conquered the Green Knight.

Valentine and Orson having taken leave of the Duke of Acquitain and his daughter Fazon, proceeded on their journey in search of the Lady Clerimond, and at last came to a tower of burnished brass; which upon inquiry they discovered to be kept by Clerimond, sister to Feragus and the Green Knight; and having demanded entrance were refused it by the sentinel, which provoked Valentine to that degree that he drew sword against him with such fury as to make the sentinel fall dead at his feet.

The Lady Clerimond beheld all this dispute, and, seeing them brave knights, received them courteously. Valentine having presented tokens from the Green Knight, told her he came there for the love of her, and to discourse with the all-knowing Head of Brass concerning their parents. After dinner the Lady Clerimond took them by the hand, and led them to the Chamber of Varieties, where the Head was placed between four pillars of pure jasper. When they entered the chamber the Head made the following speech to Valentine: —

"Thou famous knight of royal extract art called Valentine the Valiant, who of right ought to marry the Lady Clerimond. Thou art son to the Emperor of Greece and the Empress Bellisant who is now in the castle of Feragus in Portugal, where she has resided for twenty years. King Pepin is thy uncle, and the Wild Man thy brother. The Empress Bellisant brought ye two forth in the forest of Orleans; he was taken away by a ravenous bear; and thou wast taken up by thy uncle Pepin, who brought thee up to man's estate. Moreover, I likewise tell thee that thy brother shall never speak until thou cuttest the thread that groweth under his tongue."

The Brazen Head having ended his speech, Valentine embraced Orson, and cut the thread which grew under his tongue, when he directly related many surprising things. After which Valentine married the Lady Clerimond, but not before she had turned a Christian.

In this castle there lived a dwarf, named Pacolet, who was an enchanter, and by his art had contrived a horse of wood, and in the forehead a fixed pin, by turning of which one could convey one's self to the farthest part of the world. This enchanter flew to Portugal and informed Feragus of his sister's nuptials, and of her turning Christian, which so enraged him that he swore by Mahomet he would make her rue it, and therefore got ready his fleet and sailed toward the castle of Clerimond, where, when he arrived, he concealed his malice from his sister, and also the two knights, telling them that he came to fetch them into Portugal, the better to solemnize their marriage, and he would turn Christian on their arrival at his castle, all which they believed, and soon after embarked with him. When he had got them on board he ordered them to be put in irons, which so much grieved his sister Clerimond that she would have thrown herself into the sea, had she not been stopped.

When they were come to Portugal he put Valentine and Orson into a dungeon, and fed them with bread and water, but allowed his sister Clerimond the liberty of the castle, where she met the Empress Bellisant, who had been confined twenty years in the castle of Feragus. She seeing her so full of grief, consoled her, inquiring the reason, which she told her.

The empress was mightily grieved, but Pacolet comforted them, saying that he would release them all that evening, which he accordingly did in the following manner. In the dead of the night he went to the dungeon where lay Valentine and Orson bound in chains, and touching the doors with his magic wand, they flew open, and coming to the knights he released them and conducted them to the apartment where Bellisant and Clerimond were, who were exceedingly transported; but Pacolet hindered them from discoursing long by telling them that they must depart before the guards of Feragus awaked, which would put a stop to his proceedings. So Pacolet led them out of the castle and having prepared a ship, he conveyed them to Lady Fazon, at the city of Acquitain. The next morning when Feragus heard of their escape he was enraged to the highest degree.

The knights and ladies being out of danger soon arrived at Acquitain, to the great joy of Lady Fazon, who was soon after married to Orson with great solemnity, upon which occasion tilts and tournaments were performed for many days, but Valentine carried off the prize, overthrowing at least a hundred brave knights.

Feragus, to be revenged on them, assembled an army, marched against the city of Acquitain, and laid close siege to it, with a vast army of Saracens. When Duke Savary perceived it, he resolved to give them battle the very next morning, and accordingly he sallied forth with all his forces, but venturing too far, he was taken by the Saracens, and carried to Feragus's tent.

Now Orson was resolved to set him free or lose his life; so putting on the armor of a dead Saracen, he called Pacolet, and went through the enemy without being molested, until they arrived at the tent where the duke was confined; which done, they gave him a horse and a road to the Christian army; on their return, a general shout was made by all the army, "Long live the Duke of Acquitain," which so dismayed the Saracens that they fled away in confusion, and the Christians pursued them, till the night obliged them to give over.

Soon after the victory, Valentine, Orson, the Ladies Bellisant, Clerimond, and Fazon, after they had taken leave of Duke Savary and his nobles, set out for Constantinople to see the emperor, and were received with great joy.

At length the emperor set out from Constantinople, after taking leave of his family, to visit a strong castle he had in Spain. While he was absent Brandifer, brother to Feragus, invaded the empire with a very great army, and finally besieged Constantinople, where lay Valentine and Orson, the Green Knight, and all the ladies. Valentine, seeing the condition they all were in, resolved to give Brandifer battle, and thereupon divided his army into ten battalions commanded by ten knights, and sallying out of the city began the fight with the Saracens, who drew up in readiness to receive them.

In the mean time the emperor, who was at sea, returned homeward, and in his way he met a fleet going to the assistance of Brandifer, which bore upon him with full sail; whereupon, exhorting his companions to behave like men, they made ready to receive them, and after a most bloody and obstinate battle the emperor got the victory, having slain many of the Pagans and dispersed their ships.

After this victory the emperor commanded his men to put on the arms of the vanquished, as he did himself, thinking thereby the better to fall on the besiegers his enemies, but the stratagem proved most fatal to him, as we shall hereafter find.

All this while the Christians and Valentine bravely encountered Brandifer and his men before the walls of Constantinople, sometimes gaining, and sometimes losing, ground ; but at length Valentine came to the standard of Brandifer, where an Indian king ran upon him with great force, but Valentine, avoiding him, struck him with such fury as cleft him down the middle. On the other hand Orson and the Green Knight were not idle, but with their brandished swords cut themselves a passage quite through the Pagan army, destroying all that opposed them.

Soon after, news came that a mighty fleet of Saracens was entering the harbor; whereupon Valentine judged it was necessary to go thither and oppose their landing, but it proved fatal; for in this fleet was the emperor, his father, whom, being clad in Saracen armor, Valentine by mistake ran quite through the body with his spear ; which when he knew, he would have killed himself, had not his brother and the Green Knight prevented him ; but getting a horse, with an intent to lose his life, he rushed into the midst of the enemy, till he came to the giant Brandifer, who when he saw Valentine encountered him so fiercely that both fell to the ground ; but Valentine recovering gave him a stab, which sent him after his false prophet Mahomet.

The Pagans, seeing their king dead, threw down their arms and ran, and the Christians pursued them with a mighty slaughter. At last, the pursuit being over, they returned to Constantinople, and Orson acquainted the empress with the death of his father, but concealed by whom it was done, upon which it was concluded that Valentine and Orson should govern the empire by turns, with their wives, the Ladies Fazon and Clerimond, whose brother, the Green Knight, was crowned King of the Green Mountain, the people of which were much delighted to have so brave a warrior for their king.

Now Valentine being greatly vexed in mind for the death of his father, whom he had killed out of a mistake, resolved to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre ; and thereupon taking leave of his wife Clerimond, and giving the government of the empire unto his brother, he departed, to the great sorrow of all, particularly his brother Orson and the fair Clerimond. After seven years' absence he returned, dressed like a poor palmer, begging victuals at the gate of his own palace ; and at length being sick and about to die, he called for Clerimond and made himself known to her, at which she was ready to give up the ghost.

At last, having recommended her to his brother's care, and the empress, his dear mother, and asking a blessing of them, he turned on one side and breathed out his noble soul from his illustrious body, to the great grief of all the valiant knights of Christendom, to whom he had been a most noble example and a generous reliever. Clerimond never would espouse any one, but betook her to a single life, always lamenting the loss of her beloved husband.

After his death, Orson governed the empire with great wisdom and justice for seven years, till at length, seeing the fragile state of human affairs, he gave the charge of his empire, wife, and children to the Green Knight, and then, turning hermit, he became once more a voluntary dweller in the forests and woods, where, after living to a great age, this magnanimous and invincible hero surrendered up his body unto never-sparing death, and his soul to the immortal God, of whose attribute it had a true resemblance.

Thus, reader, you may see that none withstand,
Though great in valor, or in vast command,
The mighty force of death's all conquering hand.

CLEVER ALICE.

Once upon a time there was a man who had a daughter, who was called "Clever Alice;" and when she was grown up her father said, "We must see about her marrying."

"Yes," replied her mother, "whenever a young man shall appear who is worthy of her."

At last a certain youth, by name Hans, came from a distance to make a proposal of marriage; but he required one condition, that the Clever Alice should be very prudent.

"Oh," said her father, "no fear of that! she has got a head full of brains;" and the mother added, "Ah, she can see the wind blow up the street, and hear the flies cough!"

"Very well," replied Hans; "but remember, if she is not very prudent I will not take her." Soon afterwards they sat down to dinner, and her mother said, "Alice, go down into the cellar and draw some beer."

So Clever Alice took the jug down from the wall, and went into the cellar, jerking the lid up and down on her way, to pass away the time. As soon as she got down-stairs, she drew a stool and placed it before the cask, in order that she might not have to stoop, for she thought stooping might in some way injure her back, and give it an undesirable bend. Then she placed the can before her and turned the tap, and while the beer was running, as she did not wish her eyes to be idle, she looked about upon the wall above and below.

Presently she perceived, after much peeping into this corner and that corner, a hatchet, which the bricklayers had left behind, sticking out of the ceiling right above her head. At the sight of this Clever Alice began to cry, saying, "Oh! if I marry Hans, and we have a child, and he grows up, and we send him into the cellar to draw beer, the hatchet will fall upon his head and kill him;" and so she sat there weeping with all her might over the impending misfortune.

Meanwhile the good folks up-stairs were waiting for the beer, but as Clever Alice did not come, her mother told the maid to go and see what she was stopping for. The maid went down into the cellar, and found Alice sitting before the cask crying heartily, and she asked, "Alice, what are you weeping about?"

"Ah," she replied, "have I not cause? If I marry Hans, and we have a child, and he grows up, and we send him here to draw beer, that hatchet will fall upon his head and kill him."

"Oh," said the maid, "what a clever Alice we have!" And, sitting down, she began to weep, too, for the misfortune that was to happen.

After a while, when the servant did not return, the good folks above began to feel very thirsty; so the husband told the boy to go down into the cellar, and see what had become of Alice and the maid. The boy went down, and there sat Clever Alice and the maid both crying, so he asked the reason; and Alice told him the same tale of the hatchet that was to fall on her child, if she married Hans, and if they had a child. When she had finished, the boy exclaimed, "What a clever Alice we have!" and fell weeping and howling with the others.

Up-stairs they were still waiting, and the husband said, when the boy did not return, "Do you go down, wife, into the cellar and see why Alice stays so long." So she went down, and finding all three sitting there crying, asked the reason, and Alice told her about the hatchet which must inevitably fall upon the head of her son. Then the mother likewise exclaimed, "Oh, what a clever Alice we have!" and, sitting down, began to weep as much as any of the rest.

Meanwhile the husband waited for his wife's return; but at last he felt so very thirsty that he said, "I must go myself down into the cellar and see what is keeping our Alice." As soon as he entered the cellar, there he found the four sitting and crying together, and when he heard the reason, he also exclaimed, "Oh, what a clever Alice we have!" and sat down to cry with the whole strength of his lungs.

All this time the bridegroom above sat waiting, but when nobody returned, he thought they must be waiting for him, and so he went down to see what was the matter. When he entered, there sat the five crying and groaning, each one in a louder key than his neighbor.

"What misfortune has happened?" he asked.

"Ah, dear Hans!" cried Alice, "if you and I should marry one another, and have a child, and he should grow up, and we, perhaps, send him down to this cellar to tap the beer, the hatchet which has been left sticking up there may fall on his head, and so kill him; and do you not think this is enough to weep about?"

"Now," said Hans, "more prudence than this is not necessary for my housekeeping; because you are such a clever Alice, I will have you for my wife." And, taking her hand, he led her home, and celebrated the wedding directly.

After they had been married a little while, Hans said one morning, "Wife, I will go out to work and earn some money; do you go into the field and gather some corn wherewith to make bread."

"Yes," she answered, "I will do so, dear Hans." And when he was gone, she cooked herself a nice mess of pottage to take with her. As she came to the field she said to herself, "What shall I do? Shall I cut first, or eat first? Ay, I will eat first!" Then she ate up the contents of her pot, and when it was finished she thought to herself, "Now, shall I reap first or sleep first? Well, I think I will have a nap!" and so she laid herself down amongst the corn, and went to sleep.

Meanwhile Hans returned home, but Alice did not come, and so he said, "Oh, what a prudent Alice I have! She is so industrious that she does not even come home to eat anything." By and by, however, evening came on, and still she did not return; so Hans went out to see how much she had reaped; but, behold, nothing at all, and there lay Alice fast asleep among the corn! So home he ran very fast, and brought a net with little bells hanging on it, which he threw over her head while she still slept on. When he had done this, he went back again and shut the house-door, and, seating himself on his stool, began working very industriously.

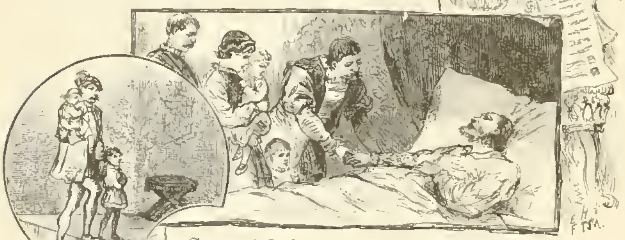
At last, when it was nearly dark, the Clever Alice awoke, and as soon as she stood up, the net fell all over her hair, and the bells jingled at every step she took. This quite frightened her, and she began to doubt whether she were really Clever Alice, and said to herself, "Am I she, or am I not?" This was a question she could not answer, and she stood still a long while considering about it. At last she thought she would go home and ask whether she were really herself — supposing somebody would be able to tell her. When she came to the house-door it was shut; so she tapped at the window, and asked, "Hans, is Alice within?" "Yes," he replied, "she is." At which answer she became really terrified, and exclaiming, "Ah, heaven, then I am not Alice!" she ran up to another house, intending to ask the same question. But as soon as the folks within heard the jingling of the bells in her net, they refused to open their doors, and nobody would receive her. So she ran straight away from the village, and no one has ever seen her since.

THE BOOK OF STORIES IN VERSE.

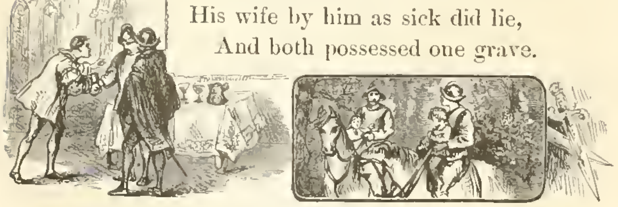
THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I shall write;

A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honor far surmount
Most men of his estate.



Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possessed one grave.



No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind.

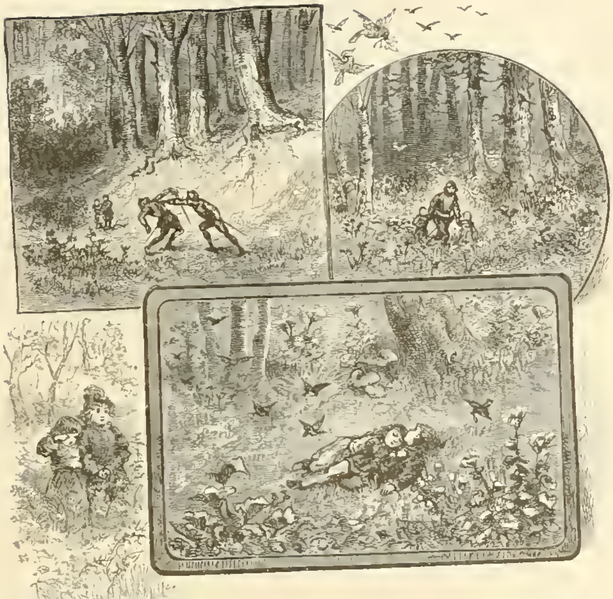
The one, a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
The other, a girl more young than he,
And framed in beauty's mold.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane,
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on her marriage-day,
Which might not be controlled:
But if the children chanced to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth;
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here:
To God and you I recommend
My children dear this day;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knows what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother dear,
"O brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deeds regard."
With lips as cold as any stone,
They kissed their children small:



"God bless you both, my children dear;"
With that their tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sick couple there:
"The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not fear.
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear
When you are laid in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straight unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale:
He would the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had,
Made murder's heart relent:
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life:
And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood:
The babes did quake for fear!

He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him,
And look they did not cry;
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain:
"Stay here," quoth he, "I 'll bring you bread,
When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town:
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed,

And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents
Till death did end their grief,
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief:
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell:
His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him stayed.

And in the voyage to Portugal
Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
To want and misery.
He pawned and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to die,
Such was God's blessed will.
Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been displayed:
Their uncle having died in gaol,
Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like misery
Your wicked minds requite.

Old Ballad.

MARY'S LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day, —
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid, —
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

Mrs. Hale.

THE SPIDER AND HIS WIFE.

In a little dark crack, half a yard from the ground,
An honest old spider resided:
So pleasant and snug, and convenient 't was found,
That his friends came to see it for many miles round:
It seemed for his pleasure provided.

Of the cares, and fatigues, and distresses of life,
This spider was thoroughly tired:
So leaving those scenes of contention and strife,
(His children all settled) he came with his wife,
To live in this cranny retired.

He thought that the little his wife would consume,
'T would be easy for him to provide her,
Forgetting he lived in a gentleman's room,
Where came every morning a maid and a broom,
Those pitiless foes to a spider.

For when (as sometimes it would chance to befall)
Just when his neat web was completed,
Brush — came the great broom down the side of the wall,
And perhaps carried with it, web, spider, and all,
He thought himself cruelly treated.

One day, when their cupboard was empty and dry,
His wife (Mrs. Hairy-leg Spinner)
Said to him, "Dear, go to the cobweb and try,
If you can't find the leg or the wing of a fly,
As a bit of a relish for dinner."

Directly he went, his long search to resume,
(For nothing he ever denied her)
Alas! little guessing his terrible doom;
Just then came the gentleman into his room,
And saw the unfortunate spider.

So, while the poor fellow, in search of his pelf,
In the cobwebs continued to linger,
The gentleman reached a long cane from the shelf
(*For certain good reasons best known to himself*
Preferring his *stick* to his *finger*) —

Then presently poking him down to the floor,
(Not stopping at all to consider)
With one horrid crush the whole business was o'er,
The poor little spider was heard of no more,
To the lasting distress of his widow!

Jane Taylor.

THE NOTORIOUS GLUTTON.

A duck, who had got such a habit of stuffing,
That all the day long she was panting and puffing;
And by every creature, who did her great crop see,
Was thought to be galloping fast for a dropsy;

One day, after eating a plentiful dinner,
With full twice as much as there should have been in her,
While up to her eyes in the gutter a roking,
Was greatly alarmed by the symptoms of choking.

Now there was an old fellow, much famed for discerning
(A drake, who had taken a liking for learning),
And, high in repute with his feathery friends,
Was called Doctor Drake: — for this doctor she sends.

In a hole of the dunghill was Doctor Drake's shop,
Where he kept a few simples for curing the crop;
Some gravel and pebbles, to help the digestion,
And certain famed plants of the doctor's selection.

So, taking a handful of comical things,
And brushing his topple and pluming his wings,
And putting his feathers in apple-pie order,
Set out, to prescribe for the lady's disorder.

"Dear sir," said the duck, with a delicate quack,
Just turning a little way round on her back,
And leaning her head on a stone in the yard,
"My case, Doctor Drake, is exceedingly hard.

"I feel so distended with wind, and opprest,
So squeamish and faint — such a load at my chest;
And, day after day, I assure you it is hard
To suffer with patience these pains in my gizzard."

"Give me leave," said the doctor, with medical look,
As her flabby cold paw in his fingers he took;
"By the feel of your pulse — your complaint, I 've been thinking
Is caused by your habit of eating and drinking."

"Oh no, sir, believe me," the lady replied
(Alarmed for her stomach as well as her pride),
"I am sure it arises from nothing I eat,
For I rather suspect I got wet in my feet.

"I 've only been raking a bit in the gutter,
Where the cook had been pouring some cold melted butter:
And a slice of green cabbage, and scraps of cold meat,
Just a trifle or two, that I thought I could eat."

The doctor was just to his business proceeding,
By gentle emetics, a blister, and bleeding,
When all on a sudden she rolled on her side,
Gave a horrible quackle, a struggle, and died!

Her remains were interred in a neighboring swamp
By her friends, with a great deal of funeral pomp;

But I've heard this inscription her tombstone was put on,
"Here lies Mrs. Duck, the notorious glutton:"
And all the young ducklings are brought by their friends,
To learn the disgrace in which gluttony ends.

Jane Taylor.

DIRTY JACK.

There was one little Jack, not very long back,
And 't is said to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen with his hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt to see so much dirt,
And often and well did they scour:
But all was in vain, he was dirty again
Before they had done it an hour.

When to wash he was sent, he reluctantly went,
With water to splash himself o'er,
But he left the black streaks all over his cheeks,
And made them look worse than before.

The pigs in the dirt could n't be more expert
Than he was, at grubbing about;
And the people have thought, this gentleman ought
To be made with four legs and a snout.

The idle and bad may, like to this lad,
Be dirty and black, to be sure,
But good boys are seen to be decent and clean,
Although they are ever so poor.

Jane Taylor.

THE CHATTERBOX.

From morning to night 't was Lucy's delight
To chatter and talk without stopping;
There was not a day but she rattled away,
Like water forever a dropping!

As soon as she rose, while she put on her clothes,
'T was vain to endeavor to still her;
Nor once did she lack to continue her clack,
Till again she laid down on her pillow.

You 'll think now, perhaps, there would have been gaps,
If she had n't been wonderful clever;
That her sense was so great, and so witty her pate
That it would be forthcoming forever.

But that 's quite absurd, for have you not heard,
Much tongue and few brains are connected,
That they are supposed to think least who talk most,
And their wisdom is always suspected?

While Lucy was young, had she bridled her tongue
With a little good sense and exertion,
Who knows but she might have been our delight,
Instead of our jest and aversion?

Jane Taylor.

MEDDLESOME MATTY.

Oh, how one ugly trick has spoiled
The sweetest and the best!
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possest,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay
Too near the little maid:
Ah, well! thought she, I 'll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone.

Forthwith she placed upon her nose
The glasses large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box too she spied.

Oh, what a pretty box is this!
I'll open it, said little miss.

I know that grandmamma would say,
Don't meddle with it, dear!
But then, she 's far enough away,
And no one else is near;
Besides, what can there be amiss
In opening such a box as this?

So thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn lid;
And presently a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief did;
For, all at once, ah woeful case!
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin,
A dismal sight presented;
And, as the snuff got farther in,
Sincerely she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease,
She could do nothing else but sneeze!

She dashed the spectacles away
To wipe her tingling eyes;
And as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grandmamma she spies.
Heyday! and what 's the matter now?
Cried grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling evermore;
And 't is a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE PIN.

DEAR me! what signifies a pin,
Wedged in a rotten board?
I'm certain that I won't begin,
At ten years old, to hoard!
I never will be called a miser,
That I'm determined, said Eliza.

So onward tript the little maid,
And left the pin behind,
Which very snug and quiet laid,
To its hard fate resigned;
Nor did she think (a careless chit)
'T was worth her while to stoop for it.

Next day a party was to ride
To see an air balloon;
And all the company beside
Were dressed and ready soon;
But she a woeful case was in,
For want of just a single pin!

In vain her eager eye she brings
To every darksome crack,
There was not one! and all her things
Were dropping off her back.
She cut her pincushion in two,
But no! not one had slidden through.

At last, as hunting on the floor
Over a crack she lay,
The carriage rattled to the door,
Then rattled fast away;
But poor Eliza was not in,
For want of just — a single pin.

There 's hardly anything so small,
So trifling, or so mean,
That we may never want at all,
For service unforeseen;
And willful waste, depend upon 't,
Is, almost always, willful want!

JANE TAYLOR.

NEVER PLAY WITH FIRE.

MY prayers I said, I went to bed,
And soon I fell asleep:
But soon I woke, my sleep was broke,
I through my curtain peep.

I heard a noise of men and boys,
The watchman's rattle too;
And FIRE they cried — and then cried I,
Oh dear! what shall I do?

A shout so loud came from the crowd
Around, above, below;
And in the street the neighbors meet,
Who would the matter know.

Now down the stairs run threes and pairs
Enough to break their bones;
The firemen swear, the engines tear
And thunder o'er the stones.

The roof and wall, and stair and all,
And rafters tumble in;
Red flames and blaze now all amaze,
And make a dreadful din!

And horrid screams, when bricks and beams
Come tumbling on their heads;
And some are smashed, and some are crashed;
Some leap on feather beds.

Some burn, some choke with fire and smoke!
And oh, what was the cause?
My heart's dismayed, last night I played
With Tommy, lighting straws!

Adelaide Taylor.

THE POND.

There was a round pond, and a pretty pond too,
About it white daisies and buttercups grew,
And dark weeping willows, that stooped to the ground,
Dipped in their long branches and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair,
To feast on the green water-weeds that grew there;
Indeed the assembly would frequently meet
To talk o'er affairs in this pleasant retreat.

Now the subjects, on which they were wont to converse,
I'm sorry I cannot include in my verse;
For though I've oft listened in hopes of discerning,
I own 't is a matter that baffles my learning.

One day a young chicken, who lived thereabout,
Stood watching to see the ducks pass in and out;
Now standing tail upwards, now diving below;
She thought of all things she should like to do so.

So this foolish chicken began to declare,
"I've really a great mind to venture in there;
My mother's oft told me I must not go nigh,
But really, for my part, I cannot tell why.

"Ducks have feathers and wings, and so have I too,
And my feet—what's the reason that they will not do?
Though my beak is pointed, and their beaks are round,
Is that any reason that I should be drowned?

"So why should not I swim as well as a duck?
Suppose that I venture and e'en try my luck?
For," said she, spite of all that her mother had taught her,
"I'm really remarkably fond of the water."

So in this poor ignorant animal flew,
And found that her dear mother's cautions were true;
She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned herself round,
And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now 't was too late to begin to repent,
The harder she struggled the deeper she went;
And when every effort she vainly had tried,
She slowly sank down to the bottom and died!

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack,
When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on its back;
And by their grave looks, it was very apparent,
They discoursed on the sin of not minding a parent.

Jane Taylor.

THE COW AND THE ASS.

Hard by a green meadow a stream used to flow,
So clear, one might see the white pebbles below;
To this cooling stream the warm cattle would stray,
To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite oppressed with the heat of the sun,
Came here to refresh, as she often had done;
And standing stock still, leaning over the stream,
Was musing, perhaps, or perhaps she might dream.

But soon a brown ass, of respectable look,
Came trotting up also to taste of the brook,
And to nibble a few of the daisies and grass;
"How d'ye do?" said the cow; "How d'ye do?" said the ass.

"Take a seat," cried the cow, gently waving her hand;
"By no means, dear madam," said he, "while you stand;"
Then stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow,
"Ma'am, your health," said the ass; "thank you, sir," said the cow.

When a few of these compliments more had been past,
They laid themselves down on the herbage at last;
And, waiting politely, as gentlemen must,
The ass held his tongue, that the cow might speak first.

Then with a deep sigh, she directly began,
"Don't you think, Mr. Ass, we 're injured by man?
'T is a subject that lays with a weight on my mind:
We certainly are much oppressed by mankind.

"Now what is the reason (I see none at all)
That I always must go when Suke chooses to call;
Whatever I 'm doing ('t is certainly hard)
At once I must go to be milked in the yard.

"I 've no will of my own, but must do as they please,
And give them my milk to make butter and cheese:
I've often a vast mind to knock down the pail,
Or give Suke a box on the ear with my tail."

"But, ma'am," said the ass, "not presuming to teach —
Oh dear, I beg pardon — pray finish your speech;
I thought you had done, ma'am, indeed," said the swain,
"Go on, and I 'll not interrupt you again."

"Why, sir, I was only a going to observe,
I 'm resolved that these tyrants no longer I 'll serve:
But leave them forever to do as they please,
And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese."

Ass waited a moment, to see if she 'd done,
And then, "not presuming to teach," he began;
"With submission, dear madam, to your better wit,
I own I am not quite convinced of it yet.

"That you 're of great service to them is quite true,
But surely they are of some service to you;
'T is their nice green pasture in which you regale,
They feed you in winter when grass and weeds fail.

'T is under their shelter you snugly repose,
When without it, dear ma'am, you perhaps might be froze.
For my part, I know, I receive much from man,
And for him, in return, I do all that I can."

The cow upon this cast her eye on the grass,
Not pleased at thus being reproved by an ass;
Yet, thought she, "I 'm determined I 'll benefit by 't,
For I really believe the fellow is right."

JANE TAYLOR.

NOSE AND EYES.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While Chief-justice Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear, —
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court, —
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('T is a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would or who could wear spectacles then?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then, shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*, —
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candle-light, Eyes should be shut.

William Cowper.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I 'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about;
And the urchins, that stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It plucked by their tails the grave, matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows,
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood silently mute.
So on it went, capering and playing its pranks;
Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks;
Puffing the birds, as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to bustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags.
'T was so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, and the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I 'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.
Then it rushed like a monster o'er cottage and farm,
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.
But the wind had passed on, and had met in a lane
With a school-boy, who panted and struggled in vain,
For it tossed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.

William Howitt.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London Town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

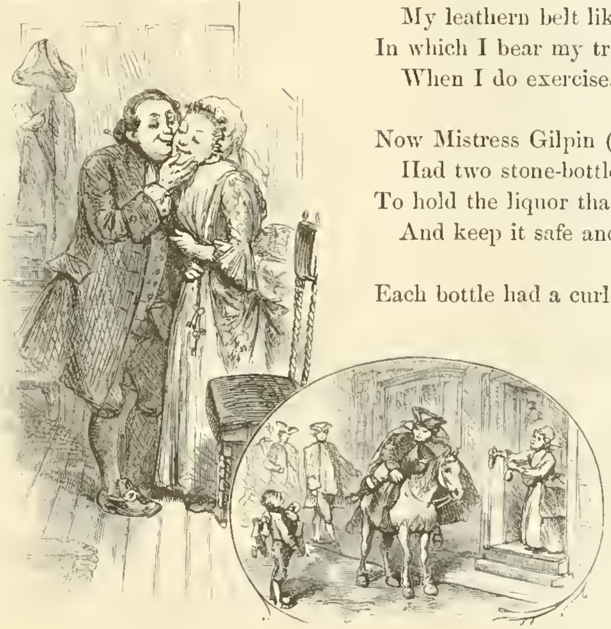
"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend, the Calender,
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That 's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.



Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came down-stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul)!
Had two stone-bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

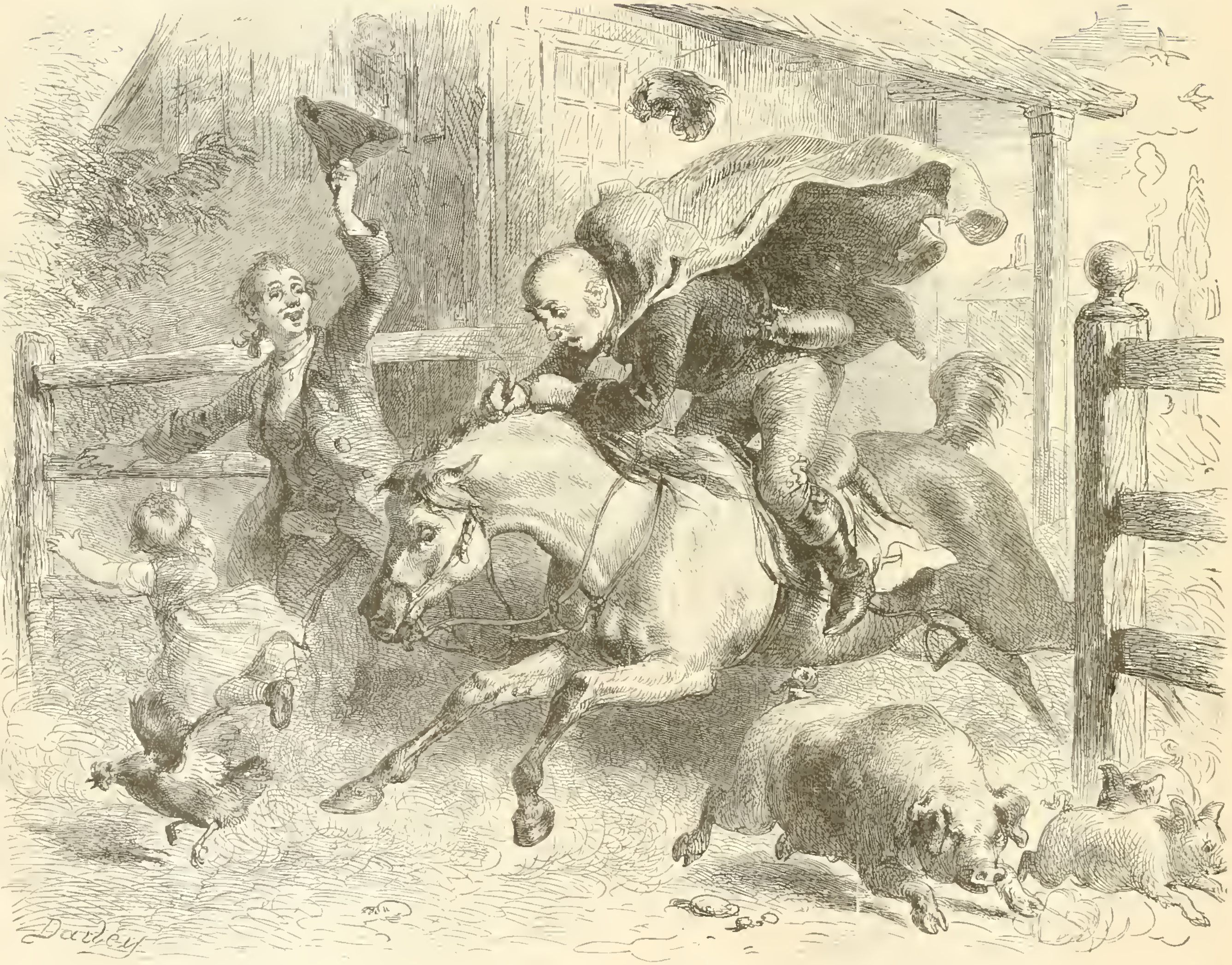
But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.



The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around,
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'T is for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'T was wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here 's the house" —
They all aloud did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired;"
Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;

For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till, at his friend the Calender's,
His horse at last stood still.

The Calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him.

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall —
Say, why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the Calender,
In merry guise, he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The Calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came, with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind;
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit;
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dust away,
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'T was for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? — they were too big.

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels.
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The rumbling of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised a hue and cry: —

"Stop thief! — stop thief! — a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space:
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly;
"'T is the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show when you are there."
"Oh no, no," said the little fly; "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I 'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest a while, I'll snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh no, no," said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning spider to the fly: "Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry good store of all that 's nice;
I 'm sure you 're very welcome — will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh no, no," said the little fly; "kind sir, that cannot be:
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see!"

"Sweet creature!" said the spider, "you 're witty and you 're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings! how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;
If you 'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, for what you 're pleased to say,
And, bidding you good-morning now, I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again:
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly;
Then came out to his door again, and merrily did sing:
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple; there 's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes and green and purple hue,
Thinking only of her crested head. Poor, foolish thing! at last
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast;

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den —
Within his little parlor — but she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words I pray you ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counselor close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the spider and the fly.

MARY HOWITT.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter nap, —
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Dunder and Blixen! —
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot,
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkle! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little prig;"
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big.
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you.
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry:
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HOLY THURSDAY.

'T WAS on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
Came children walking two and two, in red, and blue, and green:
Gray-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's, they like Thames' waters flow.

Oh what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London town,
Seated in companies they were, with radiance all their own:
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among:
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor.
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye:
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied,
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser deep and wide
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in their cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town-hall came flocking:
"'T is clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease!
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door, but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!

“Come in!” the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow, and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in —
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire:
Quoth one, “It 's as if my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!”

He advanced to the council table:
And, “Please your honors,” said he, “I 'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, the toad, the newt, the viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper.
Yet,” said he, “poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give a thousand guilders?”
“One? fifty thousand!” was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe had uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling —
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped, advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished,
Save one, who stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across, and lived to carry
(As *he* the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, “At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples wondrous ripe
Into a cider press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, ‘Come, bore me!’
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me.”

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
“Go,” cried the Mayor, “and get long poles!
Poke out the nests, and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!” When suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a “First, if you please, my thousand guilders!”

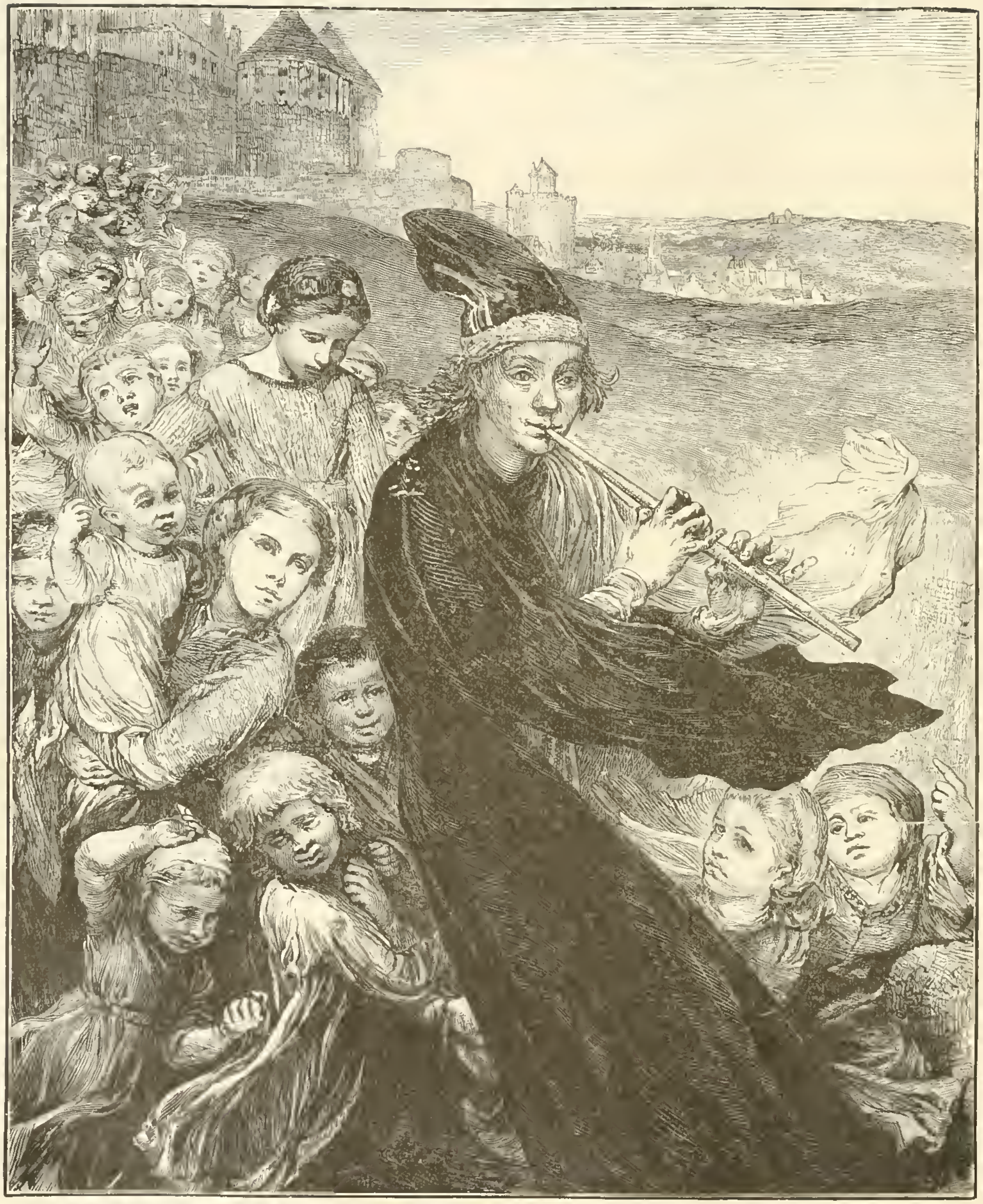
A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue,
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havock
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Besides," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what 's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we 're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke —
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty:
A thousand guilders! come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait beside!
I 've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head-cook's pottage, all he 's rich in,
For having left in the caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I 'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d' ye think I 'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst."

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling,
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering
Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by —
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
And now the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top;
He 's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, —
"It 's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I 'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me:
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,



And their dogs outran our fallow-deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was man's lot to find him,

Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he 'd only return the way he went,
  And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly,
If after the day of the month and year
These words did not as well appear,
  "And so long after what happened here
  On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six;"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
  To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
  They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there 's a tribe
Of alien people, that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long ago in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men, — especially pipers,
And whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice
If we 've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

ROBERT BROWNING.

STORIES FROM HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE CONSTANT TIN SOLDIER.

There were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers; they were all brothers, for they had all been born of one old tin spoon. They shouldered their muskets, and looked straight before them; their uniform was red and blue, and very splendid. The first thing they had heard in the world, when the lid was taken off their box, had been the words "Tin soldiers!" These words were uttered by a little boy, clapping his hands; the soldiers had been given to him, for it was his birthday; and now he put them upon the table. Each soldier was exactly like the rest; but one of them had been cast last of all, and there had not been enough tin to finish him; but he stood as firmly upon his one leg as the others on their two; and it was just this soldier who became remarkable.

On the table on which they had been placed stood many other playthings, but the toy that attracted most attention was a neat castle of cardboard. Through the little windows one could see straight into the hall. Before the castle some little trees were placed round a little looking-glass, which was to represent a clear lake. Waxen swans swam on this lake, and were mirrored in it. This was all very pretty; but the prettiest of all was a little lady, who stood at the open door of the castle; she was also cut out in paper, but she had a dress of the clearest gauze, and a little narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders, that looked like a scarf; and in the middle of this ribbon was a shining tinsel rose, as big as her whole face. The little lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer, and then she lifted one leg so high that the Tin Soldier could not see it at all, and thought that, like himself, she had but one leg.

"That would be the wife for me," thought he; but she is very grand. She lives in a castle, and I have only a box, and there are five-and-twenty of us in that. It is no place for her. But I must try to make acquaintance with her."

And then he lay down at full length behind a snuff-box which was on the table; there he could easily watch the little dainty lady, who continued to stand on one leg without losing her balance.

When the evening came, all the other tin soldiers were put into their box, and the people in the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play at "visiting," and at "war," and "giving balls." The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to join, but could not lift the lid. The Nut-cracker threw somersaults, and the Pencil amused itself on the table; there was so much noise that the Canary woke up, and began to speak too, and even in verse. The only two who did not stir from their places were the Tin Soldier and the Dancing Lady; she stood straight up on the point of one of her toes, and stretched out both her arms: and he was just as enduring on his one leg; and he never turned his eyes away from her.

Now the clock struck twelve — and, bounce! — the lid flew off the snuff-box; but there was not snuff in it, but a little black goblin; you see, it was a trick.

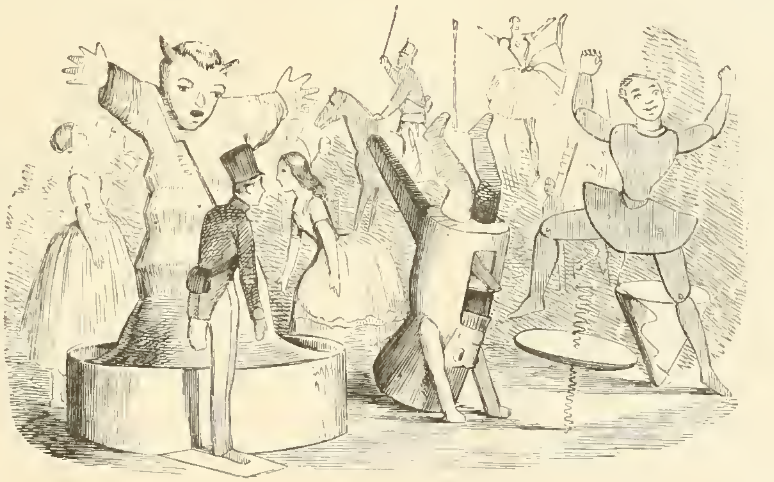
"Tin Soldier," said the Goblin, "don't stare at things that don't concern you."

But the Tin Soldier pretended not to hear him.

"Just you wait till to-morrow!" said the Goblin.

But when the morning came, and the children got up, the Tin Soldier was placed in the window; and whether it was the Goblin or the draught that did it, all at once the window flew open, and the Soldier fell, head over heels, out of the third story. That was a terrible passage! He put his leg straight up, and struck with his helmet downward, and his bayonet between the paving-stones.

The servant-maid and the little boy came down directly to look for him, but though they almost trod upon him they could not see him. If the Soldier had cried out, "Here I am!" they would have found him; but he did not think it fitting to call out loudly, because he was in uniform.



Now it began to rain; the drops soon fell thicker, and at last it came down in a complete stream. When the rain was past, two street boys came by.

"Just look!" said one of them, "there lies a tin soldier. He must come out and ride in the boat."

And they made a boat out of a newspaper, and put the Tin Soldier in the middle of it; and so he sailed down the gutter, and the two boys ran beside him and clapped their hands. Goodness preserve us! how the waves rose in that gutter, and how fast the stream ran! But then it had been a heavy rain. The paper boat rocked up and down, and sometimes turned round so rapidly that the Tin Soldier trembled; but he remained firm, and never changed countenance, and looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket.

All at once the boat went into a long drain, and it became as dark as if he had been in his box.

"Where am I going now?" he thought. "Yes, yes, that's the Goblin's fault. Ah! if the little lady only sat here with me in the boat, it might be twice as dark for what I should care."

Suddenly there came a great water-rat, which lived under the drain.

"Have you a passport?" said the Rat. "Give me your passport."

But the Tin Soldier kept silence, and only held his musket tighter than ever.

The boat went on, but the Rat came after it. Hu! how he gnashed his teeth, and called out to the bits of straw and wood, —

"Hold him! hold him! he hasn't paid toll — he hasn't shown his passport!"

But the stream became stronger and stronger. The Tin Soldier could see the bright daylight where the arch ended; but he heard a roaring noise, which might well frighten a bolder man. Only think, — just where the tunnel ended, the drain ran into a great canal; and for him that would have been as dangerous as for us to be carried down a great waterfall.

Now he was already so near it that he could not stop. The boat was carried out, the poor Tin Soldier stiffening himself as much as he could, and no one could say that he moved an eyelid. The boat whirled round three or four times, and was full of water to the very edge — it must sink. The Tin Soldier stood up to his neck in water, and the boat sank deeper and deeper, and the paper was loosened more and more; and now the water closed over the soldier's head. Then he thought of the pretty little Dancer, and how he should never see her again; and it sounded in the soldier's ears:—

"Farewell, farewell, thou warrior brave,
Die shalt thou this day."

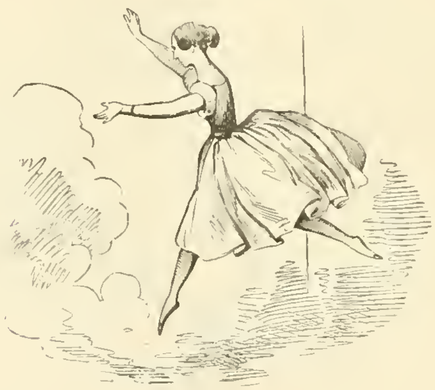
And now the paper parted, and the Tin Soldier fell out; but at that moment he was snapped up by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was in that fish's body! It was darker yet than in the drain tunnel; and then it was very narrow, too. But the Tin Soldier remained unmoved, and lay at full length, shouldering his musket.

The fish swam to and fro; he made the most wonderful movements, and then became quite still. At last something flashed through him like lightning. The daylight shone quite clear, and a voice said aloud, "The Tin Soldier!" The fish had been caught, carried to market, bought, and taken into the kitchen, where the cook cut him open with a large knife. She seized the soldier round the body with both her hands, and carried him into the room, where all were anxious to see the remarkable man who had traveled about in the inside of a fish; but the Tin Soldier was not at all proud. They placed him on the table, and there — no! What curious things may happen in the world! The Tin Soldier was in the very room in which he had been before! he saw the same children, and the same toys stood upon the table: and there was the pretty castle with the graceful little Dancer. She was still balancing herself on one leg, and held the other extended in the air. She was faithful too. That moved the Tin Soldier: he was very near weeping tin tears, but that would not have been proper. He looked at her, but they said nothing to each other.

Then one of the little boys took the Tin Soldier and flung him into the stove. He gave no reason for doing this. It must have been the fault of the Goblin in the snuff-box.

The Tin Soldier stood there quite illuminated, and felt a heat that was terriible; but whether this heat proceeded from the real fire or from love he did not know. The colors had quite gone off from him; but whether that had happened on the journey, or had been caused by grief, no one could say. He looked at the little lady, she looked at him, and he felt that he was melting; but he stood firm, shouldering his musket. Then suddenly the door flew open, and the draught of air caught the Dancer, and she flew like a sylph just into the stove to the Tin Soldier, and flashed up in a flame, and then was gone! Then the Tin Soldier melted down into a lump, and when the servant-maid took the ashes out next day, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the Dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, and that was burned as black as a coal.



THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES.

Many years ago there lived an emperor, who was so excessively fond of grand new clothes that he spent all his money upon them, that he might be very fine. He did not care about his soldiers, nor about the theatre, and only liked to drive out and show his new clothes. He had a coat for every hour of the day; and just as they say of a king, "He is in council," so they always said of him, "The emperor is in the wardrobe."

In the great city in which he lived it was always very merry; every day came many strangers; one day two rogues came: they gave themselves out as weavers, and declared they could weave the finest stuff any one could imagine. Not only were their colors and patterns, they said, uncommonly beautiful, but the clothes made of the stuff possessed the wonderful quality that they became invisible to any one who was unfit for the office he held, or was incorrigibly stupid.

"Those would be capital clothes!" thought the emperor. "If I wore those, I should be able to find out what men in my empire are not fit for the places they have; I could tell the clever from the dunces. Yes, the stuff must be woven for me directly!"

And he gave the two rogues a great deal of cash in hand, that they might begin their work at once.

As for them, they put up two looms, and pretended to be working; but they had nothing at all on their looms. They at once demanded the finest silk and the costliest gold; this they put into their own pockets, and worked at the empty looms till late into the night.

"I should like to know how far they have got on with the stuff," thought the emperor. But he felt quite uncomfortable when he thought that those who were not fit for their offices could not see it. He believed, indeed, that he had nothing to fear for himself, but yet he preferred first to send some one else to see how matters stood. All the people in the city knew what peculiar power the stuff possessed, and all were anxious to see how bad or how stupid their neighbors were.

"I will send my honest old minister to the weavers," thought the emperor. "He can judge best how the stuff looks, for he has sense, and no one understands his office better than he."

Now the good old minister went out into the hall where the two rogues sat working at the empty looms.

"Mercy on us!" thought the old minister, and he opened his eyes wide. "I cannot see anything at all!" But he did not say this.

Both the rogues begged him to be so good as to come nearer, and asked if he did not approve of the colors and the pattern. Then they pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old minister went on opening his eyes; but he could see nothing for there was nothing to see.

"Mercy!" thought he, "can I indeed be so stupid? I never thought that, and not a soul must know it. Am I not fit for my office? No, it will never do for me to tell that I could not see the stuff."

"Don't you say anything to it?" asked one, as he went on weaving.

"Oh, it is charming — quite enchanting!" answered the old minister, as he peered through his spectacles. "What a fine pattern, and what colors! Yes, I shall tell the emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

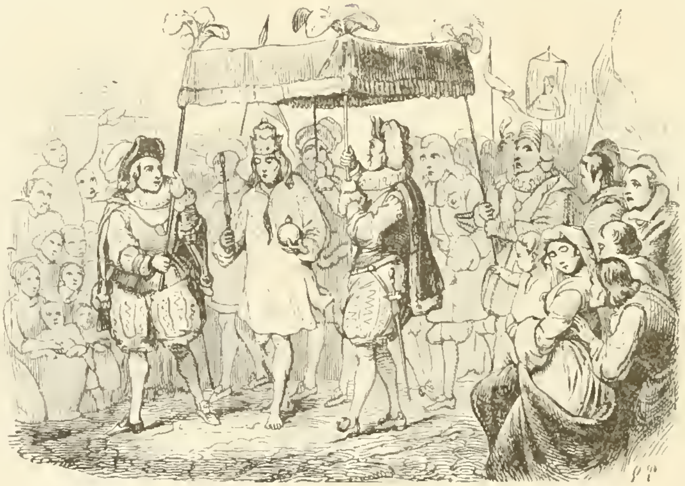
"Well, we are glad of that," said both the weavers; and then they named the colors, and explained the strange pattern. The old minister listened attentively, that he might be able to repeat it when the emperor came. And he did so.

Now the rogues asked for more money, and silk and gold, which they declared they wanted for weaving. They put all into their own pockets, and not a thread was put upon the loom; they continued to work at the empty frames as before.

The emperor soon sent again, dispatching another honest officer of the court, to see how the weaving was going on, and if the stuff would soon be ready. He fared just like the first: he looked and looked, but, as there was nothing to be seen but the empty looms, he could see nothing.

"Is not that a pretty piece of stuff?" asked the two rogues; and they displayed and explained the handsome pattern which was not there at all.

"I am not stupid!" thought the man: "it must be my good office, for which I am not fit. It is funny enough, but I must not let it be noticed." And so he praised the stuff which he did not see, and expressed his pleasure at the beautiful colors and charming pattern. "Yes, it is enchanting," he told the emperor.



All the people in the town were talking of the gorgeous stuff. The emperor wished to see it himself while it was still upon the loom. With a whole crowd of chosen men, among whom were also the two honest statesmen who had already been there, he went to the two cunning rogues, who were now weaving with might and main without fibre or thread.

"Is not that splendid?" said the two statesmen, who had already been there once. "Does not your majesty remark the pattern and the colors?" And they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought that the others could see the stuff.

"What's this?" thought the emperor. "I can see nothing at all! That is terrible. Am I stupid? Am I not fit to be emperor? That would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me. Oh, it is *very* pretty!" he said aloud. "It has our highest approbation." And he nodded in a contented way, and gazed at the empty loom, for he would not say that he saw nothing. The whole suite whom he had with him looked and looked, and saw nothing, any more than the rest; but, like the emperor they said, "That *is* pretty!" and counseled him to wear the splendid new clothes for the first time at the great procession that was presently to take place. "It is splendid, excellent!" went from mouth to mouth. On all sides there seemed to be general rejoicing and the emperor gave the rogues the title of Imperial Court Weavers.

The whole night before the morning on which the procession was to take place, the rogues were up, and kept more than sixteen candles burning. The people could see that they were hard at work, completing the emperor's new clothes. They pretended to take the stuff down from the loom; they made cuts in the air with great scissors; they sewed with needles without thread; and at last they said, "Now the clothes are ready!"

The emperor came himself with his noblest cavaliers; and the two rogues lifted up one arm as if they were holding something, and said, "See, here are the trousers! here is the coat! here is the cloak!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web: one would think one had nothing on; but that is just the beauty of it."

"Yes," said all the cavaliers; but they could not see anything, for nothing was there.

"Will your imperial majesty please to condescend to take off your clothes?" said the rogues; "then we will put on you the new clothes here in front of the great mirror."

The emperor took off his clothes, and the rogues pretended to put on him each new garment as it was ready; and the emperor turned round and round before the mirror.

"Oh, how well they look! how capitally they fit!" said all. "What a pattern! what colors! That *is* a splendid dress!"

"They are standing outside with the canopy which is to be borne above your majesty in the procession!" announced the head master of ceremonies.

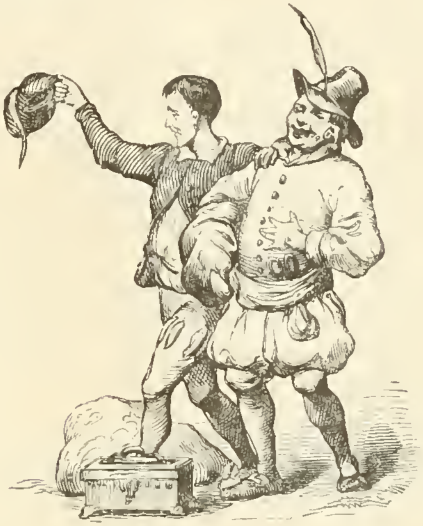
"Well, I am ready," replied the emperor. "Does it not suit me well?" And he turned again to the mirror, for he wanted it to appear as if he contemplated his adornment with great interest.

The two chamberlains who were to carry the train stooped down with their hands toward the floor, just as if they were picking up the mantle; then they pretended to be holding something in the air. They did not dare to let it be noticed that they saw nothing.

So the emperor went in procession under the rich canopy, and every one in the streets said, "How incomparable are the emperor's new clothes! what a train he has to his mantle! how it fits him!" No one would let it be perceived that he could see nothing, for that would have shown that he was not fit for his office, or was very stupid. No clothes of the emperor's had ever had such a success as these.

"But he has nothing on!" a little child cried out at last.

"Just hear what that innocent says!" said the father: and one whispered to another what the child had said.



"But he has nothing on!" said the whole people at length. That touched the emperor, for it seemed to him that they were right; but he thought within himself, "I must go through with the procession." And so he held himself a little higher, and the chamberlains held on tighter than ever, and carried the train that did not exist at all.

THE DAISY.

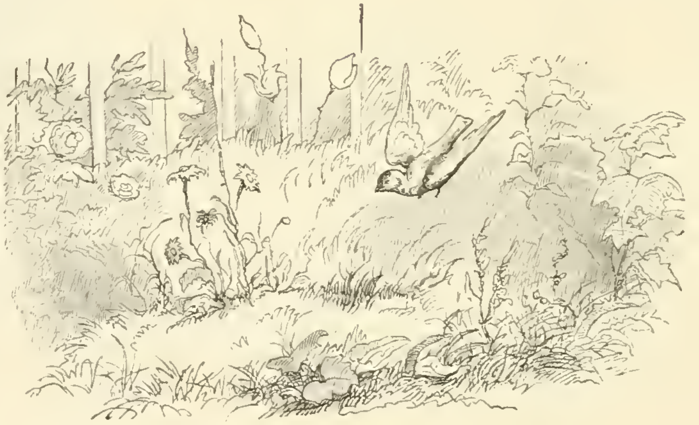
Now you shall hear.

Out in the country, close by the road-side, there was a country house: you yourself have certainly once seen it. Before it is a little garden with flowers, and a paling which is painted. Close by it, by the ditch, in the midst of the most beautiful green grass, grew a little Daisy. The sun shone as warmly and as brightly upon it as on the great splendid garden flowers, and so it grew from hour to hour. One morning it stood in full bloom, with its little shining white leaves spreading like rays round the little yellow sun in the centre. It never thought that no man would notice it down in the grass, and that it was a poor despised floweret; no, it was very merry, and turned to the warm sun, looked up at it, and listened to the Lark caroling high in the air.

The little Daisy was as happy as if it were a great holiday, and yet it was only a Monday. All the children were at school; and while they sat on their benches learning, it sat on its little green stalk, and learned also from the warm sun, and from all around, how good God is. And the Daisy was very glad that everything that it silently felt was sung so loudly and charmingly by the Lark. And the Daisy looked up with a kind of respect to the happy bird who could sing and fly; but it was not at all sorrowful because it could not fly and sing also.

"I can see and hear," it thought: "the sun shines on me, and the forest kisses me. Oh, how richly have I been gifted!"

Within the palings stood many stiff, aristocratic flowers — the less scent they had the more they flaunted. The peonies blew themselves out to be greater than the roses, but size will not do it; the tulips had the most splendid colors, and they knew that, and held themselves bolt upright, that they might be seen more plainly. They did not notice the little Daisy outside there, but the Daisy looked at them the more, and thought, "How rich and beautiful they are! Yes, the pretty bird flies across to them and visits them. I am glad that I stand so near them, for at any rate I can enjoy the sight of their splendor!" And just as she thought that — "keevit!" — down came flying the Lark, but not down to the peonies and tulips — no, down into the grass to the lowly Daisy, which started so with joy that it did not know what to think.



The little bird danced round about it, and sang, —

"Oh, how soft the grass is! and see what a lovely little flower, with gold in its heart and silver on its dress!"

For the yellow point in the Daisy looked like gold, and the little leaves around it shone silvery white.

How happy was the little Daisy — no one can conceive how happy! The bird kissed it with his beak, sang to it, and then flew up again into the blue air. A quarter of an hour passed, at least, before the Daisy could recover itself. Half ashamed, yet inwardly rejoiced, it looked at the other flowers in the garden, for they had seen the honor and happiness it had gained, and must understand what a joy it was. But the tulips stood up twice as stiff as before, and they looked quite peaky in the face and quite red, for they had been vexed. The peonies were quite wrong-headed: it was well they could not speak, or the Daisy would have received a good scolding. The poor little flower could see very well that they were not in a good humor, and that hurt it sensibly. At this moment there came into the garden a girl with a great sharp, shining knife; she went straight up to the tulips, and cut off one after another of them.

"Oh!" sighed the little Daisy, "that is dreadful! Now it is all over with them."

Then the girl went away with the tulips. The Daisy was glad to stand out in the grass, and to be only a poor little flower; it felt very grateful; and when the sun went down it folded its leaves and went to sleep, and dreamed all night long about the sun and the pretty little bird.

The next morning, when the flower again happily stretched out all its white leaves, like little arms, toward the air and the light, it recognized the voice of the bird, but the song he was singing sounded mournfully. Yes, the poor Lark had good reason to be sad: he was caught, and now sat in a cage close by the open window. He sang of free and happy roaming, sang of the young green corn in the fields, and of the glorious journey he might make on his wings high through the air. The poor Lark was not in good spirits, for there he sat a prisoner in a cage.

The little Daisy wished very much to help him. But what was it to do? Yes, that was difficult to make out. It quite forgot how everything was so beautiful around, how warm the sun shone, and how splendidly white its own leaves were, Ah! it could think only of the imprisoned bird, and how it was powerless to do anything for him.

Just then two little boys came out of the garden. One of them carried in his hand the knife which the girl had used to cut off the tulips. They went straight up to the little Daisy, which could not at all make out what they wanted.

"Here we may cut a capital piece of turf for the Lark," said one of the boys; and he began to cut off a square patch round about the Daisy, so that the flower remained standing in its piece of grass.

"Tear off the flower!" said the other boy.

And the Daisy trembled with fear, for to be torn off would be to lose its life; and now it wanted particularly to live, as it was to be given with the piece of turf to the captive Lark.

"No, let it stay," said the other boy; "it makes such a nice ornament."

And so it remained, and was put into the Lark's cage. But the poor bird complained aloud of his lost liberty, and beat his wings against the wires of his prison; and the little Daisy could not speak — could say no consoling word to him, gladly as it would have done so. And thus the whole morning passed.

"Here is no water," said the captive Lark. "They are all gone out, and have forgotten to give me anything to drink. My throat is dry and burning. It is like fire and ice within me, and the air is so close. Oh, I must die! I must leave the warm sunshine, the fresh green, and all the splendor that God has created!"

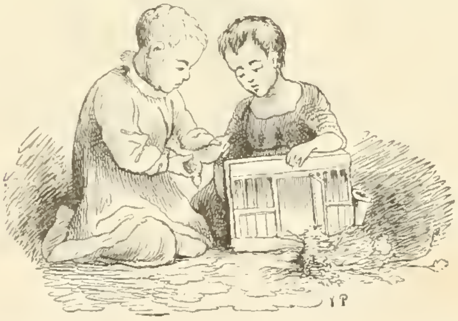
And then he thrust his beak into the cool turf to refresh himself a little with it. Then the bird's eye fell upon the Daisy, and he nodded to it, and kissed it with his beak, and said, —

"You also must wither in here, poor little flower. They have given you to me with the little patch of green grass on which you grow, instead of the whole world which was mine out there! Every little blade of grass shall be a great tree for me, and every one of your fragrant leaves a great flower. Ah, you only tell me how much I have lost!"

"If I could only comfort him!" thought the Daisy.

It could not stir a leaf; but the scent which streamed forth from its delicate leaves was far stronger than is generally found in these flowers; the bird also noticed that, and though he was fainting with thirst, and in his pain plucked up the green blades of grass, he did not touch the flower.

The evening came on, and yet nobody appeared to bring the poor bird a drop of water. Then he stretched out his pretty wings and beat the air frantically with them; his song changed to a mournful piping, his little head sank down toward the flower, and the bird's heart broke with want and yearning. Then the flower could not fold its leaves, as it had done on the previous evening, and sleep; it drooped, sorrowful and sick, toward the earth.

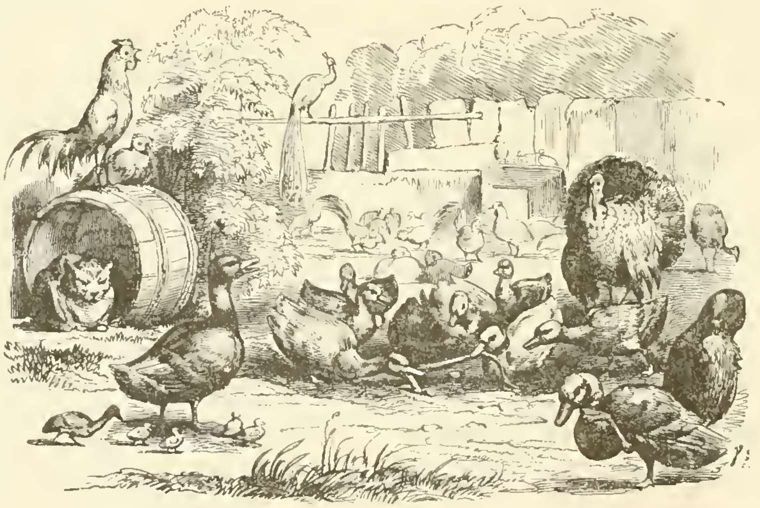


Not till the next morn did the boys come; and when they found the bird dead they wept — wept many tears — and dug him a neat grave, which they adorned with leaves of flowers. The bird's corpse was put into a pretty red box, for he was to be royally buried — the poor bird! While he was alive and sang they forgot him, and let him sit in his cage and suffer want; but now that he was dead he had adornment and many tears.

But the patch of turf with the Daisy on it was thrown out into the high-road: no one thought of the flower that had felt the most for the little bird, and would have been so glad to console him.

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

It was so glorious out in the country; it was summer; the cornfields were yellow, the oats were green, the hay had been put up in stacks in the green meadows, and the stork went about on his long red legs, and chattered Egyptian, for this was the language he had learned from his good mother. All around the fields and meadows were great forests, and in the midst of these forests lay deep lakes. Yes, it was right glorious out in the country. In the midst of the sunshine there lay an old farm, with deep canals about it, and from the wall down to the water grew great burdocks, so high that little children could stand upright under the loftiest of them. It was just as wild there as in the deepest wood, and here sat a Duck upon her nest; she had to hatch her ducklings; but she was almost tired out before the little ones came and then she so seldom had visitors. The other ducks liked better to swim about in the canals than to run up to sit down under a burdock, and cackle with her.



At last one egg-shell after another burst open. “Piep! piep!” it cried, and in all the eggs there were little creatures that stuck out their heads.

“Quack! quack!” they said; and they all came quacking out as fast as they could, looking all round them under the green leaves; and the mother let them look as much as they chose, for green is good for the eye.

“How wide the world is!” said all the young ones, for they certainly had much more room now than when they were in the eggs.

“D’ye think this is all the world?” said the mother. “That stretches far across the other side of the garden, quite into the parson’s field; but I have never been there yet. I hope you are all together,” and she stood up. “No, I have not all. The largest egg still lies there. How long is that to last? I am really tired of it.” And she sat down again.

“Well, how goes it?” asked an old Duck who had come to pay her a visit.

“It lasts a long time with that one egg,” said the Duck who sat there. “It will not burst. Now, only look at the others; are they not the prettiest little ducks one could possibly see? They are all like their father: the rogue, he never comes to see me.”

“Let me see the egg which will not burst,” said the old visitor. “You may be sure it is a turkey’s egg. I was once cheated in that way, and had much anxiety and trouble with the young ones, for they are afraid of the water. Must I say it to you, I could not get them to venture in. I quacked and I clacked, but it was no use. Let me see the egg. Yes, that’s a turkey’s egg. Let it lie there, and teach the other children to swim.”

“I think I will sit on it a little longer,” said the Duck. “I ’ve sat so long now that I can sit a few days more.”

“Just as you please,” said the old Duck; and she went away.

At last the great egg burst. “Piep! piep!” said the little one, and crept forth. It was very large and very ugly. The Duck looked at it.

"It's a very large duckling," said she; "none of the others look like that: can it really be a turkey chick? Well, we shall soon find out. It must go into the water, even if I have to thrust it in myself."

The next day it was bright, beautiful weather; the sun shone on all the green trees. The Mother-Duck went down to the canal with all her family. Splash! she jumped into the water. "Quack! quack!" she said, and one duckling after another plunged in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up in an instant, and swam capitally; their legs went of themselves, and they were all in the water. The ugly gray Duckling swam with them.

"No, it's not a turkey," said she; "look how well it can use its legs, and how straight it holds itself. It is my own child! On the whole it's quite pretty, if one looks at it rightly. Quack! quack! come with me, and I'll lead you out into the great world, and present you in the duck-yard; but keep close to me, so that no one may tread on you, and take care of the cats!"

And so they came into the duck-yard. There was a terrible riot going on in there, for two families were quarreling about an eel's head, and the cat got it after all.

"See, that's how it goes in the world!" said the Mother-Duck; and she whetted her beak, for she too wanted the eel's head. "Only use your legs," she said. "See that you can bustle about, and bow your heads before the old Duck yonder. She's the grandest of all here; she's of Spanish blood — that's why she's so fat; and d'ye see? she has a red rag round her leg; that's something particularly fine, and the greatest distinction a duck can enjoy; it signifies that one does not want to lose her, and that she's to be known by the animals and by men too. Shake yourselves — don't turn in your toes; a well brought-up duck turns its toes quite out, just like father and mother, — so! Now bend your necks and say Quack!'"

And they did so: but the other ducks round about looked at them, and said quite boldly, —

"Look there! now we're to have these hanging on, as if there were not enough of us already! And — fie! — how that duckling yonder looks; we won't stand that!" And one duck flew up at it, and bit it in the neck.

"Let it alone," said the mother; "it does no harm to any one."

"Yes, but it's too large and peculiar," said the Duck who had bitten it; "and therefore it must be put down."

"Those are pretty children that the mother has there," said the old Duck with the rag round her leg. "They're all pretty but that one; that was rather unlucky. I wish she could bear it over again."

"That cannot be done, my lady," replied the Mother-Duck. "It is not pretty, but it has a really good disposition, and swims as well as any other; yes, I may even say it, swims better. I think it will grow up pretty, and become smaller in time; it has lain too long in the egg, and therefore is not properly shaped." And then she pinched it in the neck, and smoothed its feathers. "Moreover, it is a drake," she said, "and therefore it is not of so much consequence. I think he will be very strong: he makes his way already."

"The other ducklings are graceful enough," said the old Duck. "Make yourself at home; and if you find an eel's head, you may bring it me."

And now they were at home. But the poor Duckling which had crept last out of the egg, and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed and jeered, as much by the ducks as by the chickens.

"It is too big!" they all said. And the turkey-cock, who had been born with spurs, and therefore thought himself an emperor, blew himself up like a ship in full sail, and bore straight down upon it; then he gobbled and grew quite red in the face. The poor Duckling did not know where it should stand or walk; it was quite melancholy because it looked ugly, and was the butt of the whole duck-yard.

So it went on the first day; and afterwards it became worse and worse. The poor Duckling was hunted about by every one; even its brothers and sisters were quite angry with it, and said, "If the cat would only catch you, you ugly creature!" And the mother said, "If you were only far away!" And the ducks bit it, and the chickens beat it, and the girl who had to feed the poultry kicked at it with her foot.

Then it ran and flew over the fence, and the little birds in the bushes flew up in fear.

"That is because I am so ugly!" thought the Duckling; and it shut its eyes, but flew on farther, and so it came out into the great moor, where the wild ducks lived. Here it lay the whole night long; and it was weary and downcast.

Towards morning the wild ducks flew up, and looked at their new companion.

"What sort of a one are you?" they asked; and the Duckling turned in every direction, and bowed as well as it could. "You are remarkably ugly!" said the Wild Ducks. "But that is nothing to us, so long as you do not marry into our family."

Poor thing! it certainly did not think of marrying, and only hoped to obtain leave to lie among the reeds and drink some of the swamp water.

Thus it lay two whole days; then came thither two wild geese, or, properly speaking, two wild ganders. It was not long since each had crept out of an egg, and that's why they were so saucy.

"Listen, comrade," said one of them. "You're so ugly that I like you. Will you go with us, and become a bird of passage? Near here, in another moor, there are a few sweet lovely wild geese, all unmarried, and all able to say 'Rap?' You've a chance of making your fortune, ugly as you are."

"Piff! paff!" resounded through the air; and the two ganders fell down dead in the swamp, and the water became blood red. "Piff! paff!" it sounded again, and the whole flock of wild geese rose up from the reeds. And then there was another report. A great hunt was going on. The sportsmen were lying in wait all round the moor, and some were even sitting up in the branches of the trees, which spread far over the reeds. The blue smoke rose up like clouds among the dark trees, and was wafted far away across the water; and the hunting dogs came — splash, splash! — into the swamp, and the rushes and the reeds bent down on every side. That was a fright for the poor Duckling! It turned its head, and put it under its wing; but at that moment a frightful great dog stood close by the Duckling. His tongue hung far out of his mouth, and his eyes gleamed horrible and ugly; he thrust out his nose close against the Duckling, showed his sharp teeth, and — splash, splash! — on he went, without seizing it.

"Oh, Heaven be thanked!" sighed the Duckling. "I am so ugly that even the dog does not like to bite me!"

And so it lay quite quiet, while the shots rattled through the reeds and gun after gun was fired. At last, late in the day, all was still; but the poor Duckling did not dare to rise up; it waited several hours before it looked round, and then hastened away out of the moor as fast as it could. It ran on over field and meadow; there was such a storm raging that it was difficult to get from one place to another.

Towards evening the Duck came to a little miserable peasant's hut. This hut was so dilapidated that it did not itself know on which side it should fall; and that's why it remained standing. The storm whistled round the Duckling in such a way that the poor creature was obliged to sit down, to stand against it; and the wind blew worse and worse. Then the Duckling noticed that one of the hinges of the door had given way, and the door hung so slanting that the Duckling could slip through the crack into the room; and that is what it did.

Here lived a woman, with her Cat and her Hen. And the Cat, whom she call Sonnie, could arch his back and purr, he could even give out sparks; but for that one had to stroke his fur the wrong way. The Hen had quite little, short legs, and therefore she was called Chickabiddy Shortshanks; she laid good eggs, and the woman loved her as her own child.

In the morning the strange Duckling was at once noticed, and the Cat began to purr and the Hen to cluck.

"What's this?" said the woman, and looked all round; but she could not see well, and therefore she thought the Duckling was a fat duck that had strayed. "This is a rare prize!" she said. "Now I shall have duck's eggs. I hope it is not a drake. We must try that."

And so the Duckling was admitted on trial for three weeks; but no eggs came. And the Cat was master of the house, and the Hen was the lady, and always said "We and the world!" for she thought they were half the world, and by far the better half.

The Duckling thought one might have a different opinion, but the Hen would not allow it.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Then will you hold your tongue!"

And the Cat said, "Can you curve your back, and purr, and give out sparks?"

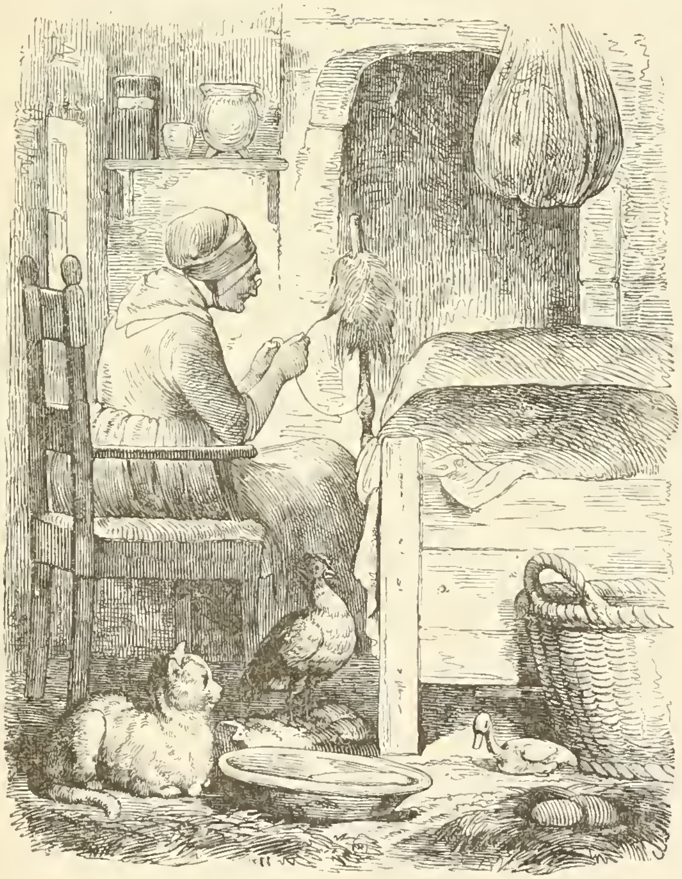
"No."

"Then you will please have no opinion of your own when sensible folks are speaking."

And the Duckling sat in a corner and was melancholy; then the fresh air and the sunshine streamed in; and it was seized with such a strange longing to swim on the water, that it could not help telling the Hen of it.

"What are you thinking of?" cried the Hen. "You have nothing to do, that's why you have these fancies. Lay eggs, or purr, and they will pass over."

"But it is so charming to swim on the water!" said the Duckling, "so refreshing to let it close above one's head, and to dive down to the bottom."



"Yes, that must be a mighty pleasure, truly," quoth the Hen, "I fancy you must have gone crazy. Ask the Cat about it, — he's the cleverest animal I know, — ask him if he likes to swim on the water, or to dive down: I won't speak about myself. Ask our mistress, the old woman; no one in the word is cleverer than she. Do you think she has any desire to swim, and to let the water close above her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the Duckling.

"We don't understand you? Then pray who is to understand you? You surely don't pretend to be cleverer than the Cat and the woman — I won't say anything of myself. Don't be conceited, child, and thank your Maker for all the kindness you have received. Did you not get into a warm room, and have you not fallen into company from which you may learn something? But you are a chatterer, and it is not pleasant to associate with you. You may believe me, I speak for your good. I tell you disagreeable things, and by that one may always know one's true friends! Only take care that you learn to lay eggs, or to purr, and give out sparks!"

"I think I will go out into the wide world," said the Duckling.

"Yes, do go," replied the Hen.

And so the Duckling went away. It swam on the water, and dived, but it was slighted by every creature because of its ugliness.

Now came the autumn. The leaves in the forest turned yellow and brown; the wind caught them so that they danced about, and up in the air it was very cold. The clouds hung low, heavy with hail and snow-flakes, and on the fence stood the raven, crying, "Croak! croak!" for mere cold; yes, it was enough to make one feel cold to think of this. The poor little Duckling certainly had not a good time. One evening — the sun was just setting in his beauty — there came a whole flock of great, handsome birds out of the bushes; they were dazzlingly white, with long, flexible necks; they were swans. They uttered a very peculiar cry, spread forth their glorious great wings, and flew away from that cold region to warmer lands, to fair open lakes. They mounted so high, so high! and the ugly Duckling felt quite strangely as it watched them. It turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched out its neck towards them, and uttered such a strange, loud cry as frightened itself. Oh! it could not forget those beautiful, happy birds; and so soon as it could see them no longer, it dived down to the very bottom, and when it came up again it was quite beside itself. It knew not the name of those birds, and knew not whither they were flying; but it loved them more than it had ever loved any one. It was not at all envious of them. How could it think of wishing to possess such loveliness as they had? It would have been glad if only the ducks would have endured its company — the poor, ugly creature!

And the winter grew cold, very cold! The Duckling was forced to swim about in the water, to prevent the surface from freezing entirely; but every night the hole in which it swam about became smaller and smaller. It froze so hard that the icy covering crackled again; and the Duckling was obliged to use its legs continually to prevent the hole from freezing up. At last it became exhausted, and lay quite still, and thus froze fast into the ice.

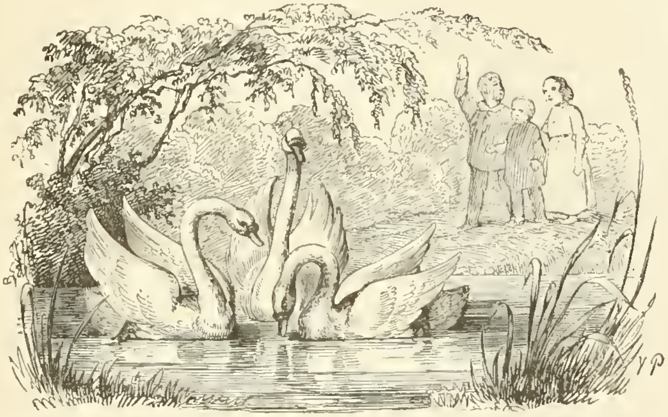
Early in the morning a peasant came by, and when he saw what had happened, he took his wooden shoe, broke the ice-crust to pieces, and carried the Duckling home to his wife. Then it came to itself again. The children wanted to play with it; but the Duckling thought they wanted to hurt it, and in its terror fluttered up into the milk-pan, so that the milk spurted down into the room. The woman clasped her hands, at which the Duckling flew down into the butter-tub, and then into the meal-barrel and out again. How it looked then! The woman screamed, and struck at it with the fire-tongs; the children tumbled over one another in their efforts to catch the Duckling; and they laughed and they screamed! — well it was that the door stood open, and the poor creature was able to slip out between the shrubs into the newly-fallen snow — there it lay quite exhausted.

But it would be too melancholy if I were to tell all the misery and care which the Duckling had to endure in the hard winter. It lay out on the moor among the reeds, when the sun began to shine again and the larks to sing: it was a beautiful spring.

Then all at once the Duckling could flap its wings: they beat the air more strongly than before, and bore it strongly away; and before it well knew how all this happened, it found itself in a great garden, where the elder-trees smelt sweet, and bent their long green branches down to the canal that wound through the region. Oh, here it was so beautiful, such a gladness of spring! and from the thicket came three glorious white swans; they rustled their wings, and swam lightly on the water. The Duckling knew the splendid creatures, and felt oppressed by a peculiar sadness.

"I will fly away to them, to the royal birds! and they will beat me, because I, that am so ugly, dare to come near them. But it is all the same.

Better to be killed by *them* than to be pursued by ducks, and beaten by fowls, and pushed about by the girl who takes care of the poultry yard, and to suffer hunger in winter!" And it flew out into the water, and swam towards the beautiful swans: these looked at it, and came sailing down upon it with outspread wings. "Kill me!" said the poor creature, and bent its head down upon the water, expecting nothing but death. But what was this that it saw in the clear water? It beheld its own image; and, lo! it was no longer a clumsy dark-gray bird, ugly and hateful to look at, but a — swan!



It matters nothing if one is born in a duck-yard if one has only lain in a swan's egg.

It felt quite glad at all the need and misfortune it had suffered, now it realized its happiness in all the splendor that surrounded it. And the great swans swam round it, and stroked it with their beaks.

Into the garden came little children, who threw bread and corn into the water; and the youngest cried, "There is a new one!" and the other children shouted joyously, "Yes, a new one has arrived!" And they clapped their hands and danced about, and ran to their father and mother; and bread and cake were thrown into the water; and they all said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all! so young and handsome!" and the old swans bowed their heads before him. Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wings, for he did not know what to do; he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He thought how he had been persecuted and despised; and now he heard them saying that he was the most beautiful of all birds. Even the elder-tree bent its branches straight down into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and mild. Then his wings rustled, he lifted his slender neck, and cried rejoicingly from the depths of his heart, —

"I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling!"

THE FIR-TREE.

Out in the woods stood a nice little Fir-tree. The place he had was a very good one; the sun shone on him; as to fresh air, there was enough of that, and round him grew many large-sized comrades, pines as well as firs. But the little Fir wanted so very much to be a grown-up tree.

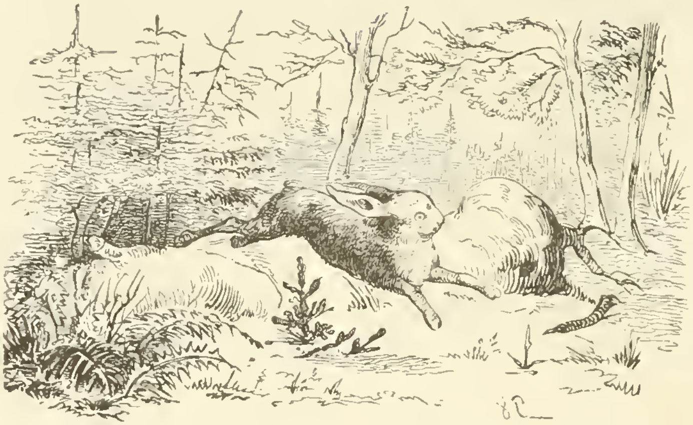
He did not think of the warm sun and of the fresh air; he did not care for the little cottage-children that ran about and prattled when they were in the woods looking for wild strawberries. The children often came with a whole pitcher full of strawberries, or a long row of them threaded on a straw, and sat down near the young tree and said, "Oh, how pretty he is! what a nice little fir!" But this was what the tree could not bear to hear.

At the end of a year he had shot up a good deal, and after another year he was another long bit taller; for with fir-trees one can always tell by the shoots how many years old they are.

"Oh, were I but such a high tree as the others are," sighed he. "Then I should be able to spread out my branches, and with the tops to look into the wide world! Then would the birds build nests among my branches; and when there was a breeze, I could bend with as much stateliness as the others!"

Neither the sunbeams, nor the birds, nor the red clouds which morning and evening sailed above him, gave the little tree any pleasure.

In winter, when the snow lay glittering on the ground, a hare would often come leaping along, and jump right over the little tree. Oh, that made him so angry! But two winters were past, and in the third the tree was so large that the hare was obliged to go round it. "To grow and grow, to get older and be tall," thought the tree, — "that, after all, is the most delightful thing in the world!"



In autumn the wood-cutters always came and felled some of the largest trees. This happened every year; and the young Fir-tree, that had now grown to a very comely size, trembled at the sight; for the magnificent great trees fell to the earth with noise and cracking, the branches were lopped off, and the trees looked long and bare: they were hardly to be recognized; and then they were laid in carts, and the horses dragged them out of the wood.

Where did they go to? What became of them?

In spring, when the Swallows and the Storks came, the tree asked them, "Don't you know where they have been taken? Have you not met them anywhere?"

The Swallows did not know anything about it; but the Stork looked musing, nodded his head, and said, "Yes; I think I know; I met many ships as I was flying hither from Egypt; on the ships were magnificent masts, and I venture to assert that it was they that smelt so of fir. I may congratulate you, for they lifted themselves on high most majestically!"

"Oh, were I but old enough to fly across the sea! But how does the sea look in reality? What it is like?"

"That would take a long time to explain," said the Stork, and with these words off he went.

"Rejoice in thy growth!" said the Sunbeams, "rejoice in thy vigorous growth, and in the fresh life that moveth within thee!"

And the Wind kissed the tree, and the Dew wept tears over him; but the Fir understood it not.

When Christmas came, quite young trees were cut down; trees which often were not even as large or of the same age as this Fir-tree, who could never rest, but always wanted to be off. These young trees, and they were always the finest looking, retained their branches; they were laid on carts, and the horses drew them out of the wood.

"Where are they going to?" asked the Fir. "They are not taller than I; there was one indeed that was considerably shorter; — and why do they retain all their branches? Whither are they taken?"

"We know! we know!" chirped the Sparrows. "We have peeped in at the windows in the town below! We know whither they are taken! The greatest splendor and the greatest magnificence one can imagine await them. We peeped through the windows, and saw them planted in the middle of the warm room, and ornamented with the most splendid things, — with gilded apples, with gingerbread, with toys, and many hundred lights!"

"And then?" asked the Fir-tree, trembling in every bough. "And then? What happens then?"

"We did not see anything more: it was incomparably beautiful."

"I would fain know if I am destined for so glorious a career," cried the tree, rejoicing. "That is still better than to cross the sea! What a longing do I suffer! Were Christmas but come! I am now tall, and my branches spread like the others that were carried off last year! Oh, were I but already on the cart! Were I in the warm room with all the splendor and magnificence! Yes; then something better, something still grander, will surely follow, or wherefore should they thus ornament me? Something better, something still grander, *must* follow — but what? Oh, how I long, how I suffer! I do not know myself what is the matter with me!"

"Rejoice in our presence!" said the Air and the Sunlight; "rejoice in thy own fresh youth!"

But the tree did not rejoice at all; he grew and grew, and was green both winter and summer. People that saw him said, "What a fine tree!" and towards Christmas he was one of the first that was cut down. The axe struck deep into the very pith; the tree fell to the earth with a sigh: he felt a pang — it was like a swoon; he could not think of happiness, for he was sorrowful at being separated from his home, from the place where he had sprung up. He well knew that he should never see his dear old comrades, the little bushes and flowers around him, any more; perhaps not even the birds! The departure was not at all agreeable.

The tree only came to himself when he was unloaded in a courtyard with the other trees, and heard a man say, "That one is splendid! we don't want the others." Then two servants came in rich livery and carried the Fir-tree into a large and splendid drawing-room. Portraits were hanging on the walls, and near the white porcelain stove stood two large Chinese vases with lions on the covers. There, too, were large easy-chairs, silken sofas, large tables full of picture-books, and full of toys worth hundreds and hundreds of crowns — at least the children said so. And the Fir-tree was stuck upright in a cask that was filled with sand: but no one could see that it was a cask, for green cloth was hung all round it, and it stood on a large gayly-colored carpet. Oh, how the tree quivered! What was to happen? The servants, as well as the young ladies, decorated it. On one branch there hung little nets cut out of colored paper, and each net was filled with sugarplums; and among the other boughs gilded apples and walnuts were suspended, looking as though they had grown there, and little blue and white tapers were placed among the leaves. Dolls that looked for all the world like men — the tree had never beheld such before — were seen among the foliage, and at the very top a large star of gold tinsel was fixed. It was really splendid — beyond description splendid.

"This evening!" said they all; "how it will shine this evening!"

"Oh," thought the tree, "if the evening were but come! If the tapers were but lighted! And then I wonder what will happen! Perhaps the other trees from the forest will come to look at me! Perhaps the sparrows will beat against the window-panes! I wonder if I shall take root here, and winter and summer stand covered with ornaments!"

He knew very much about the matter! but he was so impatient that for sheer longing he got a pain in his back, and this with trees is the same thing as a headache with us.

The candles were now lighted. What brightness! What splendor! The tree trembled so in every bough that one of the tapers set fire to the foliage. It blazed up splendidly.

"Help! help!" cried the young ladies, and they quickly put out the fire.

Now the tree did not even dare tremble. What a state he was in! He was so uneasy lest he should lose something of his splendor, that he was quite bewildered amidst the glare and brightness; when suddenly both folding-doors opened, and a troop of children rushed in as if they would upset the tree. The older persons followed quietly; the little ones stood quite still. But it was only for a moment; then they shouted so that the whole place reëchoed with their rejoicing; they danced round the tree, and one present after the other was pulled off.

"What are they about?" thought the tree. "What is to happen now!" And the lights burned down to the very branches, and as they burned down they were put out one after the other, and then the children had permission to plunder the tree. So they fell upon it with such violence that all its branches cracked; if it had not been fixed firmly in the cask, it would certainly have tumbled down.

The children danced about with their beautiful playthings; no one looked at the tree except the old nurse, who peeped between the branches; but it was only to see if there was a fig or an apple left that had been forgotten.

"A story! a story!" cried the children, drawing a little fat man towards the tree. He seated himself under it, and said, "Now we are in the shade, and the tree can listen too. But I shall tell only one story. Now which will you have; that about Ivedy-Avedy, or about Klumpy-Dumpy who tumbled down-stairs, and yet after all came to the throne and married the princess?"

"Ivedy-Avedy," cried some; "Klumpy-Dumpy," cried the others. There was such a bawling and screaming! — the Fir-tree alone was silent, and he thought to himself, "Am I not to bawl with the rest? — am I to do nothing whatever?" for he was one of the company, and had done what he had to do.

And the man told about Klumpy-Dumpy that tumbled down, who notwithstanding came to the throne, and at last married the princess. And the children clapped their hands, and cried out, "Oh, go on! Do go on!" They wanted to hear about Ivedy-Avedy too, but the little man only told them about Klumpy-Dumpy. The Fir-tree stood quite still and absorbed in thought: the birds in the wood had never related the like of this, "Klumpy-Dumpy fell down-stairs, and yet he married the princess! Yes, yes! that 's the way of the world!" thought the Fir-tree, and believed it all, because the man who told the story was so good-looking. "Well, well! who knows, perhaps I may fall down-stairs too, and get a princess as wife!" And he looked forward with joy to the morrow, when he hoped to be decked out again with lights, playthings, fruits, and tinsel.

"I won't tremble to-morrow!" thought the Fir-tree. "I will enjoy to the full all my splendor! To-morrow I shall hear again the story of Klumpy-Dumpy, and perhaps that of Ivedy-Avedy too." And the whole night the tree stood still and in deep thought.

In the morning the servant and the housemaid came in.

"Now then the splendor will begin again," thought the Fir. But they dragged him out of the room, and up the stairs into the loft; and here in a dark corner, where no daylight could enter, they left him. "What 's the meaning of this?" thought the tree. "What am I to do here? What shall I hear now, I wonder?" And he leaned against the wall lost in reverie. Time enough had he too for his reflections; for days and nights passed on, and nobody came up; and when at last somebody did come, it was only to put some great trunks in a corner out of the way. There stood the tree quite hidden; it seemed as if he had been entirely forgotten.

"'T is now winter out-of-doors!" thought the tree. "The earth is hard and covered with snow; men cannot plant me now, and therefore I have been put up here under shelter till the spring-time comes! How thoughtful that is! How kind man is, after all! If it only were not so dark here, and so terribly lonely! Not even a hare. And out in the woods it was so pleasant, when the snow was on the ground, and the hare leaped by; yes — even when he jumped over me; but I did not like it then. It is really terribly lonely here!"

"Squeak! squeak!" said a little Mouse at the same moment, peeping out of his hole. And then another little one came. They snuffed about the Fir-tree, and rustled among the branches.

"It is dreadfully cold," said the Mouse. "But for that, it would be delightful here, old Fir, would n't it?"

"I am by no means old," said the Fir-tree. "There 's many a one considerably older than I am."

"Where do you come from," asked the Mice; "and what can yóu do?" They were so extremely curious. "Tell us about the most beautiful spot on the earth. Have you never been there? Were you never in the larder, where cheeses lie on the shelves, and hams hang from above; where one dances about on tallow candles; that place where one enters lean, and comes out again fat and portly?"

"I know no such place," said the tree. "But I know the wood, where the sun shines, and where the little birds sing." And then he told all about his youth; and the little Mice had never heard the like before; and they listened and said, —

"Well, to be sure! How much you have seen! How happy you must have been!"

"I!" said the Fir-tree, thinking over what he had himself related. "Yes, in reality those were happy times." And then he told about Christmas Eve, when he was decked out with cakes and candles.

"Oh," said the little Mice, "how fortunate you have been, old Fir-tree!"

"I am by no means old," said he. "I came from the wood this winter; I am in my prime, and am only rather short for my age."

"What delightful stories you know!" said the Mice: and the next night they came with four other little Mice, who were to hear what the tree recounted; and the more he related, the more plainly he remembered all himself; and it appeared as if those times had really been happy times. "But they may still come — they may still come. Klumpy-Dumpy fell down-stairs, and yet he got a princess!" and he thought at the moment of a nice little Birch-tree growing out in the woods: to the Fir, that would be a real charming princess.

"Who is Klumpy-Dumpy?" asked the Mice. So then the Fir-tree told the whole fairy tale, for he could remember every single word of it; and the little Mice jumped for joy up to the very top of the tree. Next night two more Mice came, and on Sunday two Rats, even; but they said the stories were not interesting, which vexed the little Mice; and they, too, now began to think them not so very amusing either.

"Do you know only one story?" asked the Rats.

"Only that one," answered the tree. "I heard it on my happiest evening; but I did not then know how happy I was."

"It is a very stupid story! Don't you know one about bacon and tallow candles? Can't you tell any larder-stories?"

"No," said the tree.

"Then good-by," said the Rats; and they went home.

At last the little Mice stayed away also; and the tree sighed: "After all, it was very pleasant when the sleek little Mice sat round me and listened to what I told them. Now that too is over. But I will take good care to enjoy myself when I am brought out again."

But when was that to be? Why, one morning there came a quantity of people and set to work in the loft. The trunks were moved, the tree was pulled out and thrown — rather hard, it is true — down on the floor, but a man drew him towards the stairs, where the daylight shone.

"Now a merry life will begin again," thought the tree. He felt the fresh air, the first sunbeam, — and now he was out in the courtyard. All passed so quickly, there was so much going on around him, that the tree quite forgot to look to himself. The court adjoined a garden, and all was in flower; the roses hung so fresh and odorous over the balustrade, the lindens were in blossom, the Swallows flew by, and said "Quirre-vit! my husband is come!" but it was not the Fir-tree that they meant.

"Now, then, I shall really enjoy life," said he, exultingly, and spread out his branches; but, alas! they were all withered and yellow. It was in a corner that he lay, among weeds and nettles. The golden star of tinsel was still on the top of the tree, and glittered in the sunshine.

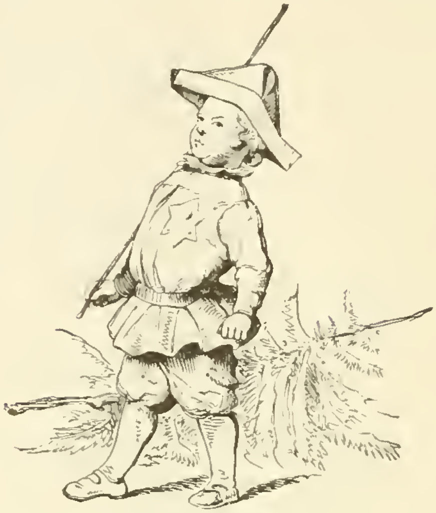
In the courtyard some of the merry children were playing who had danced at Christmas round the Fir-tree, and were so glad at the sight of him. One of the youngest ran and tore off the golden star.

"Only look what is still on the ugly old Christmas-tree!" said he, trampling on the branches, so that they all cracked beneath his feet.

And the tree beheld all the beauty of the flowers, and the freshness in the garden; he beheld himself, and wished he had remained in his dark corner in the loft: he thought of his first youth in the wood, of the merry Christmas Eve, and of the little Mice who had listened with so much pleasure to the story of Klumpy-Dumpy.

"'T is over — 't is past!" said the poor tree. "Had I but rejoiced when I had reason to do so! But now 't is past, 't is past!"

And the gardener's boy chopped the tree into small pieces; there was a whole heap lying there. The wood flamed up splendidly under the large brewing copper, and it sighed so deeply! Each sigh was like a shot.



The boys played about in the court, and the youngest wore the gold star on his breast which the tree had had on the happiest evening of his life. However, that was over now, — the tree gone, the story at an end. All, all was over; every tale must end at last.

THE FLAX.

The Flax stood in blossom; it had pretty little blue flowers, delicate as a moth's wings and even more delicate. The sun shone on the Flax, and the rain clouds moistened it, and this was just as good for it as it is for little children when they are washed, and afterward get a kiss from their mother; they become much prettier, and so did the Flax.

"The people say that I stand uncommonly well," said the Flax, "and that I'm fine and long, and shall make a capital piece of linen. How happy I am! I'm certainly the happiest of beings. How well I am off! And I may come to something! How the sunshine gladdens, and the rain tastes good and refreshes me! I'm wonderfully happy; I'm the happiest of beings."

"Yes, yes, yes!" said the Hedge-stake. "You don't know the world, but we do, for we have knots in us;" and then it creaked out mournfully, —

"Snip-snap-snurre,
Basselurre!
The song is done."

"No, it is not done," said the Flax. "To-morrow the sun will shine, or the rain will refresh us. I feel that I'm growing, I feel that I'm in blossom! I'm the happiest of beings."

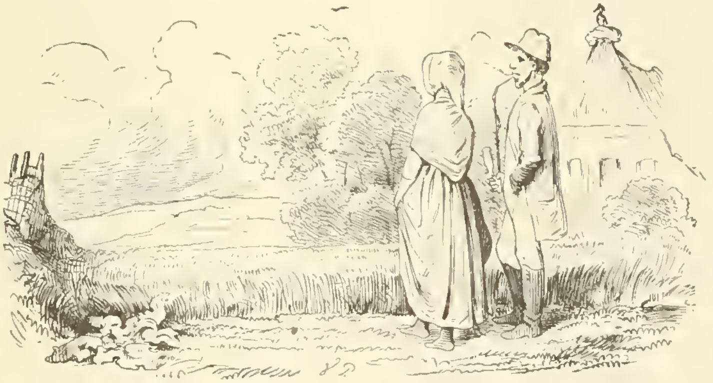
But one day the people came and took the Flax by the head and pulled it up by the root. That hurt; and it was laid in water as if they were going to drown it, and then put on the fire as if it was going to be roasted. It was quite fearful!

"One can't always have good times," said the

Flax. "One must make one's experiences, and so one gets to know something."

But bad times certainly came. The Flax was moistened, and roasted, and broken, and hackled. Yes, it did not even know what the operations were called that they did with it. It was put on the spinning-wheel — whirr! whirr! whirr! — it was not possible to collect one's thoughts.

"I have been uncommonly happy," it thought in all its pain. "One must be content with the good one has enjoyed. Contented! contented! Oh!" And it continued to say that when it was put into the loom, and till it became a large, beautiful piece of linen. All the Flax, to the last stalk, was used in making one piece.



"But this is quite remarkable! I should never have believed it! How favorable fortune is to me! The Hedge-stake is well informed, truly, with its —

"Snip-snap-snurre,
Bassellurre!'

The song is not done by any means. Now it 's beginning in earnest. That 's quite remarkable! If I 've suffered something, I 've been made into something! I 'm the happiest of all! How strong and fine I am, how white and long! That 's something different from being a mere plant: even if one bears flowers, one is not attended to, and only gets watered when it rains. Now I 'm attended to and cherished: the maid turns me over every morning, and I get a shower bath from the watering-pot every evening. Yes, the clergyman's wife has even made a speech about me, and says I 'm the best piece in the whole parish. I cannot possibly be happier!"

Now the Linen was taken into the house, and put under the scissors: how they cut and tore it, and then pricked it with needles! That was not pleasant; but twelve pieces of body linen of a kind not often mentioned by name, but indispensable to all people, were made of it — a whole dozen!

"Just look! Now something has really been made of me! So; that was my destiny. That 's a real blessing. Now I shall be of some use in the world, and that 's right, that 's a true pleasure! We 've been made into twelve things, but yet we 're all one and the same; we 're just a dozen: how charming that is!"

Years rolled on, and now they would hold together no longer.

"It must be over one day," said each piece. "I would gladly have held together a little longer, but one must not expect impossibilities."

They were now torn into pieces and fragments. They thought it was all over now, for they were hacked to shreds, and softened, and boiled; yes, they themselves did not know all that was done to them; and then they became beautiful white paper.

"Now, that is a surprise, and a glorious surprise!" said the Paper. "Now I 'm finer than before, and I shall be written on: that is remarkable good fortune."

And really the most beautiful stories and verses were written upon it, and only once there came a blot; that was certainly remarkable good fortune. And the people heard what was upon it; it was sensible and good, and made people much more sensible and better: there was a great blessing in the words that were on this paper.

"That is more than I ever imagined when I was a little blue flower in the fields. How could I fancy that I should ever spread joy and knowledge among men? I can't yet understand it myself, but it really is so. I have done nothing myself but what I was obliged with my weak powers to do for my own preservation, and yet I have been promoted from one joy and honor to another. Each time when I think 'the song is done,' it begins again in a higher and better way. Now I shall certainly be sent about to journey through the world, so that all people may read me. That cannot be otherwise; it 's the only probable thing. I have splendid thoughts, as many as I had pretty flowers in the old times. I 'm the happiest of beings."

But the Paper was not sent on its travels, — it was sent to the printer, and everything that was written upon it was set up in type for a book, or rather for many hundreds of books, for in this way a very far greater number could derive pleasure and profit from the book than if the one paper on which it was written had run about the world, to be worn out before it had got half way.

"Yes, that is certainly the wisest way," thought the Written Paper. "I really did not think of that. I shall stay at home, and be held in honor, just like an old grandfather; and I am really the grandfather of all these books. Now something can be effected; I could not have wandered about thus. He who wrote all this looked at me; every word flowed from his pen right into me. I am the happiest of all."

Then the Paper was tied together in a bundle, and thrown into a tub that stood in the wash-house.

"It 's good resting after work," said the Paper. "It 's very right that one should collect one's thoughts. Now I 'm able for the first time to think of what is in me, and to know one's self is true progress. What will be done with me now? At any rate I shall go forward again: I 'm always going forward; I 've found that out."

Now, one day all the Paper was taken out and laid by on the hearth; it was to be burned, for it might not be sold to hucksters to be used for covering for butter and sugar, they said. And all the children in the house stood round about, for they wanted to see the Paper burn, that flamed so prettily, and afterwards one could see many red sparks among the ashes, careering here and there. One after another faded out as quick as the wind, and that they called "seeing the children come out of school," and the last spark was the old schoolmaster: one of them thought he had already gone, but the next moment there came another spark. "There goes the schoolmaster!" they said. Yes, they knew all about it; they should have known who it was who went there: we shall get to know it, but they did not. All the old Paper, the whole bundle, was laid upon the fire, and it was soon alight. "Ugh!" it said, and burst out into bright flame. Ugh! that was not very agreeable, but when the whole was wrapped in bright flames, these mounted up higher than the Flax had ever been able to lift its little blue flowers, and glittered as the white Linen had never been able to glitter. All the written letters turned for a moment quite red, and all the words and thoughts turned to flame.

"Now I 'm mounting straight up to the sun," said a voice in the flame; and it was as if a thousand voices said this in unison; and the flames mounted up through the chimney and out at the top, and more delicate than the flames, invisible to human eyes, little tiny beings floated there, as many as there had been blossoms on the Flax. They were lighter even than the flame from which they were born; and when the flame was extinguished, and nothing remained of the Paper but black ashes, they danced over it once more, and where they touched the black mass the little red sparks appeared. The children came out of school, and the schoolmaster was the last of all. That was fun! And the children sang over the dead ashes, —

"Snip-snap-snurre,
Bassellurre!
The song is done."

But the little invisible beings all said, —

"The song is never done, that is the best of all. We know it, and therefore we 're the happiest of all."

But the children could neither hear that nor understand it; nor ought they, for children must not know everything.

THE SWINEHERD.

There was once a poor prince; he had a kingdom that was very small; still it was quite large enough to marry upon; and he wished to marry.

It was certainly rather cool of him to say to the Emperor's daughter, "Will you have me?" But so he did; for his name was renowned far and wide; and there were a hundred princesses who would have answered, "Thank you." But see what she said. Now we will hear.

By the grave of the prince's father there grew a rose-tree, — a most beautiful rose-tree; it blossomed only once in every five years, and even then bore only one flower, but that was a rose that smelt so sweet as to make one forget all cares and sorrows.

And furthermore, the prince had a nightingale, who could sing in such a manner that it seemed as though all sweet melodies dwelt in her little throat. So the princess was to have the rose and the nightingale; and they were accordingly put into large silver caskets, and sent to her.

The emperor had them brought into a large hall, where the princess was playing at "making calls," with the ladies of the court; they never did anything else, and when she saw the caskets with the presents, she clapped her hands for joy.

"Ah, if it were but a little pussy-cat!" exclaimed she; then out came the beautiful rose.

"Oh, how prettily it is made!" said all the court-ladies.

"It is more than pretty," said the emperor; "it is charming!"

But the princess touched it, and was almost ready to cry.

"Fie, papa!" said she, "it is not made at all; it is natural!"

"Fie!" cried all the court-ladies; "it is natural!"

"Let us see what is in the other casket, before we get into a bad humor, proposed the emperor. So the nightingale came forth, and sang so delightfully that at first no one could say anything ill-humored of it.

"*Superbe! charment!*" exclaimed the ladies; for they all used to chatter French, each one worse than her neighbor.

"How much the bird reminds me of the musical box that belonged to our blessed empress!" remarked an old knight. "Ah yes! it is the very same tone, the same execution."

"Yes! yes!" said the emperor, and he wept like a little child.

"I will still hope that it is not a real bird," said the princess.

"Yet it is a real bird," said those who had brought it.

"Well, then let the bird fly," returned the princess; and she positively refused to see the prince.

However, he was not to be discouraged; he daubed his face over brown and black, pulled his cap over his ears, and knocked at the door.

"Good day, emperor!" said he. "Can I have employment at the palace?"

"Oh, there are so many that want a place!" said the emperor; "well let me see, I want some one to take care of the pigs, for we have a great many of them."

So the prince was appointed "Imperial Swineherd." He had a dirty little room close by the pig-sty; and there he sat the whole day, and worked. By the evening he had made a pretty little saucepan. Little bells were hung all around it; and when the pot was boiling, these bells tinkled in the most charming manner, and played the old melody: —

"Ah! thou dearest Augustine!
All is gone, gone, gone!"

But what was still more curious, whoever held his finger in the smoke of this saucepan immediately smelt all the dishes that were cooking on every hearth in the city: this, you see, was something quite different from the rose.

Now the princess happened to walk that way: and when she heard the tune, she stood quite still, and seemed pleased; for she could play "Dearest Augustine;" it was the only piece she knew, and she played it with one finger.

"Why, there is my piece!" said the princess; "that swineherd must certainly have been well educated! Here! Go in and ask him the price of the instrument."

And so one of the court-ladies must run in; however, she drew on wooden slippers first.

"What will you take for the saucepan?" inquired the lady.

"I will have ten kisses from the princess," said the swineherd.

"Mercy on us!" said the lady.

"Yes, I cannot sell it for less," said the swineherd.

"Well, what does he say?" asked the princess.

"I cannot tell you, really," replied the lady; "it is too bad!"

"Then you can whisper it!" So the lady whispered it.

"He is an impudent fellow!" said the princess, and she walked on; but when she had gone a little way, the bells tinkled so prettily, —

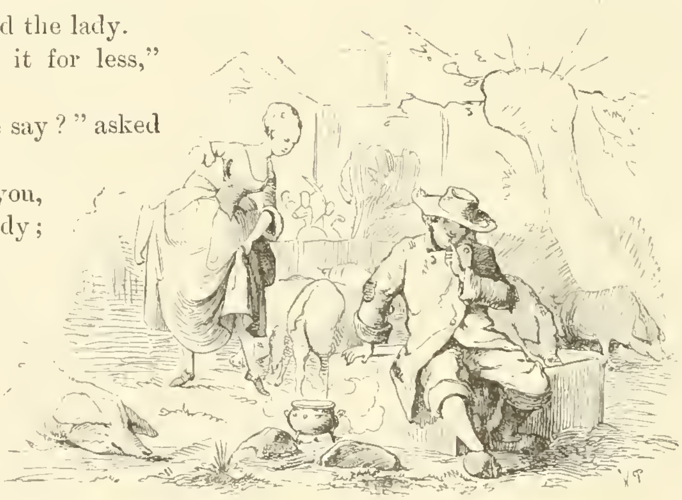
> "Ah! thou dearest Augustine!
> All is gone, gone, gone!"

"Stay," said the princess. "Ask him if he will have ten kisses from the ladies of my court."

"No, thank you!" answered the swineherd: "ten kisses from the princess, or I keep the saucepan myself."

"That must not be, either!" said the princess; "But do you all stand before me, that no one may see us."

And the court-ladies placed themselves in front of her, and spread out their dresses: and so the swineherd got ten kisses, and she got the saucepan.



It was delightful! the saucepan was kept boiling all the evening, and the whole of the following day. They knew perfectly well what was cooking at every fire throughout the city, from the chamberlain's to the cobbler's; the court-ladies danced, and clapped their hands.

"We know who has soup and who has pancakes for dinner to-day, who has cutlets, and who has eggs. How interesting!"

And "How interesting!" said the lord steward's wife.

"Yes, but keep my secret, for I am an emperor's daughter."

"Mercy on us," said they all.

The swineherd — that is to say the prince, for no one knew that he was other than an ill-favored swineherd — let not a day pass without working at something: he at last constructed a rattle, which, when it was swung round, played all the waltzes and jig-tunes which have ever been heard since the creation of the world.

"Ah, that is *superbe!*" said the princess when she passed by; "I have never heard prettier compositions! Go in and ask him the price of the instrument; but I won't kiss him!"

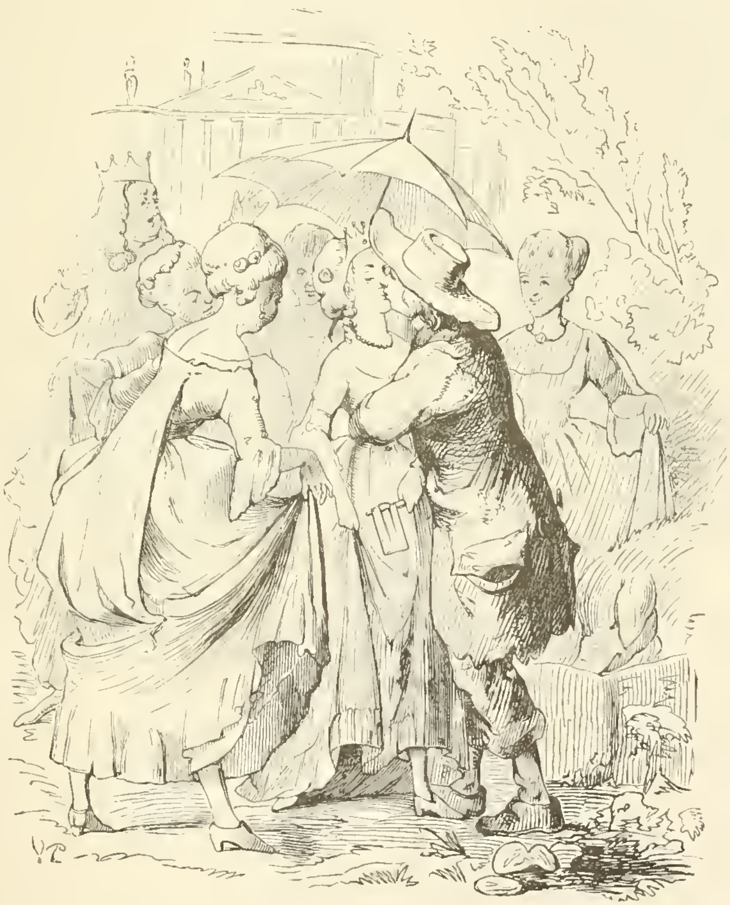
"He will have a hundred kisses from the princess!" said the court-lady who had been in to ask.

"I think he is crazy!" said the princess, and walked on: but when she had gone a little way, she stopped again. "One must encourage art," said she; "I am the emperor's daughter. Tell him, he shall, as on yesterday, have ten kisses from me, and may take the rest from the ladies of the court."

“Oh! but we should not like that at all!” said the court-ladies.

“What are you muttering?” asked the princess; “if I can kiss him, surely you can! Remember, I give you your food and wages.” So the court-ladies were obliged to go to him again.

“A hundred kisses from the princess!” said he, “or else let every one keep his own.”



“Stand round!” said she; and all the ladies stood round her whilst the kissing was going on.

“What can be the reason for such a crowd close by the pig-sty?” said the emperor, who happened just then to step out on the balcony. He rubbed his eyes and put on his spectacles. “They are the ladies of the court; there is some play going on. I must go down and see what they are about!” So he pulled up his slippers at the heel, for he had trodden them down.

Heh there! what a hurry he is in.

As soon as he had got into the courtyard, he moved very softly, and the ladies were so much engrossed with counting the kisses, that all might go on fairly, that they did not perceive the emperor. He rose on his tiptoes.

“What is all this?” said he, when he saw what was going on, and he boxed the princess's ears with his slipper, just as the swineherd was taking the eighty-sixth kiss.

“Off with you!” cried the emperor, for he was very angry; and both princess and swineherd were thrust out of the city.

The princess now stood and wept, the swineherd scolded, and the rain poured down.

“Oh, how miserable I am!” said the princess. “If I had but married the handsome young prince! Ah! how unfortunate I am!”

And the swineherd went behind a tree, washed the black-and-brown color from his face, threw off his dirty clothes, and stepped forth in his princely robes: he looked so noble that the princess could not help bowing before him.

“I am come to despise thee,” said he. “Thou wouldst not have an honorable prince! thou couldst not prize the rose and the nightingale, but thou wast ready to kiss the swineherd for the sake of a trumpery plaything. Now thou hast thy deserts!”

He then went back to his own little kingdom, and shut the door of his palace in her face. Now she might well sing, —

“Ah! thou dearest Augustine!
All is gone, gone, gone!”

THE LOVERS.

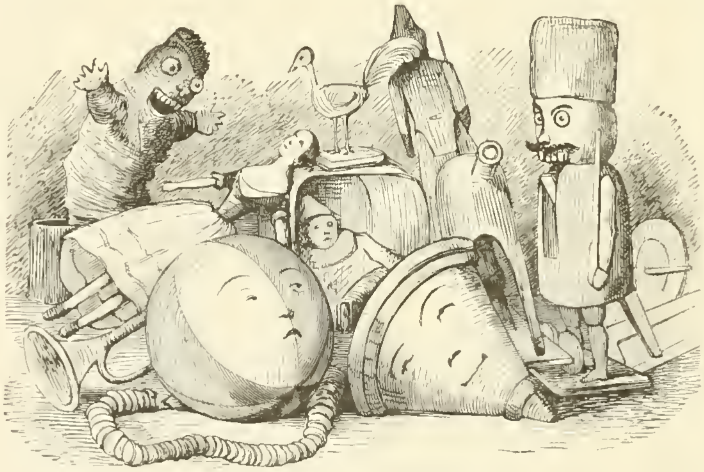
A TOP and a little Ball were together in a drawer among some other toys; and the Top said to the Ball, —

"Shall we not be lovers, as we live together in the same box?"

But the Ball, which had a coat of morocco leather, and was just as conceited as any fine lady, would make no answer to such a proposal. The next day came the little boy to whom the toys belonged: he painted the Top red and yellow, and hammered a brass nail into it; and it looked splendid when the Top turned round.

"Look at me!" he cried to the little Ball. "What do you say now? Shall we not be engaged to each other? We suit one another so well! You jump and I dance! No one could be happier than we two should be."

"Indeed! Do you think so?" replied the little Ball. "Perhaps you do not know that my papa and my mamma were morocco slippers, and that I have a Spanish cork inside me?"



"Yes, but I am made of mahogany," said the Top; "and the mayor himself turned me. He has a turning lathe of his own, and it amuses him greatly."

"Can I depend on that?" asked the little Ball.

"May I never be whipped again if it is not true!" replied the Top.

"You can speak well for yourself," observed the Ball, "but I cannot grant your request. I am as good as engaged to a swallow: every time I leap up into the air he puts his head out of the nest and says, 'Will you?' And now I have silently said 'Yes,' and that is as good as half engaged; but I promise I will never forget you."

"Yes, that will be much good!" said the Top.

And they spoke no more to each other.

Next day the Ball was taken out by the boy. The Top saw how she flew high into the air, like a bird; at last one could no longer see her. Each time she came back again, but gave a high leap when she touched the earth, and that was done either from her longing to mount up again, or because she had a Spanish cork in her body. But the ninth time the little Ball remained absent, and did not come back again; and the boy sought and sought, but she was gone.

"I know very well where she is!" sighed the Top. "She is in the Swallow's nest, and has married the Swallow!"

The more the Top thought of this, the more it longed for the Ball. Just because it could not get the Ball, its love increased; and the fact that the Ball had chosen another formed a peculiar feature in the case. So the Top danced round and hummed, but always thought of the little Ball, which became more and more beautiful in his fancy. Thus several years went by, and now it was an old love.

And the Top was no longer young! But one day he was gilt all over; never had he looked so handsome; he was now a golden Top, and sprang till he hummed again. Yes, that was something worth seeing! But all at once he sprang too high, and — he was gone!

They looked and looked, even in the cellar, but he was not to be found. Where could he be?

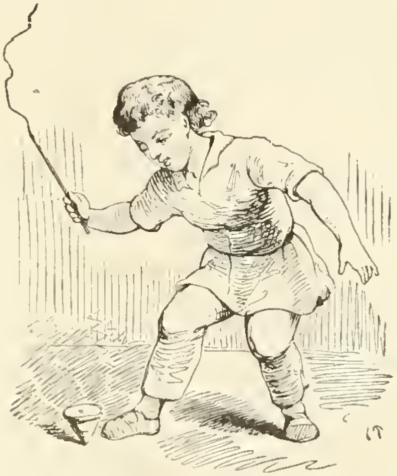
He had jumped into the dust-box, where all kinds of things were lying: cabbage stalks, sweepings, and dust that had fallen down from the roof.

"Here's a nice place to lie in! The gilding will soon leave me here. Among what a rabble have I alighted!"

And then he looked sideways at a long leafless cabbage stump, and at a curious round thing like an old apple; but it was not an apple — it was an old Ball, which had lain for years in the roof-gutter and was quite saturated with water.

"Thank goodness, here comes one of us, with whom one can talk!" said the little Ball, and looked at the gilt Top. "I am really morocco, worked by maidens' hands, and have a Spanish cork within me; but no one would think it, to look at me. I was very near marrying a swallow, but I fell into the gutter on the roof, and have lain there full five years, and become quite wet through. You may believe me, that's a long time for a young girl."

But the Top said nothing. He thought of his old love; and the more he heard, the clearer it became to him that this was she. Then came the servant-girl, and wanted to turn out the dust-box. "Aha! there's a gilt top!" she cried. And so the Top was brought again to notice and honor, but nothing was heard of the little Ball. And the Top spoke no more of his old love; for that dies away when the beloved object has lain for five years in a roof-gutter and got wet through; yes, one does not know her again when one meets her in the dust-box.



LITTLE CLAUS AND BIG CLAUS.

There lived in a village two men who both had the same name; they were called Claus; but one of them had four horses, and the other had only one horse; so in order to tell one from the other, people called the owner of the four horses, "Big Claus," and him who had only one, "Little Claus." Now we shall hear what happened to the two, for this is a true story.

The whole week through Little Claus was obliged to plow for Big Claus, and lend him his one horse; and, in return, Big Claus lent him all his four horses, but only on one day of the week, and that was Sunday. Then how proudly Little Claus would smack his whip over all five horses! they were as good as his own on that one day. The sun shone brightly, and all the bells in the church tower were ringing merrily as the people passed by, dressed in their best clothes, with their prayer-books under their arms. They were going to hear the clergyman preach, and they looked at Little Claus plowing with his five horses, and he was so proud that he smacked his whip, and said, "G'up, all my horses!"

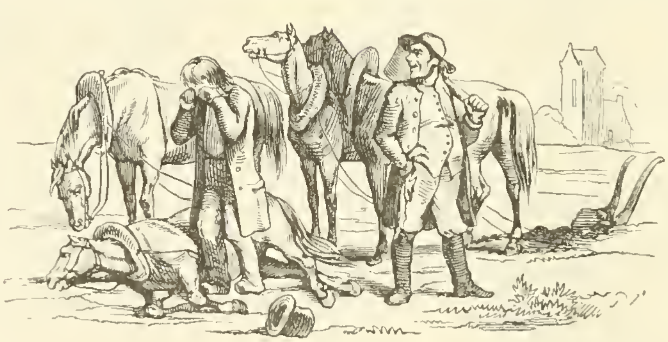
"You must not say that," said Big Claus; "for only one of them belongs to you." But when another lot of people went by to church, Little Claus forgot what he ought to say, and called out, "G'up, all my horses!"

"Now I tell you not to say that again," said Big Claus; "for if you do, I shall hit your horse on the head, so that he will drop dead on the spot, and that will be the end of him."

"I promise you I will not say it any more," said the other; but as soon as people came by, nodding to him, and wishing him "Good day," he became so pleased, and thought how grand it looked to have five horses plowing in his field, that he cried out again, "G'ūp, all my horses!"

"I 'll g'up your horses for you," said Big Claus; and, seizing a carriage weight, he struck the one horse of Little Claus on the head, and he fell dead instantly.

"Ah! now I have no horse at all," said Little Claus, and he began to weep. But after a while he took off the dead horse's skin, and hung the hide to dry in the wind. Then he put the dry skin into a bag, and placing it over his shoulder, went out into the next town to sell the horse's hide.



He had a very long way to go, and had to pass through a dark, gloomy forest. Presently a storm arose, and he lost his way, and before he discovered the right path, evening came on, and it was still a long way to the town, and too far to return home before night.

Near the road stood a large farm-house. The shutters outside the windows were closed, but lights shone through the crevices and at the top. "I might get permission to stay here for the night," thought Little Claus; so he went up to the door and knocked.

The farmer's wife opened the door; but when she heard what he wanted, she told him to go away, as her husband would not allow her to admit strangers.

"Then I shall be obliged to lie out here," said Little Claus to himself, and the farmer's wife shut the door in his face.

Near to the farm-house stood a large hay-stack, and between it and the house was a small shed, with a thatched roof.

"I can lie up there," said Little Claus, as he saw the roof; "it will make a famous bed, but I hope the stork will not fly down and bite my legs;" for on it stood a living stork, whose nest was in the roof.

So Little Claus climbed to the roof of the shed, and while he turned himself to get comfortable, he discovered that the wooden shutters, which were closed, did not reach to the tops of the windows of the farm-house, so that he could see into a room in which a large table was laid out, with wine, roast meat, and a splendid fish. The farmer's wife and the sexton were sitting at the table together; and she filled his glass, and helped him plenteously to fish, for that was something he was fond of.

"If I could only get some, too," thought Little Claus; and he stretched his neck toward the window. Oh, what a lovely pie he could see there! Oh, but that was a feast!

Now he heard some one riding down the road, toward the farm-house. It was the woman's husband coming home. He was a good man, but still he had a very strange prejudice, — he could not bear the sight of a sexton. If one appeared before him, he would put himself in a terrible rage. And so it was that the sexton had gone to visit the farmer's wife during her husband's absence from home, and the good woman had placed before him the best she had in the house to eat. When she heard the farmer coming she was frightened, and begged the sexton to hide himself in a large empty chest that stood in the room. He did so, for he knew her husband could not endure the sight of a sexton. The woman then quickly put away the wine, and hid all the rest of the nice things in the oven; for if her husband had seen them he would have asked what they were brought out for.

"Oh dear!" sighed Little Claus from the top of the shed, as he saw all the good things disappear.

"Is any one up there?" asked the farmer, looking up and discovering Little Claus. "Why are you lying up there? Come down, and come into the house with me." So Little Claus came down and told the farmer how he had lost his way, and begged for a night's lodging.

"All right," said the farmer; "but we must have something to eat first."

The woman received them both very kindly, laid the cloth on a large table, and placed before them a dish of groats. The farmer was very hungry, and ate his groats with a good appetite, but Little Claus could not help thinking of the nice roast meat, fish, and pies, which he knew were in the oven. Under the table, at his feet, lay the sack containing the horse's skin, which he intended to sell at the next town. Now Little Claus did not relish the groats at all, so he trod with his foot on the sack under the table, and the dry skin squeaked quite loud. "Hush!" said Little Claus to his sack, at the same time treading upon it again, till it squeaked louder than before.

"Hallo! what have you got in your sack?" asked the farmer.

"Oh, it is a conjurer," said Little Claus; "and he says we need not eat groats, for he has conjured the oven full of roast meat, fish, and pie."

"Wonderful!" cried the farmer, and he opened the oven door; and there lay all the nice things hidden by the farmer's wife, but which he supposed had been conjured there by the wizard under the table. The woman dared not say anything; so she placed the things before them, and they both ate of the fish, the meat, and the pastry.

Then Little Claus trod again upon his sack, and it squeaked as before.

"What does he say now?" asked the farmer.

"He says," replied Little Claus, "that there are three bottles of wine for us, standing in the corner, by the oven."

So the woman was obliged to bring out the wine also, which she had hidden, and the farmer drank it till he became quite merry. He would have liked such a conjurer as Little Claus carried in his sack. "Could he conjure up the devil?" asked the farmer. "I should like to see him now, while I am so merry."

"Oh, yes!" replied Little Claus, "my conjurer can do anything I ask him, — can you not?" he asked, treading at the same time on the sack till it squeaked. "Do you hear? he answers 'Yes,' but he fears that we shall not like to look at him."

"Oh, I am not afraid. What will he be like?"

"Well, he is very much like a sexton."

"Ha!" said the farmer; "then he must be ugly. Do you know I cannot endure the sight of a sexton. However, that does n't matter, I shall know who it is; so I shall not mind. Now then, I have got up my courage, but don't let him come too near me."

"Stop, I must ask the conjurer," said Little Claus; so he trod on the bag, and stooped his ear down to listen.

"What does he say?"

"He says that you must go and open that large chest which stands in the corner, and you will see the devil crouching down inside; but you must hold the lid firmly, that he may not slip out."

"Will you come and help me hold it?" said the farmer going toward the chest in which his wife had hidden the sexton, who now lay inside, very much frightened. The farmer lifted the lid a very little way, and peeped in.

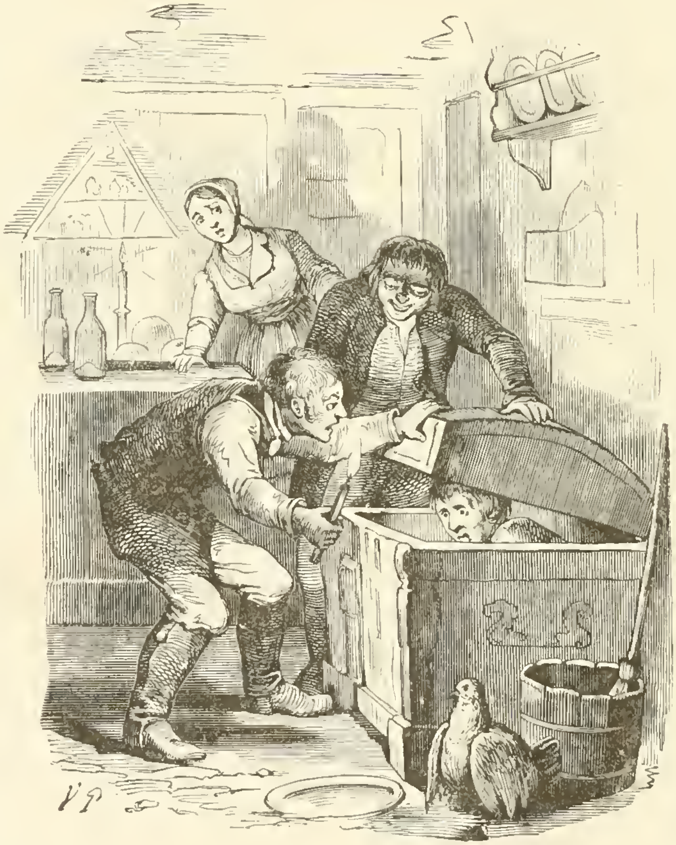
"Eh!" cried he, springing backwards. "Ah, I saw him, and he is exactly like our sexton. How dreadful it is!" So after that he was obliged to drink again, and they sat and drank till far into the night.

"You must sell your conjurer to me," said the farmer; "ask as much as you like, I will pay it; indeed, I would give you directly a whole bushel of gold."

"No, indeed, I cannot," said Little Claus; "only think how much profit I could make out of this conjurer."

"But I should like to have him," said the farmer, still continuing his entreaties.

"Well," said Little Claus at length, "you have been so good as to give me a night's lodging, I will not refuse you; you shall have the conjurer for a bushel of money, but I will have quite full measure."



"So you shall," said the farmer; "but you must take away the chest as well. I would not have it in the house another hour; there is no knowing if *he* may not be still there."

So Little Claus gave the farmer the sack containing the dried horse's skin, and received in exchange a bushel of money — full measure. The Farmer also gave him a wheel-barrow on which to carry away the chest and the gold.

"Farewell," said Little Claus, as he went off with his money and the great chest, in which the sexton lay still concealed. On one side of the forest was a broad, deep river: the water flowed so rapidly that very few were able to swim against the stream. A new bridge had lately been built across it, and in the middle of this bridge Little Claus stopped, and said, loud enough to be heard by the sexton, —

"Now, what shall I do with this stupid chest? it is as heavy as if it were full of stones: I shall be tired if I roll it any farther, so I may as well throw it into the river; if it swims after me to my house, well and good, and if not, it will not much matter."

So he seized the chest in his hand, and lifted it up a little, as if he were going to throw it into the water.

"No, leave it alone," cried the sexton from within the chest; "let me out first."

"Oh," exclaimed Little Claus, pretending to be frightened, "he is in there still, is he? I must throw him into the river, that he may be drowned."

"Oh no! Oh no!" cried the sexton; "I will give you a whole bushel full of money if you will let me go."

"Why, that is another matter," said Little Claus, opening the chest. The sexton crept out, pushed the empty chest into the water, and went to his house; then he measured out a whole bushel full of gold for Little Claus, who had already received one from the farmer, so that now he had a barrow full.

"I have been well paid for my horse," said he to himself when he reached home, entered his own room, and emptied all his money into a heap on the floor. "How vexed Big Claus will be when he finds how rich I have become all through my one horse; but I shall not tell him exactly how it all happened." Then he sent a boy to Big Claus to borrow a bushel measure.

"What can he want it for?" thought Big Claus; so he smeared the bottom of the measure with tar, that some of whatever was put into it might stick there and remain. And so it happened; for when the measure returned three new silver florins were sticking to it.

"What does this mean?" said Big Claus; so he ran off directly to Little Claus, and asked, "Where did you get so much money?"

"Oh, for my horse's hide; I sold it yesterday."

"It was certainly well paid for then," said Big Claus: and he ran home to his house, seized a hatchet, and knocked all his four horses on the head, flayed off their skins, and took them to the town to sell. "Hides, hides! who'll buy hides?" he cried, as he went through the streets. All the shoemakers and tanners came running, and asked how much he wanted for them.

"A bushel of money for each," replied Big Claus.

"Are you mad?" they all cried; "do you think we have money to spend by the bushel?"

"Hides, hides!" he cried again, "who'll buy hides?" but to all who inquired the price his answer was, "A bushel of money."

"He is making fools of us," said they all: then the shoemakers took their straps, and the tanners their leather aprons, and began to beat Big Claus.

"Hides, hides!" they cried, mocking him; "yes, we'll mark your hide for you, till it is black and blue."

"Out of the town with him," said they. And Big Claus was obliged to run as fast as he could; he had never before been so thoroughly beaten.

"Ah," said he, as he came to his house, "Little Claus shall pay me for this; I will beat him to death."

Now it happened that the old grandmother of Little Claus died. She had been cross, unkind, and really spiteful to him: but he was very sorry, and took the dead woman and laid her in his warm bed to see if he could bring her to life again. There he determined that she should lie the whole night, while he seated himself in a chair in a corner of the room, as he had often done before.

During the night, as he sat there, the door opened, and in came Big Claus with a hatchet. He knew well where Little Claus's bed stood; so he went right up to it, and struck the old grandmother on the head, thinking it must be Little Claus.

"There," cried he, "now you cannot make a fool of me again;" and then he went home.

"That is a very wicked man," thought Little Claus; "he meant to kill me. It is a good thing for my old grandmother that she was already dead, or he would have taken her life."

Then he dressed his old grandmother in her best clothes, borrowed a horse of his neighbor, and harnessed it to a cart. Then he placed the old woman on the back seat, so that she might not fall out as he drove, and rode away through the wood. By sunrise they reached a large inn, where Little Claus stopped and went to get something to eat.

The landlord was a rich man, and a good man, too; but as passionate as if he had been made of pepper and snuff.

"Good-morning," said he to Little Claus; "you are come betimes to-day."

"Yes," said Little Claus; "I am going to the town with my old grandmother; she is sitting at the back of the wagon, but I cannot bring her into the room. Will you take her a glass of mead? but you must speak very loud, for she cannot hear well."

"Yes, certainly I will," replied the landlord; and, pouring out a glass of mead, he carried it out to the dead grandmother, who sat upright in the cart.

"Here is a glass of mead from your grandson," said the landlord. The dead woman did not answer a word, but sat quite still.

"Do you not hear?" cried the landlord, as loud as he could; "here is a glass of mead from your grandson."

Again and again he bawled it out, but as she did not stir he flew into a passion, and threw the glass of mead in her face; it struck her on the nose, and she fell backwards out of the cart, for she was only seated there, not tied in.

"Mercy!" cried Little Claus, and sprang out of the door, and seized hold of the landlord by the throat; "you have killed my grandmother; see, here is a great hole in her forehead."

"Oh, how unfortunate," said the landlord, wringing his hands. "This all comes of my fiery temper. Dear Little Claus, I will give you a whole bushel of money, and will bury your grandmother as if she were my own; only keep silent, or else they will cut off my head, and that would be disagreeable."

So it happened that Little Claus received another bushel of money, and the landlord buried his old grandmother as if she had been his own.

When now Little Claus reached home again, he immediately sent a boy to Big Claus, requesting him to lend him a bushel measure. "How is this?" thought Big Claus; "did I not kill him? I must go and see for myself." So he went to Little Claus, and took the bushel measure with him. "How did you get all this money?" asked Big Claus, staring with wide open eyes at his neighbor's treasures.

"You killed my grandmother instead of me," said Little Claus, "so I have sold her for a bushel of money."

"That is a good price, any way," said Big Claus. So he went home, took a hatchet, and killed his old grandmother with one blow. Then he placed her on a cart, and drove into the town to the apothecary, and asked him if he would buy a dead body.

"Whose is it, and where did you get it?" asked the apothecary.

"It is my grandmother," he replied; "I struck her dead for a bushel of money."

"Heaven preserve us!" cried the apothecary, "you are out of your mind. Don't say such things, or you will lose your head." And then he talked to him seriously about the wicked deed he had done, and told him that such a wicked man would surely be punished. Big Claus got so frightened that he rushed out of the apothecary shop, jumped into the cart, whipped up his horses, and drove home quickly. The apothecary and all the people thought him mad, and let him drive where he liked.

"You shall pay for this," said Big Claus, as soon as he got into the high-road, — "that you shall, Little Claus." So as soon as he reached home he took the largest sack he could find, and went over to Little Claus. "You have played me another trick," said he. "First, I killed all my horses, and then my old grandmother, and it is all your fault; but you shall not make a fool of me any more." So he laid hold of Little Claus round the body, and pushed him into the sack, which he took on his shoulders, saying, "Now I 'm going to drown you in the river."

He had a long way to go before he reached the river, and Little Claus was not a very light weight to carry. The road led by the church, and as they passed he could hear the organ playing and the people singing beautifully. Big Claus put down the sack close to the church door, and thought he might as well go in and hear a psalm before he went any farther. Little Claus could not possibly get out of the sack, and all the people were in church; so in he went.

"Oh dear, oh dear," sighed Little Claus in the sack, as he turned and twisted about; but he found he could not loosen the string with which it was tied. Presently an old cattle driver, with snowy hair, passed by, carrying a large staff in his hand, with which he drove a large herd of cows and oxen before him. They stumbled against the sack in which lay Little Claus, and turned it over. "Oh dear," sighed Little Claus, "I am so young, and going so soon to heaven."

"And I, poor fellow," said the drover, — "I, who am so old already, cannot get there."

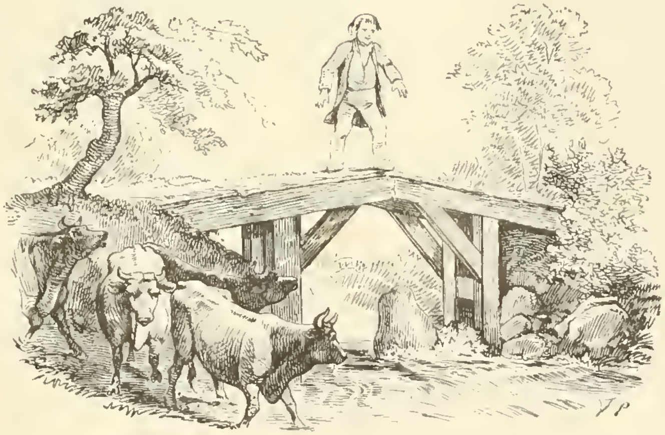
"Open the sack," cried Little Claus; "creep into it instead of me, and you will soon be there."

"With all my heart," replied the drover, opening the sack, from which sprang Little Claus as quickly as possible. "Will you take care of my cattle?" said the old man, as he crept into the bag.

"Yes," said Little Claus, and he tied up the sack, and then walked off with all the cows and oxen.

When Big Claus came out of church, he took up the sack, and placed it on his shoulders. It appeared to have become lighter, for the old drover was not half so heavy as Little Claus.

"How light he seems now," said he. "Ah, it is because I have been to a church." So he walked on to the river, which was deep and broad, and threw the sack containing the old drover into the water, believing it to be Little Claus. "There you may lie!" he exclaimed; "you will play me no more tricks now." Then he turned to go home, but when he came to a place where two roads crossed, there was Little Claus driving the cattle.



"How is this?" said Big Claus. "Did I not drown you just now?"

"Yes," said Little Claus; "you threw me into the river about half an hour ago."

"But wherever did you get all these fine beasts?" asked Big Claus.

"These beasts are sea-cattle," replied Little Claus. "I'll tell you the whole story, and thank you for drowning me; I am above you now; I am really very rich. I was frightened, to be sure, while I lay tied up in the sack, and the wind whistled in my ears when you threw me into the river from the bridge, and I sank to the bottom immediately; but I did not hurt myself, for I fell upon beautifully soft grass which grows down there; and, in a moment, the sack opened, and the sweetest little maiden came towards me. She had snow-white robes, and a wreath of green leaves on her wet hair. She took me by the hand, and said, 'So you are come, Little Claus, and here are some cattle for you to begin with. About a mile farther on the road, there is another herd for you.' Then I saw that the river formed a great highway for the people who live in the sea. They were walking and driving here and there from the sea to the land at the spot where the river terminates. The bed of the river was covered with the loveliest flowers and sweet, fresh grass. The fish swam past me as rapidly as the birds do here in the air. How handsome all the people were, and what fine cattle were grazing on the hills and in the valleys!"

"But why did you come up again," said Big Claus, "if it was all so beautiful down there? I should not have done so."

"Well," said Little Claus, "it was good policy on my part; you heard me say just now that I was told by the sea-maiden to go a mile farther on the road, and I should find a whole herd of cattle. By the road she meant the river, for she could not travel any other way; but I knew the winding of the river, and how it bends, sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, and it seemed a long way, so I chose a shorter one; and, by coming up to the land, and then driving across the fields back again to the river, I shall save half a mile, and get all my cattle more quickly."

"What a lucky fellow you are!" exclaimed Big Claus. "Do you think I should get any sea-cattle if I went down to the bottom of the river?"

"Yes, I think so," said Little Claus; "but I cannot carry you there in a sack, you are too heavy. However, if you will go there first, and then creep into a sack, I will throw you in with the greatest pleasure."

"Thank you," said Big Claus; "but remember, if I do not get any sea-cattle down there, I shall come up again and give you a good thrashing."

"No, now, don't be too fierce about it!" said

Little Claus, as they walked on towards the river. When they approached it, the cattle, who were very thirsty, saw the stream, and ran down to drink.

"See what a hurry they are in," said Little Claus, "they are longing to get down again."

"Come. Help me, make haste," said Big Claus, "or you 'll get beaten." So he crept into a large sack, which had been lying across the back of one of the oxen.

"Put in a stone," said Big Claus, "or I may not sink."

"Oh, there 's not much fear of that." he replied; still he put a large stone into the bag, and then tied it tightly, and gave it a push.

"Plump!" In went Big Claus. and immediately sank to the bottom of the river.

"I 'm afraid he will not find any cattle," said Little Claus, and then he drove his own beasts homeward.

THE DARNING-NEEDLE.

There was once a darning-needle, who thought herself so fine, she imagined she was an embroidering needle.

"Take care, and mind you hold me tight!" she said to the Fingers that took her out. "Don't let me fall! If I fall on the ground I shall certainly never be found again, for I am so fine!"

"That 's as it may be," said the Fingers; and they grasped her round the body.

"See, I 'm coming with a train!" said the Darning-needle, and she drew a long thread after her, but there was no knot in the thread.

The Fingers pointed the needle just at the cook's slipper, in which the upper leather had burst, and was to be sewn together.

"That 's vulgar work," said the Darning-needle. "I shall never get through. I 'm breaking! I 'm breaking!" And she really broke. "Did I not say so?" said the Darning-needle; "I 'm too fine!"

"Now it 's quite useless," said the Fingers; but they were obliged to hold her fast, all the same; for the cook dropped some sealing-wax upon the needle, and pinned her handkerchief together with it in front.

"So, now I 'm a breast-pin!" said the Darning-needle. "I knew very well that I should come to honor: when one is something, one comes to something!"

And she laughed quietly to herself — and one can never see when a darning-needle laughs. There she sat, as proud as if she was in a state coach, and looked all about her.

"May I be permited to ask if you are of gold?" she inquired of the pin, her neighbor. "You have a very pretty appearance, and a peculiar head, but it is only little. You must take pains to grow, for it 's not every one that has sealing-wax dropped upon him."

And the Darning-needle drew herself up so proudly that she fell out of the handkerchief right into the sink, which the cook was rinsing out.

"Now we 're going on a journey," said the Darning-needle. "If I only don't get lost!"

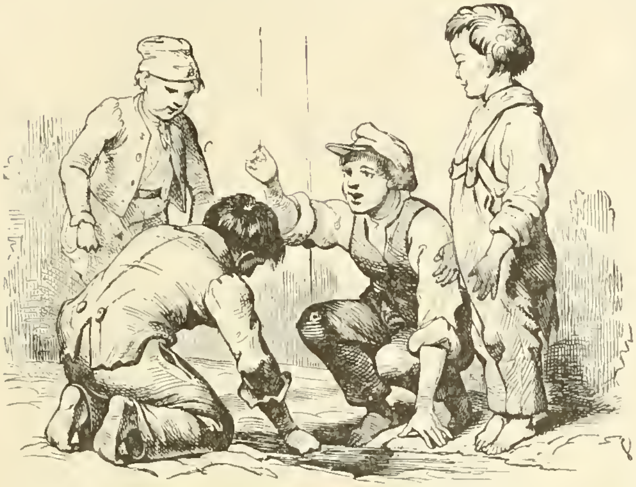
But she really was lost.

"I 'm too fine for this world," she observed, as she lay in the gutter. "But I know who I am, and there 's always something in that!"

So the Darning-needle kept her proud behavior, and did not lose her good-humor. And things of many kinds swam over her, chip and straws and pieces of old newspapers.

"Only look how they sail!" said the Darning-needle. "They don't know what is under them! I 'm here, I remain firmly here. See, there goes a chip thinking of nothing in the world but of himself — of a chip! There 's a straw going by now. How he turns! how he twirls about! Don't think only of yourself, you might easily run up against a stone. There swims a bit of newspaper. What 's written upon it has long been forgotten, and yet it gives itself airs. I sit quietly and patiently here. I know who I am, and I shall remain what I am."

One day something lay close beside her that



glittered splendidly; then the Darning-needle believed that it was a diamond; but it was a bit of broken bottle; and because it shone, the Darning-needle spoke to it, introducing herself as a breast-pin.

"I suppose you are a diamond?" she observed.

"Why, yes, something of that kind."

And then each believed the other to be a very valuable thing; and they began speaking about the world, and how very conceited it was.

"I have been in a lady's box," said the Darning-needle, "and this lady was a cook. She had five fingers on each hand, and I never saw anything so conceited as those five fingers. And yet they were only there that they might take me out of the box and put me back into it."

"Were they of good birth?" asked the Bit of Bottle.

"No, indeed," replied the Darning-needle, "but very haughty. There were five brothers, all of the finger family. They kept very proudly together, though they were of different lengths: the outermost, the thumbling, was short and fat; he walked out in front of the ranks, and only had one joint in his back, and could only make a single bow; but he said that if he were hacked off a man, that man was useless for service in war. Daintymouth, the second finger, thrust himself into sweet and sour, pointed to sun and moon, and gave the impression when they wrote. Longman, the third, looked at all the others over his shoulder. Goldborder, the fourth, went about with a golden belt round his waist; and little Playman did nothing at all, and was proud of it. There was nothing but bragging among them, and therefore I went away."

"And now we sit here and glitter!" said the Bit of Bottle.

At that moment more water came into the gutter, so that it overflowed, and the Bit of Bottle was carried away.

"So he is disposed of," observed the Darning-needle. "I remain here, I am too fine. But that's my pride, and my pride is honorable." And proudly she sat there, and had many great thoughts. "I could almost believe I had been born of a sunbeam, I'm so fine! It really appears as if the sunbeams were always seeking for me under the water. Ah! I'm so fine that my mother cannot find me. If I had my old eye, which broke off, I think I should cry; but, no, I should not do that: it's not genteel to cry."

One day a couple of street boys lay grubbing in the gutter, where they sometimes found old nails, farthings, and similar treasures. It was dirty work, but they took great delight in it.

"Oh!" cried one, who had pricked himself with the Darning-needle, "there's a fellow for you!"

"I'm not a fellow; I'm a young lady!" said the Darning-needle.

But nobody listened to her. The sealing-wax had come off, and she had turned black; but black makes one look slender, and she thought herself finer even than before.

"Here comes an egg-shell sailing along!" said the boys; and they stuck the Darning-needle fast in the egg-shell.

"White walls, and black myself! that looks well," remarked the Darning-needle. "Now one can see me. I only hope I shall not be seasick!" But she was not seasick at all. "It is good against seasickness, if one has a steel stomach, and does not forget that one is a little more than an ordinary person! Now my seasickness is over. The finer one is, the more one can bear."

"Crack!" went the egg-shell, for a wagon went over her.

"Good heavens, how it crushes one!" said the Darning-needle. "I'm getting seasick now,— I'm quite sick."

But she was not really sick, though the wagon went over her; she lay there at full length, and there she may lie.

THE RED SHOES.

There was once a little girl,—a very nice, pretty little girl. But in summer she had to go barefoot, because she was poor, and in winter she wore thick wooden shoes, so that her little instep became quite red, altogether red.

In the middle of the village lived an old shoemaker's wife; she sat and sewed, as well as she could, a pair of little shoes, of old strips of red cloth; they were clumsy enough, but well meant, and the little girl was to have them. The little girl's name was Karen.

On the day when her mother was buried she received the red shoes and wore them for the first time. They were certainly not suited for mourning; but she had no others, and therefore thrust her little bare feet into them and walked behind the plain deal coffin.

Suddenly a great carriage came by, and in the carriage sat an old lady: she looked at the little girl and felt pity for her, and said to the clergyman,—

"Give me the little girl, and I will provide for her."

Karen thought this was for the sake of the shoes; but the old lady declared they were hideous; and they were burned. But Karen herself was clothed neatly and properly: she was taught to read and to sew, and the people saw she was agreeable. But her mirror said, "You are much more than agreeable; you are beautiful."

Once the queen traveled through the country, and had her little daughter with her; and the daughter was a princess. And the people flocked toward the castle, and Karen too was among them; and the little princess stood in a fine white dress at a window, and let herself be gazed at. She had neither train nor golden crown, but she wore splendid red morocco shoes; they were certainly far handsomer than those the shoemaker's wife had made for little Karen. Nothing in the world can compare with red shoes!

Now Karen was old enough to be confirmed: new clothes were made for her, and she was to have new shoes. The rich shoemaker in the town took the measure of her little feet; this was done in his own house, in his little room, and there stood great glass cases with neat shoes and shining boots. It had quite a charming appearance, but the old lady could not see well, and therefore took no pleasure in it. Among the shoes stood a red pair, just like those which the princess had worn. How beautiful they were! The shoemaker also said they had been made for a count's child, but they had not fitted.

"That must be patent leather," observed the old lady, "the shoes shine so!"

"Yes, they shine!" replied Karen; and they fitted her, and were bought. But the old lady did not know that they were red; for she would never have allowed Karen to go to her Confirmation in red shoes; and that is what Karen did.

Every one was looking at her shoes. And when she went across the church porch, toward the door of the choir, it seemed to her as if the old pictures on the tombstones, the portraits of clergymen and clergymen's wives, in their stiff collars and long black garments, fixed their eyes upon her red shoes. And she thought of her shoes only, when the priest laid his hand upon her head and spoke holy words. And the organ pealed solemnly, the children sang with their fresh sweet voices, and the old precentor sang too; but Karen thought only of her red shoes.

In the afternoon the old lady was informed by every one that the shoes were red; and she said it was naughty and unsuitable, and that when Karen went to church in future, she should always go in black shoes, even if they were old.

Next Sunday was Sacrament Sunday. And Karen looked at the black shoes, and looked at the red ones — looked at them again — and put on the red ones.

The sun shone gloriously: Karen and the old lady went along the foot-path through the fields, and it was rather dusty.

By the church door stood an old invalid soldier with a crutch and a long beard; the beard was rather red than white, for it was red altogether; and he bowed down almost to the ground, and asked the old lady if he might dust her shoes. And Karen also stretched out her little foot.

"Look, what pretty dancing shoes!" said the old soldier. "Fit so tightly when you dance!"

And he tapped the soles with his hand. And the old lady gave the soldier an alms, and went into the church with Karen.

And every one in the church looked at Karen's red shoes, and all the pictures looked at them. And while Karen knelt in the church she only thought of her red shoes, and she forgot to sing her psalm, and forgot to say her prayer.

Now all the people went out of church, and the old lady stepped into her carriage. Karen lifted up her foot to step in too; then the old soldier said, —

"Look, what beautiful dancing shoes!"

And Karen could not resist: she was obliged to dance a few steps; and when she once began, her legs went on dancing. It was just as though the shoes had obtained power over her. She danced round the corner of the church — she could not help it; the coachman was obliged to run behind her and seize her: he lifted her into the carriage, but her feet went on dancing, so that she kicked the good old lady violently. At last they took off her shoes and her legs became quiet.

At home the shoes were put away in a cupboard; but Karen could not resist looking at them.

Now the old lady became very ill, and it was said she would not recover. She had to be nursed and waited on; and this was no one's duty so much as Karen's. But there was to be a great ball in the town, and Karen was invited. She looked at the old lady who could not recover; she looked at the red shoes, and thought there would be no harm in it. She put on the shoes, and that she might very well do; but they went to the ball and began to dance.

But when she wished to go to the right hand, the shoes danced to the left, and when she wanted to go up-stairs the shoes danced downward, down into the street and out at the town gate. She danced, and was obliged to dance, straight out into the dark wood.

There was something glistening up among the trees, and she thought it was the moon, for she saw a face. But it was the old soldier with the red beard: he sat and nodded, and said, —

"Look, what beautiful dancing shoes!"

Then she was frightened, and wanted to throw away the red shoes; but they clung fast to her. And she tore off her stockings: but the shoes had grown fast to her feet. And she danced and was compelled to go dancing over field and meadow, in rain and sunshine, by night and by day; but it was most dreadful at night.

She danced out into the open church-yard; but the dead there do not dance; they have far better things to do. She wished to sit down on the poor man's grave, where the bitter fern grows; but there was no peace nor rest for her. And when she danced toward the open church door, she saw there an angel in long white garments, with wings that reached from his shoulders to his feet; his countenance was serious and stern, and in his hand he held a sword that was broad and gleaming.

"Thou shalt dance!" he said — "dance on thy red shoes, till thou art pale and cold, and till thy body shrivels to a skeleton. Thou shalt dance from door to door; and where proud, haughty children dwell, shalt thou knock, that they may hear thee, and be afraid of thee! Thou shalt dance, dance!"

"Mercy!" cried Karen.

But she did not hear what the angel answered, for the shoes carried her away — carried her through the door on to the field, over stock and stone, and she was always obliged to dance.

One morning she danced past a door which she knew well. There was a sound of psalm-singing within, and a coffin was carried out, adorned with flowers. Then she knew that the old lady was dead, and she felt that she was deserted by all, and condemned by the angel of heaven.

She danced, and was compelled to dance — to dance in the dark night. The shoes carried her on over thorn and brier; she scratched herself till she bled; she danced away across the heath to a little lonely house. Here she knew the executioner dwelt; and she tapped with her fingers on the panes, and called, —

"Come out, come out! I cannot come in, for I must dance!"

And the executioner said, —

"You probably don't know who I am? I cut off the bad people's heads with my axe, and mark how my axe rings!"

"Do not strike off my head," said Karen, "for if you do I cannot repent of my sin. But strike off my feet with the red shoes!"

And then she confessed all her sin, and the executioner cut off her feet with the red shoes; but the shoes danced away with the little feet over the fields and into the deep forest.

And he cut her a pair of wooden feet, with crutches, and taught her a psalm, which the criminals always sing; and she kissed the hand that had held the axe, and went away across the heath.

"Now I have suffered pain enough for the red shoes," said she. "Now I will go into the church, that they may see me."

And she went quickly toward the church door; but when she came there the red shoes danced before her, so that she was frightened and turned back.

The whole week through she was sorrowful, and wept many bitter tears; but when Sunday came, she said, —

"Now I have suffered and striven enough! I think that I am just as good as many of those who sit in the church and carry their heads high."

And then she went boldly on; but she did not get farther than the church-yard gate before she saw the red shoes dancing along before her: then she was seized with terror, and turned back, and repented of her sin right heartily.

And she went to the parsonage, and begged to be taken there as a servant. She promised to be industrious, and to do all she could: she did not care for wages, and only wished to be under a roof and with good people. The clergyman's wife pitied her, and took her into her service. And she was industrious and thoughtful. Silently she sat and listened when in the evening the pastor read the Bible aloud. All the little ones were very fond of her; but when they spoke of dress and splendor and beauty she would shake her head.

Next Sunday they all went to church, and she was asked if she wished to go too; but she looked sadly, with tears in her eyes, at her crutches. And then the others went to hear God's word; but she went alone into her little room, which was only large enough to contain her bed and a chair. And here she sat with her hymn-book; and as she read it with a pious mind, the wind bore the notes of the organ over to her from the church; and she lifted up her face, wet with tears, and said, —

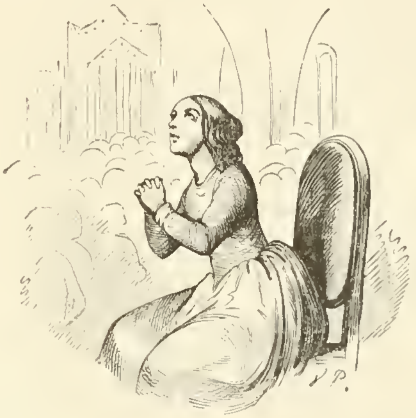
"O Lord, help me!"

Then the sun shone so brightly; and before her stood the angel in the white garments, the same she had seen that night at the church door. But he no longer grasped the sharp sword: he held a green branch covered with roses; and he touched the ceiling, and it rose up high and wherever he touched it a golden star gleamed forth; and he touched the walls, and they spread forth widely, and she saw the organ which was pealing its rich sounds; and she saw the old pictures of clergymen and their wives; and the congregation sat in the decorated seats, and sang from their hymn-books. The church had come to the poor girl in her narrow room, or her chamber had become a church. She sat in the chair with the rest of the clergyman's people; and when they had finished the psalm, and looked up, they nodded and said, —

"That was right, that you came here, Karen."

"It was mercy!" said she.

And the organ sounded its glorious notes; and the children's voices singing in chorus sounded sweet and lovely; the clear sunshine streamed so warm through the window upon the chair in which Karen sat; and her heart became so filled with sunshine, peace, and joy that it broke. Her soul flew on the sunbeams to heaven; and there was nobody who asked after the RED SHOES!



THE NIGHTINGALE.

IN China, you must know, the emperor is a Chinaman, and all whom he has about him are Chinamen too. It happened a good many years ago, but that's just why it's worth while to hear the story, before it is forgotten. The emperor's palace was the most splendid in the world; it was made entirely of porcelain, very costly, but so delicate and brittle that one had to take care how one touched it. In the garden were to be seen the most wonderful flowers, and to the costliest of them silver bells were tied, which sounded, so that nobody should pass by without noticing the flowers. Yes, everything in the emperor's garden was admirably arranged. And it extended so far, that the gardener himself did not know where the end was. If a man went on and on, he came into a glorious forest with high trees and deep lakes. The wood extended straight down to the sea, which was blue and deep; great ships could sail to and fro beneath the branches of the trees; and in the trees lived a Nightingale, which sang so splendidly that even the poor fisherman, who had many other things to do, stopped still and listened, when he had gone out at night to throw out his nets, and heard the Nightingale.

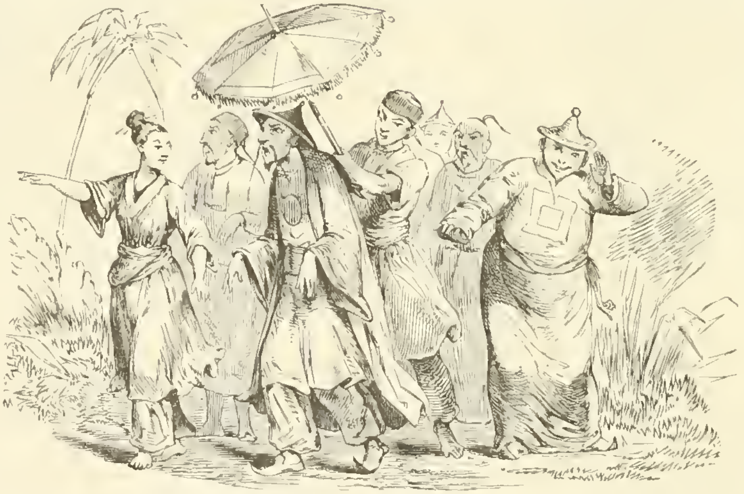
"How beautiful that is!" he said; but he was obliged to attend to his property, and thus forgot the bird. But when in the next night the bird sang again, and the fisherman heard it, he exclaimed again, "How beautiful that is!"

From all the countries of the world travelers came to the city of the emperor and admired it, and the palace, and the garden, but when they heard the Nightingale, they said, "That is the best of all!"

And the travelers told of it when they came home; and the learned men wrote many books about the town, the palace, and the garden. But they did not forget the Nightingale; that was placed highest of all; and those who were poets wrote most magnificent poems about the Nightingale in the wood by the deep lake.

The books went through all the world, and a few of them once came to the emperor. He sat in his golden chair, and read, and read: every moment he nodded his head, for it pleased him to peruse the masterly descriptions of the city, the palace, and the garden. "But the Nightingale is the best of all!" — it stood written there.

"What's that?" exclaimed the emperor. "I don't know the Nightingale at all! Is there such a bird in my empire, and even in my garden? I've never heard of that. To think that I should have to learn such a thing for the first time from books!"



And hereupon he called his cavalier. This cavalier was so grand that if any one lower in rank than himself dared to speak to him, or to ask him any question, he answered nothing but "P!" — and that meant nothing.

"There is said to be a wonderful bird here called a Nightingale!" said the emperor. "They say it is the best thing in all my great empire. Why have I never heard anything about it?"

"I have never heard him named," replied the cavalier. "He has never been introduced at court."

"I command that he shall appear this evening, and sing before me," said the emperor. "All the world knows what I possess, and I do not know it myself!"

"I have never heard him mentioned," said the cavalier. "I will seek for him. I will find him."

But where was he to be found? The cavalier ran up and down all the staircases, through halls and passages, but no one among all those whom he met had heard talk of the Nightingale. And the cavalier ran back to the emperor, and said that it must be a fable invented by the writers of books.

"Your imperial majesty cannot believe how much is written that is fiction, besides something that they call the black art."

"But the book in which I read this," said the emperor, "was sent to me by the high and mighty Emperor of Japan, and therefore it cannot be a falsehood. I will hear the Nightingale! It must be here this evening! It has my imperial favor; and if it does not come, all the court shall be trampled upon after the court has supped!"

"Tsing-pe!" said the cavalier; and again he ran up and down all the staircases, and through all the halls and corridors; and half the court ran with him, for the courtiers did not like being trampled upon.

"Then there was a great inquiry after the wonderful Nightingale, which all the world knew excepting the people at court.

At last they met with a poor little girl in the kitchen, who said, —

"The Nightingale? I know it well; yes, it can sing gloriously. Every evening I get leave to carry my poor sick mother the scraps from the table. She lives down by the strand, and when I get back and am tired, and rest in the wood, then I hear the Nightingale sing. And then the water comes into my eyes, and it is just as if my mother kissed me!"

"Little kitchen girl," said the cavalier, "I will get you a place in the kitchen, with permission to see the emperor dine, if you will lead us to the Nightingale, for it is announced for this evening."

So they all went out into the wood where the Nightingale was accustomed to sing; half the court went forth. When they were in the midst of their journey a cow began to low.

"Oh!" cried the court pages, "now we have it! That shows a wonderful power in so small a creature! I have certainly heard it before."

"No, those are cows lowing!" said the little kitchen girl. "We are a long way from the place yet."

Now the frogs began to croak in the marsh.

"Glorious!" said the Chinese court preacher. "Now I hear it — it sounds just like little church bells."

"No, those are frogs!" said the little kitchen-maid. "But now I think we shall soon hear it."

And then the Nightingale began to sing.

"That is it!" exclaimed the little girl. "Listen, listen! and yonder it sits."

And she pointed to a little gray bird up in the boughs.

"Is it possible?" cried the cavalier. "I should never have thought it looked like that! How simple it looks! It must certainly have lost its color at seeing such grand people around."

"Little Nightingale!" called the little kitchen-maid, quite loudly, "our gracious emperor wishes you to sing before him."

"With the greatest pleasure!" replied the Nightingale, and began to sing most delightfully.

"It sounds just like glass bells!" said the cavalier. "And look at its little throat, how it's working! It's wonderful that we should never have heard it before. That bird will be a great success at court."

"Shall I sing once more before the emperor?" asked the Nightingale, for it thought the emperor was present.

"My excellent little Nightingale," said the cavalier, "I have great pleasure in inviting you to a court festival this evening, when you shall charm his imperial majesty with your beautiful singing."

"My song sounds best in the greenwood!" replied the Nightingale; still it came willingly when it heard what the emperor wished.

The palace was festively adorned. The walls and the flooring, which were of porcelain, gleamed in the rays of thousands of golden lamps. The most glorious flowers, which could ring clearly, had been placed in the passages. There was a running to and fro, and a thorough draught, and all the bells rang so loudly that one could not hear one's self speak.

In the midst of the great hall, where the emperor sat, a golden perch had been placed, on which the Nightingale was to sit. The whole court was there, and the little cook-maid had got leave to stand behind the door, as she had now received the title of a real court cook. All were in full dress, and all looked at the little gray bird, to which the emperor nodded.

And the Nightingale sang so gloriously that the tears came into the emperor's eyes, and the tears ran down over his cheeks; and then the Nightingale sang still more sweetly, that went straight to the heart. The emperor was so much pleased that he said the Nightingale should have his golden slipper to wear round its neck. But the Nightingale declined this with thanks, saying it had already received sufficient reward.

"I have seen tears in the emperor's eyes — that is the real treasure to me. An emperor's tears have a peculiar power. I am rewarded enough!" And then it sang again with a sweet, glorious voice.

"That's the most amiable coquetry I ever saw!" said the ladies who stood round about, and then they took water in their mouths to gurgle when any one spoke to them. They thought they should be nightingales too. And the lackeys and chambermaids reported that they were satisfied too; and that was saying a good deal, for they are the most difficult to please. In short, the Nightingale achieved a real success.

It was now to remain at court, to have its own cage, with liberty to go out twice every day and once at night. Twelve servants were appointed when the Nightingale went out, each of whom had a silken string fastened to the bird's leg, which they held very tight. There was really no pleasure in an excursion of that kind.

The whole city spoke of the wonderful bird, and when two people met, one said nothing but "Nightin," and the other said "gale;" and then they sighed, and understood one another. Eleven peddlers' children were named after the bird, but not one of them could sing a note.

One day the emperor received a large parcel, on which was written "The Nightingale."

"There we have a new book about this celebrated bird," said the emperor.

But it was not a book, but a little work of art contained in a box, an artificial nightingale, which was to sing like a natural one, and was brilliantly ornamented with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. So soon as the artificial bird was wound up, he could sing one of the pieces that he really sang, and then his tail moved up and down, and shone with silver and gold. Round his neck hung a little ribbon, and on that was written, "The Emperor of China's Nightingale is poor compared to that of the Emperor of Japan."

"That is capital!" said they all, and he who had brought the artificial bird immediately received the title, Imperial Head-Nightingale-Bringer.

"Now they must sing together; what a duet that will be!"

And so they had to sing together; but it did not sound very well, for the real Nightingale sang in its own way, and the artificial bird sang waltzes.

"That 's not his fault," said the play-master; "he 's quite perfect, and very much in my style."

Now the artificial bird was to sing alone. He had just as much success as the real one, and then it was much handsomer to look at — it shone like bracelets and breastpins.

Three-and-thirty times over did it sing the same piece, and yet was not tired. The people would gladly have heard it again, but the emperor said that the living Nightingale ought to sing something now. But where was it? No one had noticed that it had flown away out of the open window, back to the greenwood.

"But what is become of that?" said the emperor.

And all the courtiers abused the Nightingale, and declared that it was a very ungrateful creature.

"We have the best bird, after all," said they.

And so the artificial bird had to sing again, and that was the thirty-fourth time that they listened to the same piece. For all that they did not know it quite by heart, for it was so very difficult. And the play-master praised the bird particularly; yes, he declared that it was better than a nightingale, not only with regard to its plumage and the many beautiful diamonds, but inside as well.

"For you see, ladies and gentlemen, and above all, your imperial majesty, with a real nightingale one can never calculate what is coming, but in this artificial bird everything is settled. One can explain it; one can open it, and make people understand where the waltzes come from, how they go, and how one follows up another."

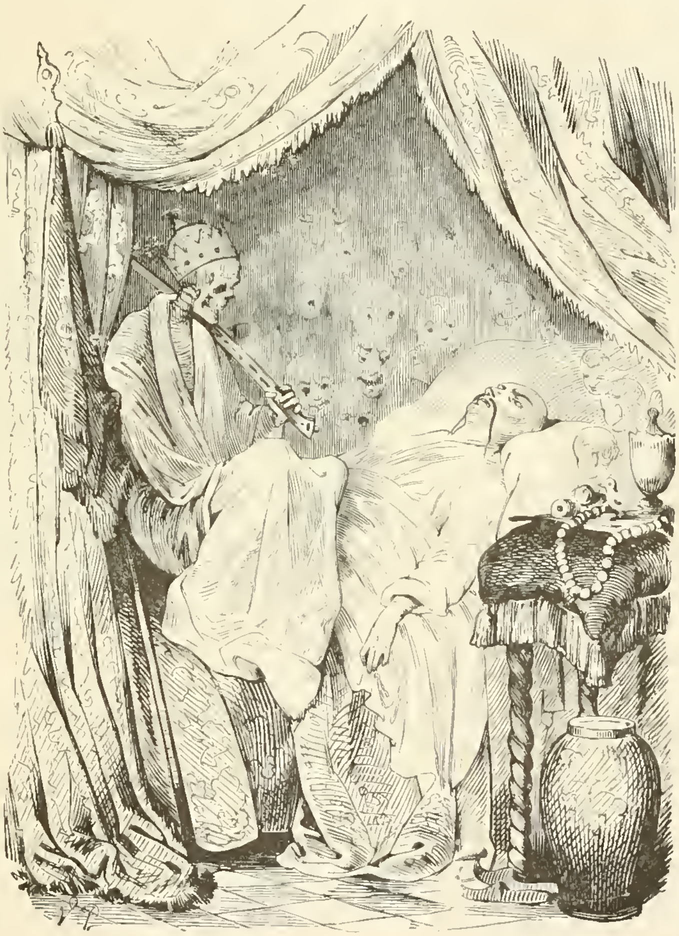
"Those are quite our own ideas," they all said.

And the speaker received permission to show the bird to the people on the next Sunday. The people were to hear it sing too, the emperor commanded; and they did hear it, and were as much pleased as if they had all got tipsy upon tea, for that 's quite the Chinese fashion; and they all said, "Oh!" and held up their forefingers and nodded. But the poor fisherman, who had heard the real Nightingale, said, —

"It sounds pretty enough, and the melodies resemble each other, but there 's something wanting, though I know not what!"

The real Nightingale was banished from the country and empire. The artificial bird had its place on a silken cushion close to the emperor's bed; all the presents it had received, gold and precious stones, were ranged about it; in title it had advanced to be the High Imperial After-Dinner-Singer, and in rank, to number one on the left hand; for the emperor considered that side the most important on which the heart is placed, and even in an emperor the heart is on the left side; and the play-master wrote a work of five-and-twenty volumes about the artificial bird; it was very learned and very long, full of the most difficult Chinese words; but yet all the people declared that they had read it, and understood it, for fear of being considered stupid, and having their bodies trampled on.

So a whole year went by. The emperor, the court, and all the other Chinese knew every little twitter in the artificial bird's song by heart. But just for that reason it pleased them best — they could sing with it themselves, and they did so. The street boys sang, "Tsi-tsi-tsi-glug-glug!" and the emperor himself sang it too. Yes, that was certainly famous.



But one evening, when the artificial bird was singing its best, and the emperor lay in bed listening to it, something inside the bird said, "Whizz!" something cracked. "Whir-r-r!" All the wheels ran round, and then the music stopped.

The emperor immediately sprang out of bed, and caused his body physician to be called; but what could *he* do? Then they sent for a watchmaker, and after a good deal of talking and investigation, the bird was put into something like order; but the watchmaker said that the bird must be carefully treated, for the barrels were worn, and it would be impossible to put new ones in in such a manner that the music would go. There was a great lamentation; only once in a year was it permitted to let the bird sing, and that was almost too much. But then the play-master made a little speech, full of heavy words, and said this was just as good as before — and so of course it was as good as before.

Now five years had gone by, and a real grief came upon the whole nation. The Chinese were really fond of their emperor, and now he was ill, and could not, it was said, live much longer. Already a new emperor had been chosen, and the people stood out in the street and asked the cavalier how their old emperor did.

"P!" said he, and shook his head.

Cold and pale lay the emperor in his great gorgeous bed; the whole court thought him dead, and each one ran to pay homage to the new ruler. The chamberlains ran out to talk it over, and the ladies'-maids had a great coffee party. All about in all the halls and passages cloth had been laid down so that no footstep could be heard, and therefore it was quiet there, quite quiet. But the emperor was not dead yet; stiff and pale he lay on the gorgeous bed with the long velvet curtains and the heavy gold tassels; high up, a window stood open, and the moon shone in upon the emperor and the artificial bird.

The poor emperor could scarcely breathe; it was just as if something lay upon his chest: he opened his eyes, and then he saw that it was Death who sat upon his chest, and had put on his golden crown, and held in one hand the emperor's sword, and in the other his beautiful banner. And all around, from among the folds of the splendid velvet curtains, strange heads peered forth; a few very ugly, the rest quite lovely and mild. These were all the emperor's bad and good deeds, that stood before him now that Death sat upon his heart.

"Do you remember this?" whispered one to the other. "Do you remember that?" and then they told him so much that the perspiration ran from his forehead.

"I did not know that!" said the emperor. "Music! music! the great Chinese drum!" he cried, "so that I need not hear all they say!"

And they continued speaking, and Death nodded like a Chinaman to all they said.

"Music! music!" cried the emperor. "You little precious golden bird, sing, sing! I have given you gold and costly presents; I have even hung my golden slipper around your neck — sing now, sing!"

But the bird stood still; no one was there to wind him up, and he could not sing without that; but Death continued to stare at the emperor with his great hollow eyes, and it was quiet, fearfully quiet.

Then there sounded from the window, suddenly, the most lovely song. It was the little live Nightingale, that sat outside on a spray. It had heard of the emperor's sad plight, and had come to sing to him of comfort and hope. And as it sang the spectres grew paler and paler; the blood ran quicker and more quickly through the emperor's weak limbs; and even Death listened, and said, —

"Go on, little Nightingale, go on!"

"But will you give me that splendid golden sword? Will you give me that rich banner? Will you give me the emperor's crown?"

And Death gave up each of these treasures for a song. And the Nightingale sang on and on; and it sang of the quiet church-yard where the white roses grow, where the elder-blossom smells sweet, and where the fresh grass is moistened by the tears of survivors. Then Death felt a longing to see his garden, and floated out at the window in the form of a cold, white mist.

"Thanks! thanks!" said the emperor. "You heavenly little bird! I know you well. I banished you from my country and empire, and yet you have charmed away the evil faces from my couch, and banished Death from my heart! How can I reward you?"

"You have rewarded me!" replied the Nightingale. "I have drawn tears from your eyes, when I sang the first time — I shall never forget that. Those are the jewels that rejoice a singer's heart. But now sleep and grow fresh and strong again. I will sing you something."

And it sang, and the emperor fell into a sweet slumber. Ah! how mild and refreshing that sleep was! The sun shone upon him through the windows, when he awoke refreshed and restored; not one of his servants had yet returned, for they all thought he was dead; only the Nightingale still sat beside him and sang.

"You must always stay with me," said the emperor. "You shall sing as you please; and I'll break the artificial bird into a thousand pieces."

"Not so," replied the Nightingale. "It did well as long as it could; keep it as you have done till now. I cannot build my nest in the palace to dwell in it, but let me come when I feel the wish; then I will sit in the evening on the spray yonder by the window, and sing you something, so that you may be glad and thoughtful at once. I will sing of those who are happy and of those who suffer. I will sing of good and of evil that remain hidden round about you. The little singing bird flies far around, to the poor fisherman, to the peasant's roof, to every one who dwells far away from you and from your court. I love your heart more than your crown, and yet the crown has an air of sanctity about it. I will come and sing to you — but one thing you must promise me."

"Everything!" said the emperor; and he

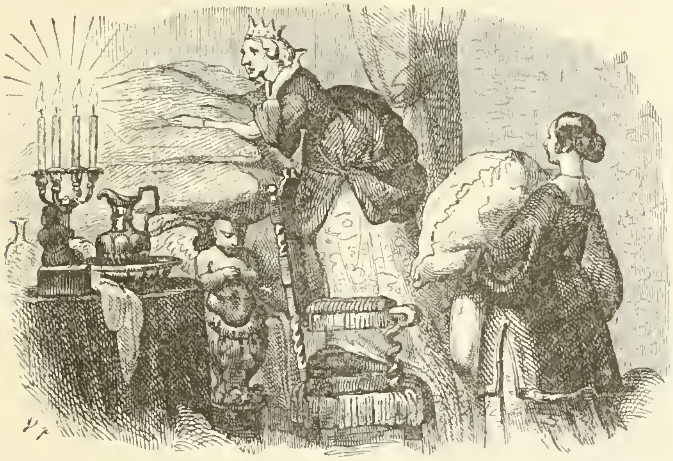
stood there in his imperial robes, which he had put on himself, and pressed the sword which was heavy with gold to his heart.

"One thing I beg of you: tell no one that you have a little bird who tells you everything. Then it will go all the better." And the Nightingale flew away.

The servants came in to look to their dead emperor, and — yes, there he stood, and the emperor said "Good-morning!"

THE PRINCESS ON THE PEA.

THERE was once a prince who wanted to marry a princess; but she was to be a *real* princess. So he traveled about, all through the world, to find a real one, but everywhere there was something in the way. There were princesses enough, but whether they were *real* princesses he could not quite make out: there was always something that did not seem quite right. So he came home again, and was quite sad: for he wished so much to have a real princess.



One evening a terrible storm came on. It lightened and thundered, the rain streamed down; it was quite fearful! Then there was a knocking at the town gate, and the old king went out to open it.

It was a princess who stood outside the gate. But, mercy! how she looked, from the rain and the rough weather! The water ran down from her hair and her clothes; it ran in at the points of her shoes, and out at the heels; and yet she declared that she was a real princess.

"Yes, we will soon find that out," thought the old queen. But she said nothing, only went into the bedchamber, took all the bedding off, and put a pea on the flooring of the bedstead; then she took twenty mattresses and laid them upon the pea, and then twenty eider-down beds upon the mattresses. On this the princess had to lie all night. In the morning she was asked how she had slept.

"Oh, miserably!" said the princess. "I scarcely closed my eyes all night long. Goodness knows what was in my bed. I lay upon something hard, so that I am black and blue all over. It is quite dreadful!"

Now they saw that she was a real princess, for through the twenty mattresses and the twenty eider-down beds she had felt the pea. No one but a real princess could be so delicate.

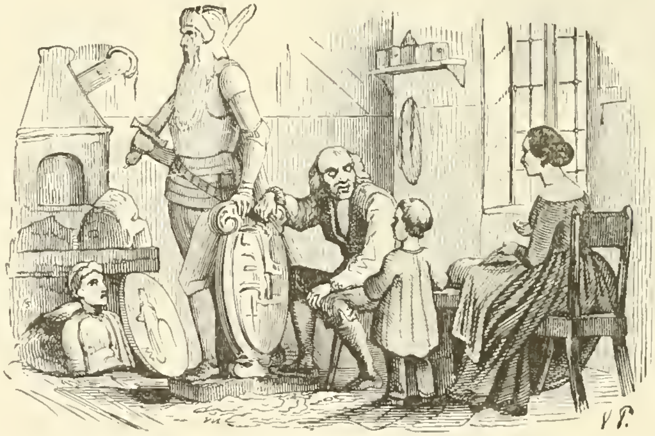
So the prince took her for his wife, for now he knew that he had a true princess; and the pea was put in the museum, and it is there now, unless somebody has carried it off.

Look you, this is a true story.

HOLGER DANSKE.

In Denmark there lies a castle named Kronborg. It lies close by the Öre Sound, where the ships pass through by hundreds every day — English, Russian, and likewise Prussian ships. And they salute the old castle with cannons — "Boom!" And the castle answers with a "Boom!" for that's what the cannons say instead of "Good-day" and "Thank you!" In winter no ships sail there, for the whole sea is covered with ice quite across to the Swedish coast; but it has quite the look of a high-road. There wave the Danish flag and the Swedish flag, and Danes and Swedes say "Good-day" and "Thank you!" to each other, not with cannons, but with a friendly grasp of the hand; and one gets white bread and biscuits from the other — for strange fare tastes best. But the most beautiful of all is the old Kronborg; and here it is that Holger Danske sits in the deep dark cellar, where nobody goes. He is clad in iron and steel, and leans his head on his strong arm; his long beard hangs down over the marble table, and has grown into it. He sleeps and dreams, but in his dreams he sees everything that happens up here in Denmark. Every Christmas Eve comes an angel, and tells him that what he has dreamed is right, and that he may go to sleep in quiet, for that Denmark is not yet in any real danger; but when once such a danger comes, then old Holger Danske will rouse himself, so that the table shall burst when he draws out his beard! Then he will come forth and strike, so that it shall be heard in all the countries in the world."

An old grandfather sat and told his little grandson all this about Holger Danske; and the little boy knew that what his grandfather told him was true. And while the old man sat and told his story, he carved an image which was to represent Holger Danske, and to be fastened to the prow of a ship; for the old grandfather was a carver of figure-heads, that is, one who cuts out the figures fastened to the front of ships, and from which every ship is named. And here he had cut out Holger Danske, who stood there proudly with his long beard, and held the broad battle-sword in one hand, while with the other he leaned upon the Danish arms.



And the old grandfather told so much about distinguished men and women, that it appeared at last to the little grandson as if he knew as much as Holger Danske himself, who, after all, could only dream; and when the little fellow was in his bed, he thought so much of it, that he actually pressed his chin against the coverlet, and fancied he had a long beard that had grown fast to it.

But the old grandfather remained sitting at his work, and carved away at the last part of it; and this was the Danish coat of arms. When he had done, he looked at the whole, and thought of all he had read and heard, and that he had told this evening to the little boy; and he nodded, and wiped his spectacles, and put them on again, and said, —

"Yes, in my time Holger Danske will probably not come; but the boy in the bed yonder may get to see him, and be there when the push really comes."

And the old grandfather nodded again; and the more he looked at Holger Danske the more plain did it become to him that it was a good image he had carved. It seemed really to gain color, and the armor appeared to gleam like iron and steel; the hearts in the Danish arms became redder and redder, and the lions with the golden crowns on their heads leaped up.[1]

"That's the most beautiful coat of arms there is in the world!" said the old man. "The lions are strength, and the heart is gentleness and love!"

And he looked at the uppermost lion, and thought of King Canute, who bound great England to the throne of Denmark; and he looked at the second lion, and thought of Waldemar, who united Denmark and conquered the Wendish lands; and he glanced at the third lion, and remembered Margaret, who united Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. But while he looked at the red hearts, they gleamed more brightly than before; they became flames, and his heart followed each of them.

The first heart led him into a dark, narrow prison; there sat a prisoner, a beautiful woman, the daughter of King Christian IV., Eleanor Ulfeld;[2] and the flame, which was shaped like a rose, attached itself to her bosom and blossomed, so that it became one with the heart of her, the noblest and best of all Danish women.

And his spirit followed the second flame, which led him out upon the sea, where the cannons thundered and the ships lay shrouded in smoke; and the flame fastened itself in the shape of a ribbon of honor on the breast of Hvitfeld, as he blew himself and his ship into the air, that he might save the fleet.[3]

And the third flame led him to the wretched huts of Greenland, where preacher Hans Egede[4] wrought, with love in every word and deed: the flame was a star on his breast, another heart in the Danish arms.

And the spirit of the old grandfather flew on before the waving flames, for his spirit knew whither the flames desired to go. In the humble room of the peasant woman stood Frederick VI., writing his name with chalk on the beam.[5] The flame trembled on his breast, and trembled in his heart; in the peasant's lowly room his heart, too, became a heart in the Danish arms. And the old grandfather dried his eyes, for he had known King Frederick with the silvery locks and the honest blue eyes, and had lived for him: he folded his hands, and looked in silence straight before him. Then came the daughter-in-law of the old grandfather, and said it was late, he ought now to rest; and the supper table was spread.

"But it is beautiful, what you have done, grandfather!" said she. "Holger Danske, and all our old coat of arms! It seems to me just as if I had seen that face before!"

"No, that can scarcely be," replied the old grandfather; "but I have seen it, and I have tried to carve it in wood as I have kept it in my memory. It was when the English lay in front of the wharf, on the Danish second of April,[6] when we showed that we were old Danes. In the Denmark on board which I was, in Steen Bille's squadron, I had a man at my side — it seemed as if the bullets were afraid of him! Merrily he sang old songs, and shot and fought as if he were something more than a man. I remember his face yet; but whence he came, and whither he went, I know not — nobody knows. I have often thought he might have been old Holger Danske himself, who had swum down from the Kronborg, and aided us in the hour of danger: that was my idea, and there stands his picture."

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[1] The Danish arms consist of three lions between nine hearts.

[2] This highly gifted princess was the wife of Corfitz Ulfeld, who was accused of high treason. Her only crime was the most faithful love to her unhappy consort; but she was compelled to pass twenty-two years in a horrible dungeon, until her persecutor, Queen Sophia Amelia, was dead.

[3] In the naval battle in Kjöge Bay between the Danes and the Swedes, in 1710, Hvitfeld's ship, the Dannebrog, took fire. To save the town of Kjöge, and the Danish fleet which was being driven by the wind toward his vessel, he blew himself and his whole crew into the air.

[4] Hans Egede went to Greenland in 1721 and toiled there during fifteen years among incredible hardships and privations. Not only did he spread Christianity, but exhibited in himself a remarkable example of a Christian man.

[5] On a journey on the west coast of Jutland, the king visited an old woman. When he had already quitted her house, the woman ran after him and begged him, as a remembrance, to write his name upon a beam; the king turned back, and complied. During his whole life-time he felt and worked for the peasant class; therefore the Danish peasants begged to be allowed to carry his coffin to the royal vault at Roeskilde, four Danish miles from Copenhagen.

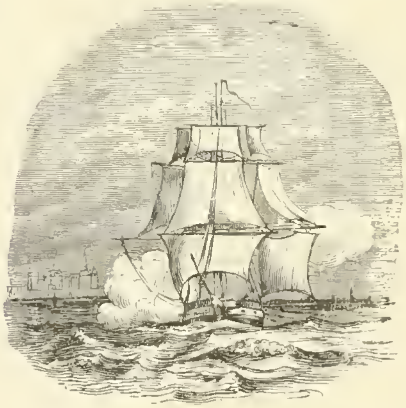
[6] On the 2d of April, 1801, occurred the sanguinary naval battle between the Danes and the English under Sir Hyde Parker and Nelson

And the statue threw its great show up against the wall, and even over part of the ceiling; it looked as though the real Holger Danske were standing behind it, for the shadow moved; but this might have been because the flame of the candle did not burn steadily. And the daughter-in-law kissed the old grandfather, and led him to the great armchair by the table; and she and her husband, who was the son of the old man, and father of the little boy in the bed, sat and ate their supper; and the grandfather spoke of the Danish lions and of the Danish hearts, of strength and of gentleness; and quite clearly did he explain that there was another strength besides the power that lies in the sword; and he pointed to the shelf on which were the old books, where stood the plays of Holberg, which had been read so often, for they were very amusing; one could almost fancy one recognized the people of by-gone days in them.

"See, he knew how to strike, too," said the grandfather: "he scourged the foolishness and prejudice of the people so long as he could" — and the grandfather nodded at the mirror, above which stood the calendar, with the "Round Tower"[1] on it, and said, "Tycho Brahe was also one who used the sword, not to cut into flesh and bone, but to build up a plainer way among all the stars of heaven. And then *he* whose father belonged to my calling, the son of the old figure-head carver, he whom we have ourselves seen with his silver hairs and his broad shoulders, he whose name is spoken of in all lands! Yes, *he* was a sculptor; *I* am only a carver. Yes, Holger Danske may come in many forms, so that one hears in every country in the world of Denmark's strength. Shall we now drink the health of Bertel?"[2]

But the little lad in the bed saw plainly the old Kronborg with the Öre Sound, the real Holger Danske, who sat deep below, with his beard grown through the marble table, dreaming of all that happens up here. Holger Danske also dreamed of the little humble room where the carver sat; he heard all that passed, and nodded in his sleep, and said, —

"Yes, remember me, ye Danish folk; remember me. I shall come in the hour of need."



And without by the Kronborg shone the bright day, and the wind carried the notes of the hunting-horn over from the neighboring land; the ships sailed past, and saluted — "Boom! boom!" and from the Kronborg came the reply, "Boom! boom!" But Holger Danske did not awake, however loudly they shot, for it was only "Good-day" and "Thank you!" There must be another kind of shooting before he awakes; but he will awake, for there is faith in Holger Danske.

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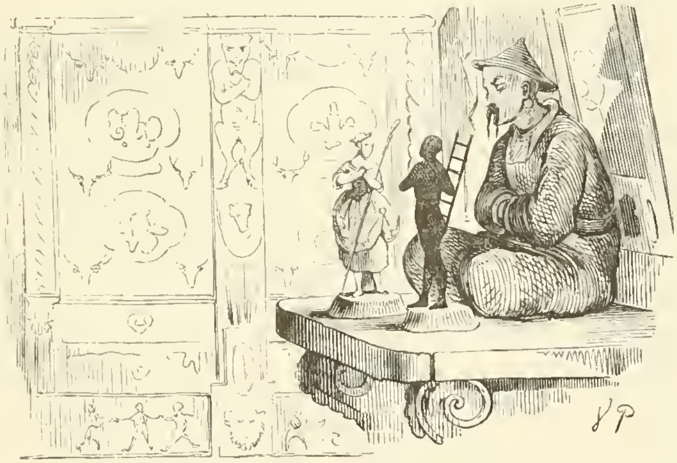
[1] The astronomical observatory at Copenhagen.

[2] Bertel Thorwaldsen.

THE SHEPHERDESS AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

Have you ever seen a very, very old clothes-press, quite black with age, on which all sorts of flourishes and foliage were carved? Just such a one stood in a certain room. It was a legacy from a grandmother, and it was carved from top to bottom with roses and tulips; the most curious flourishes were to be seen on it, and between them little stags popped out their heads with zigzag antlers. But on the top a whole man was carved. True, he was laughable to look at; for he showed his teeth, — laughing one could not call it, — had goat's legs, little horns on his head, and a long beard. The children in the room always called him General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent Goatslegs, for this was a name difficult to pronounce, and there are very few who get the title; but to cut him out in wood — that was no trifle. However, there he was. He looked down upon the table and toward the mirror, for there a charming little porcelain shepherdess was standing. Her shoes were gilded, her gown was tastefully looped up with a red rose, and she had a golden hat and cloak; in short, she was most exquisite. Close by stood a little chimney-sweep, as black as a coal, but of porcelain too. He was just as clean and pretty as another; as to his being a sweep, that was only what he represented; and the porcelain manufacturer could just as well have made a prince of him as a chimney-sweep, if he had chosen; one was as easy as the other.



There he stood so prettily with his ladder, and with a little round face as fair and as rosy as that of the shepherdess. In reality this was a fault; for a little black he certainly ought to have been. He was quite close to the shepherdess; both stood where they had been placed; and as soon as they were put there, they had mutually promised each other eternal fidelity; for they suited each other exactly — they were young, they were of the same porcelain, and both equally fragile.

Close to them stood another figure three times as large as they were. It was an old Chinese, that could nod his head. He was of porcelain too, and said that he was grandfather of the little shepherdess; but this he could not prove. He asserted, moreover, that he had authority over her, and that was the reason he had nodded his assent to the General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent Goatslegs, who paid his addresses to the shepherdess.

"In him," said the old Chinese, "you will have a husband who, I verily believe, is of mahogany. You will be Mrs. Goatslegs, the wife of a General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent, who has his shelves full of plate, besides what is hidden in secret drawers and recesses."

"I will not go into the dark cupboard," said the little shepherdess; "I have heard say that he has eleven wives of porcelain in there already."

"Then you may be the twelfth," said the Chinese. "To-night, as soon as the old clothes-press cracks, as sure as I am a Chinese, we will keep the wedding." And then he nodded his head, and fell asleep.

But the little shepherdess wept, and looked at her beloved — at the porcelain chimney-sweep.

"I implore you," said she, "fly hence with me; for here it is impossible for us to remain."

"I will do all you ask," said the little chimney-sweep. "Let us leave this place. I think my trade will enable me to support you."

"If we were only down from the table," said she. "I shall not be happy till we are far from here, and free."

He consoled her, and showed her how she was to set her little foot on the carved border and on the gilded foliage which twined around the leg of the table, brought his ladder to her assistance, and at last both were on the floor; but when they looked toward the old clothes-press, they observed a great stir. All the carved stags stretched their heads out farther, raised their antlers, and turned round their heads. The General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent gave a jump, and called to the old Chinese, "They are eloping, they are eloping!"

At this she grew a little frightened, and jumped quickly over the ridge into the drawer.

Here lay three or four packs of cards, which were not complete, and a little puppet-show, which was set up as well as it was possible to do. A play was being performed, and all the ladies, Diamonds as well as Hearts, Clubs, and Spades, sat in the front row, and fanned themselves with the tulips they held in their hands, while behind them stood the varlets. The play was about two persons who could not have each other, at which the shepherdess wept, for it was her own history.

"I cannot bear it longer," said she; "I must get out of the drawer."

But when she had got down on the floor, and looked up to the table, she saw that the old Chinese was awake, and that his whole body was rocking.

"The old Chinese is coming!" cried the little shepherdess; and down she fell on her porcelain knee, so frightened was she.

"A thought has struck me," said the chimney-sweep; "let us creep into the great pot-pourri jar that stands in the corner; there we can lie on roses and lavender, and if he comes after us, throw dust in his eyes."

"'T is of no use," said she. "Besides, I know that the old Chinese and the Pot-pourri Jar were once betrothed; and when one has been once on such terms, a little regard always lingers behind. No; for us there is nothing left but to wander forth into the wide world."

"Have you really courage to go forth with me into the wide world?" asked the chimney-sweep tenderly. "Have you considered how large it is, and that we can never come back here again!"

"I have," said she.

And the sweep gazed fixedly upon her, and then said, "My way lies up the chimney. Have you really courage to go with me through the stove, and to creep through all the flues? We shall then get into the main flue, after which I am not at a loss what to do. Up we mount, then, so high, that they can never reach us: and at the top is an opening that leads out into the world."

And he led her toward the door of the stove.

"It looks quite black," said she; but still she went with him, and on through all the intricacies of the interior, and through the flues, where a pitchy darkness reigned.

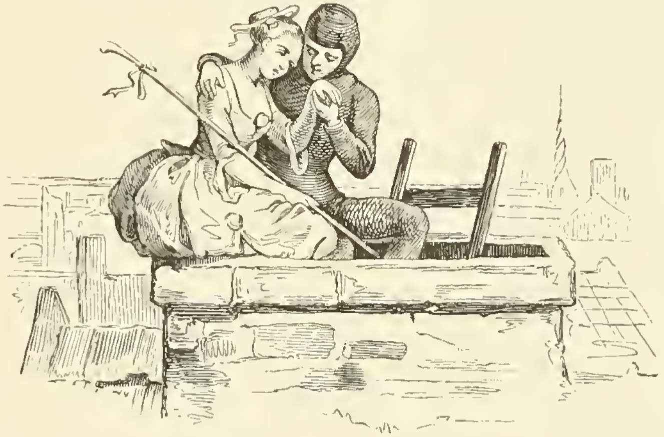
"We are now in the chimney," said she; "and behold, behold, above us is shining the loveliest star!"

It was a real star in the sky that shone straight down upon them, as if to show them the way. They climbed and they crept higher and higher. It was a frightful way; but he lifted her up, he held her, and showed her the best places on which to put her little porcelain feet; and thus they reached the top of the chimney, and seated themselves on the edge of it; for they were tired, which is not to be wondered at.

The heaven and all its stars were above them, and all the roofs of the town below them; they could see far around, far away into the world. The poor shepherdess had never pictured it to herself thus; she leaned her little head on her sweep, and wept so bitterly that all the gilding of her girdle came off.

"Oh, this is too much!" said she; "I cannot bear it. The world is too large. Oh, were I but again on the little table under the looking-glass! I shall never be happy till I am there again. I have followed you into the wide world; now, if you really love me, you may follow me home again."

And the chimney-sweep spoke sensibly to her, spoke to her about the old Chinese and the General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent; but she sobbed so violently, and kissed her little sweep so passionately, that he was obliged to give way, although it was not right to do so.



So now down they climbed again with great difficulty, crept through the flue, and into the stove, where they listened behind the door, to discover if anybody was in the room. It was quite still; they peeped, and there, on the floor, in the middle of the room, lay the old Chinese. He had fallen from the table in trying to follow the fugitives, and was broken in three pieces; his whole back was but a stump, and his head had rolled into a corner, while General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent Goatslegs was standing where he had ever stood, absorbed in thought.

"How dreadful!" said the little shepherdess. "My old grandfather is dashed to pieces, and we are the cause. I never can survive the accident." And she wrung her little hands in agony.

"He can be mended," said the chimney-sweep; "he can easily be mended. Only do not be so hasty. If we glue his back together, and rivet his neck well, he will be as good as new, and will be able to say enough disagreeable things to us yet."

"Do you think so?" said she; and then they clambered up again to the table on which they had stood before.

"You see," said the sweep, "we might have spared ourselves these disagreeables, after all."

"If we had but mended my old grandfather!" said the shepherdess. "Does it cost much?"

And mended he was. The family had his back glued, and his neck riveted, so that he was as good as new, except that he could not nod.

"Meseems, you have grown haughty since you were dashed to pieces," said General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent Goatslegs. "However, I think there is not so very much to be proud of. Am I to have her, or am I not?"

The chimney-sweep and the little shepherdess looked so touchingly at the old Chinese; they feared he would nod, but he could not, and it was disagreeable to him to tell a stranger that he had constantly a rivet in his neck. So the little porcelain personages remained together. They blessed the old grandfather's rivet, and loved each other till they fell to pieces.

"WHAT THE GOOD-MAN DOES IS SURE TO BE RIGHT!"

I AM going to tell you a story that was told to me when I was a little one, and which I like better and better the oftener I think of it. For it is with stories as with some men and women, the older they grow the pleasanter they grow, and that is delightful!

Of course you have been into the country? Well, then, you must have seen a regularly poor old cottage. Moss and weeds spring up amid the thatch of the roof, a stork's nest decorates the chimney (the stork can never be dispensed with), the walls are aslant, the windows low (in fact, only one of them can be shut), the baking-oven projects forward, and an elder-bush leans over the gate, where you will see a tiny pond with a duck and ducklings in it, close under a knotted old willow-tree. Yes, and then there is a watch-dog that barks at every passer-by.

Just such a poor little cottage as this was the one in my story, and in it dwelt a husband and wife. Few as their possessions were, one of them they could do without, and that was a horse, that used to graze in the ditch beside the high-road. The good-man rode on it to town, he lent it to his neighbors, and received slight services from them in return, but still it would be more profitable to sell the horse, or else exchange it for something they could make of more frequent use. But which should they do? sell, or exchange?

"Why, you will find out what is best, good-man," said the wife. "Is n't this market-day? Come, ride off to the town — get money, or what you can for the horse — whatever you do is sure to be right. Make haste for the market!"

So she tied on his neckerchief — for that was a matter she understood better than he — she tied it with a double knot, and made him look quite spruce; she dusted his hat with the palm of her hand; and she kissed him and sent him off, riding the horse that was to be either sold or bartered. Of course, he would know what to do.

The sun was hot, and not a cloud in the sky. The road was dusty, and such a crowd of folk passed on their way to market. Some in wagons, some on horseback, some on their own legs. A fierce sun and no shade all the way.

A man came driving a cow — as pretty a cow as could be. "That creature must give beautiful milk," thought the peasant: "it would not be a bad bargain if I got that. I say, you fellow with the cow!" he began aloud; "let's have some talk together. Look you, a horse, I believe, costs more than a cow, but it is all the same to me, as I have more use for a cow — shall we make an exchange?"

"To be sure!" was the answer, and the bargain was made.

The good-man might just as well now turn back homeward — he had finished his business. But he had made up his mind to go to market, so to market he must go, if only to look on, so, with his cow, he continued on his way. He trudged fast, so did the cow, and soon they overtook a man who was leading a sheep — a sheep in good condition, well clothed with wool.

"I should very much like to have that!" thought the peasant. "It would find pasture enough by our road-side, and in winter we might take it into our own room. And really it would be more reasonable for us to be keeping a sheep than a cow. Shall we exchange?"

Yes, the man who owned the sheep was quite willing; so the exchange was made, and the good-man now went on with his sheep. Presently there passed him a man with a big goose under his arm.

"Well, you have got a heavy fellow there!" quoth the peasant. "Feathers and fat in plenty! How nicely we could tie her up near our little pond, and it would be something for the good-wife to gather up the scraps for. She has often said: 'If we had but a goose!' Now she can have one — and she shall, too! Will you exchange? I will give you my sheep for your goose, and say 'thank you' besides."

The other had no objection, so the peasant had his will and his goose. He was now close to the town; he was wearied with the heat and the crowd, folk and cattle pushing past him, thronging on the road, in the ditch, and close up to the turnpike-man's cabbage-garden, where his one hen was tied up, lest in her fright she should lose her way and be carried off. It was a short-backed hen: she winked with one eye, crying, "Cluck, cluck!" What she was thinking of I can't say, but what the peasant thought on seeing her, was this: "That is the prettiest hen I have ever seen — much prettier than any of our parson's chickens.

I should very much like to have her. A hen can always pick up a grain here and there — can provide for herself. I almost think it would be a good plan to take her instead of the goose. Shall we exchange?" he asked. "Exchange?" repeated the owner; "not a bad idea!" So it was done; the turnpike-man got the goose, the peasant the hen.

He had transacted a deal of business since first starting on his way to the town; hot was he, and wearied too; he must have a dram and a bit of bread. He was on the point of entering an inn, when the innkeeper met him in the doorway swinging a sack chock-full of something.

"What have you there?" asked the peasant.

"Mellow apples," was the answer, "a whole sackful for swine."

"What a quantity! would n't my wife like to see so many! Why, the last year we had only one single apple on the whole tree at home. Ah! I wish my wife could see them!"

"Well, what will you give me for them?"

"Give for them? why, I will give you my hen." So he gave the hen, took the apples, and entered the inn, and going straight up to the bar, set his sack upright against the stove without considering that there was a fire lighted inside. A good many strangers were present, among them two Englishmen, both with their pockets full of gold and fond of laying wagers, as Englishmen in stories are wont to do.

Presently there came a sound from the stove, "Suss — suss — suss!" the apples were roasting. "What is that?" folk asked, and soon heard the whole history of the horse that had been exchanged, first for a cow, and lastly for a sack of rotten apples.

"Well! won't you get a good sound cuff from your wife, when you go home?" said one of the Englishmen. "Something heavy enough to fell an ox, I warn you!"

"I shall get kisses, not cuffs," replied the peasant. "My wife will say, 'Whatever the good-man does is right.'"

"A wager!" cried the Englishmen, "for a hundred pounds?"

"Say rather a bushelful," quoth the peasant, and I can only lay my bushel of apples with myself and the good-wife, but that will be more than full measure, I trow."

"Done!" cried they. And the innkeeper's cart was brought out forthwith, the Englishmen got into it, the peasant got into it, the rotten apples got into it, and away they sped to the peasant's cottage.

"Good evening, wife."

"Same to you, good-man."

"Well, I have exchanged the horse, not sold it."

"Of course," said the wife, taking his hand, and in her eagerness to listen noticing neither the sack nor the strangers.

"I exchanged the horse for a cow."

"Oh! how delightful! now we can have milk, butter, and cheese on our table. What a capital idea!"

"Yes, but I exchanged the cow for a sheep."

"Better and better!" cried the wife. "You are always so thoughtful; we have only just grass enough for a sheep. But now we shall have ewe's milk, and ewe's cheese, and woolen stockings, nay, woolen jackets too; and a cow would not give us that; she loses all her hairs. But you are always such a clever fellow."

"But the ewe I exchanged again for a goose."

"What! shall we really keep Michaelmas this year, good-man? You are always thinking of what will please me, and that was a beautiful thought. The goose can be tethered to the willow-tree and grow fat for Michaelmas Day."

"But I gave the goose away for a hen," said the peasant.

"A hen? well, that was a good exchange," said his wife. "A hen will lay eggs, sit upon them, and we shall have chickens. Fancy! a hen-yard! that is just the thing I have always wished for most."

"Ah, but I exchanged the hen for a sack of mellow apples."

"Then I must give thee a kiss," cried the wife.

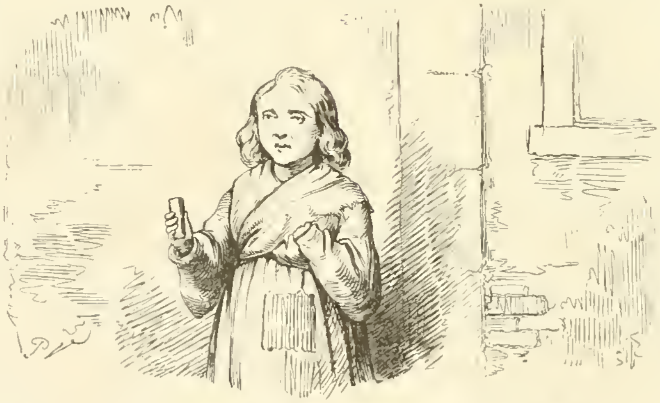
"Thanks, my own husband. And now I have something to tell. When you were gone I thought how I could get a right good dinner ready for you: omelets with parsley. Now I had the eggs, but not the parsley. So I went over to the schoolmaster's; they have parsley, I know, but the woman is so crabbed, she wanted something for it. Now what could I give her? nothing grows in our garden, not even a rotten apple, not even that had I for her; but now I can give her ten, nay, a whole sackful. That is famous, good-man!" and she kissed him again.

"Well done!" cried the Englishmen. "Always down hill, and always happy! Such a sight is worth the money!" And so quite contentedly they paid the bushelful of gold pieces to the peasant, who had got kisses, not cuffs, by his bargains.

Certainly virtue is her own reward, when the wife is sure that her husband is the wisest man in the world, and that whatever he does is right. So now you have heard this old story that was once told to me, and I hope have learnt the moral.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL.

It was terribly cold; it snowed and was already almost dark, and evening came on, the last evening of the year. In the cold and gloom a poor little girl, bare-headed and barefoot, was walking through the streets. When she left her own house she certainly had had slippers on; but of what use were they? They were very big slippers, and her mother had used them till then, so big were they. The little maid lost them as she slipped across the road, where two carriages were rattling by terribly fast. One slipper was not to be found again, and a boy had seized the other, and run away with it. He thought he could use it very well as a cradle, some day when he had children of his own. So now the little girl went with her little naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold. In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and a bundle of them in her hand. No one had bought anything of her all day, and no one had given her a farthing.



Shivering with cold and hunger she crept along, a picture of misery, poor little girl! The snow-flakes covered her long fair hair, which fell in pretty curls over her neck; but she did not think of that now. In all the windows lights were shining and there was a glorious smell of roast goose, for it was New Year's Eve. Yes, she thought of that!

In a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sat down, cowering. She had drawn up her little feet, but she was still colder, and she did not dare to go home, for she had sold no matches, and did not bring a farthing of money. From her father she would certainly receive a beating, and besides, it was cold at home, for they had nothing over them but a roof through which the wind whistled, though the largest rents had been stopped with straw and rags.

Her little hands were almost benumbed with the cold. Ah! a match might do her good, if she could only draw one from a bundle, and rub it against the wall, and warm her hands at it. She drew one out. R-r-atch! how it sputtered and burned! It was a warm bright flame, like a little candle, when she held her hands over it; it was a wonderful little light! It really seemed to the little girl as if she sat before a great polished stove, with bright brass feet and a brass cover. How the fire burned! how comfortable it was! but the little flame went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the burned match in her hand.

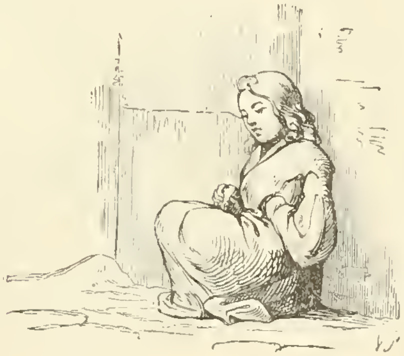
A second was rubbed against the wall. It burned up, and when the light fell upon the wall it became transparent like a thin veil, and she could see through it into the room. On the table a snow-white cloth was spread; upon it stood a shining dinner service; the roast goose smoked gloriously, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more splendid to behold, the goose hopped down from the dish, and waddled along the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl. Then the match went out, and only the thick, damp, cold wall was before her. She lighted another match. Then she was sitting under a beautiful Christmas-tree; it was greater and more ornamented than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of candles burned upon the green branches, and colored pictures like those in the print shops looked down upon them. The little girl stretched forth her hand toward them; then the match went out. The Christmas lights mounted higher. She saw them now as stars in the sky: one of them fell down, forming a long line of fire.

"Now some one is dying," thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only person who had loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star fell down a soul mounted up to God.

She rubbed another match against the wall; it became bright again, and in the brightness the old grandmother stood clear and shining, mild and lovely.

"Grandmother!" cried the child, "Oh! take me with you! I know you will go when the match is burned out. You will vanish like the warm fire, the warm food, and the great, glorious Christmas-tree!"

And she hastily rubbed the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother fast. And the matches burned with such a glow that it became brighter than in the middle of the day; grandmother had never been so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and both flew in brightness and joy above the earth, very, very high, and up there was neither cold, nor hunger, nor care, — they were with God.



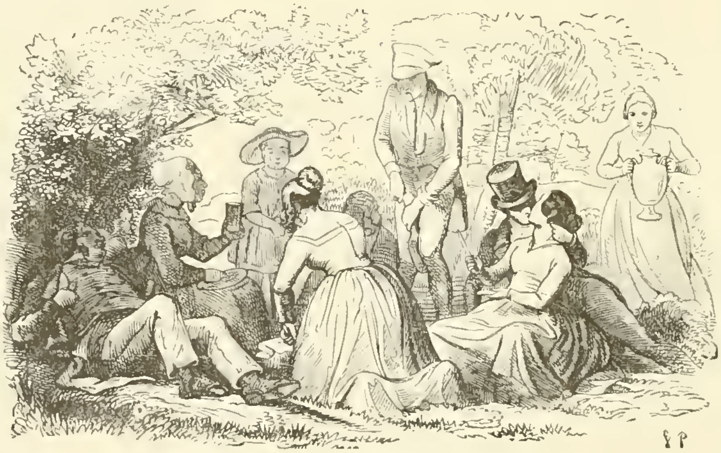
But in the corner, leaning against the wall, sat the poor girl with red cheeks and smiling mouth, frozen to death on the last evening of the Old Year. The New Year's sun rose upon a little corpse! The child sat there, stiff and cold, with the matches, of which one bundle was burned. "She wanted to warm herself," the people said. No one imagined what a beautiful thing she had seen, and in what glory she had gone in with her grandmother to the New Year's Day.

THE BELL.

People said, "The evening-bell is sounding, the sun is setting." A strange wondrous tone was heard in the narrow streets of a large town. It was like the sound of a church-bell: but it was only heard for a moment, for the rolling of the carriages, and the voices of the multitude made too great a noise.

Those persons who were walking without the town, where the houses were farther apart, with gardens or little fields between them, could see the evening sky still better, and heard the sound of the bell much more distinctly. It was as if the tones came from a church in the still forest; people looked thitherward, and felt their minds attuned most solemnly.

A long time passed, and people said to each other, —"I wonder if there is a church out in the wood? The bell has a tone that is wondrous sweet; let us stroll thither, and examine the matter nearer." And the rich people drove out, and the poor walked, but the way seemed strangely long to them; and when they came to a clump of willows which grew on the skirts of the forest, they sat down, and looked up at the long branches, and fancied they were now in the depth of the green wood. The confectioner of the town came out, and set up his booth there; and soon after came another confectioner, who hung a bell over his stand, as a sign or ornament, but it had no clapper, and it was tarred over to preserve it from the rain. When all the people returned home, they said it had been very romantic, and that it was quite a different sort of thing to a picnic or tea-party. There were three persons who asserted they had penetrated to the end of the forest, and that they had always heard the wonderful sounds of the bell, but it had seemed to them as if it had come from the town. One wrote a whole poem about it, and said the bell sounded like the voice of a mother to a good dear child, and that no melody was sweeter than the tones of the bell. The king of the country was also observant of it, and vowed that he who could discover whence the sounds proceeded should have the title of "Universal Bell-ringer," even if it were not really a bell.



Many persons now went to the wood, for the sake of getting the place, but one only returned with a sort of explanation; for nobody went far enough, that one not farther than the others. However, he said that the sound proceeded from a very large owl, in a hollow tree; a sort of learned owl, that continually knocked its head against the branches. But whether the sound came from his head or from the hollow tree, that no one could say with certainty. So now he got the place of "Universal Bell-ringer," and wrote yearly a short treatise "On the Owl;" but everybody was just as wise as before.

It was the day of Confirmation. The clergyman had spoken so touchingly, the children who were confirmed had been greatly moved; it was an eventful day for them; from children they became all at once grown-up persons; it was as if their infant souls were now to fly all at once into persons with more understanding. The sun was shining gloriously; the children that had been confirmed went out of the town, and from the wood was borne toward them the sounds of the unknown bell with wonderful distinctness. They all immediately felt a wish to go thither; all except three. One of them had to go home to try on a ball-dress, for it was just the dress and the ball which had caused her to be confirmed this time, for otherwise she would not have come; the other was a poor boy, who had borrowed his coat and boots to be confirmed in from the innkeeper's son, and he was to give them back by a certain hour; the third said that he never went to a strange place if his parents were not with him; that he had always been a good boy hitherto, and would still be so now that he was confirmed, and that one ought not to laugh at him for it: the others, however, did make fun of him, after all.

There were three, therefore, that did not go; the others hastened on. The sun shone, the birds sang, and the children sang too, and each held the other by the hand; for as yet they had none of them any high office, and were all of equal rank in the eye of God.

But two of the youngest soon grew tired, and both returned to town; two little girls sat down, and twined garlands, so they did not go either; and when the others reached the willow-tree, where the confectioner was, they said, "Now we are there! In reality the bell does not exist; it is only a fancy that people have taken into their heads!"

At the same moment the bell sounded deep in the wood, so clear and solemnly that five or six determined to penetrate somewhat farther. It was so thick, and the foliage so dense that it was quite fatiguing to proceed. Woodroof and anemones grew almost too high; blooming convolvuluses and blackberry-bushes hung in long garlands from tree to tree, where the nightingale sang and the sunbeams were playing: it was very beautiful, but it was no place for girls to go; their clothes would get so torn. Large blocks of stone lay there, overgrown with moss of every color; the fresh spring bubbled forth, and made a strange gurgling sound.

"That surely cannot be the bell," said one of the children, lying down and listening; "this must be looked to." So he remained, and let the others go on without him.

They afterwards came to a little house, made of branches and the bark of trees; a large wild apple-tree bent over it, as if it would shower down all its blessings on the roof, where roses were blooming. The long stems twined round the gable, on which there hung a small bell.

Was it that which people had heard? Yes: everybody was unanimous on the subject, except one, who said that the bell was too small and too fine to be heard at so great a distance, and besides, it had very different tones from those that could move a human heart in such a manner. It was a king's son who spoke; whereon the others said, "Such people always want to be wiser than everybody else."

They now let him go on alone; and as he went, his breast was filled more and more with the forest solitude; but he still heard the little bell with which the others were so satisfied, and now and then, when the wind blew, he could also hear the people singing who were sitting at tea where the confectioner had his tent; but the deep sound of the bell rose louder; it was almost as if an organ were accompanying it, and the tones came from the left hand, the side where the heart is placed. A rustling was heard in the bushes, and a little boy stood before the king's son; a boy in wooden shoes, and with so short a jacket that one could see what long wrists he had. Both knew each other; the boy was that one among the children who could not come because he had to go home and return his jacket and boots to the innkeeper's son. This he had done, and was now going on in wooden shoes and in his humbler dress, for the bell sounded with so deep a tone, and with such strange power, that proceed he must.

"Why, then, we can go together," said the king's son. But the poor child that had been confirmed was quite ashamed; he looked at his wooden shoes, pulled at the short sleeves of his jacket, and said, "He was afraid he could not walk so fast; besides, he thought that the bell must be looked for to the right; for that was the place where all sorts of beautiful things were to be found."

"But there we shall not meet," said the king's son, nodding at the same time to the poor boy, who went into the darkest, thickest part of the wood, where thorns tore his humble dress, and scratched his face, and hands, and feet, till they bled. The king's son got some scratches, too; but the sun shone on his path, and it is him that we will follow, for he was an excellent and resolute youth.

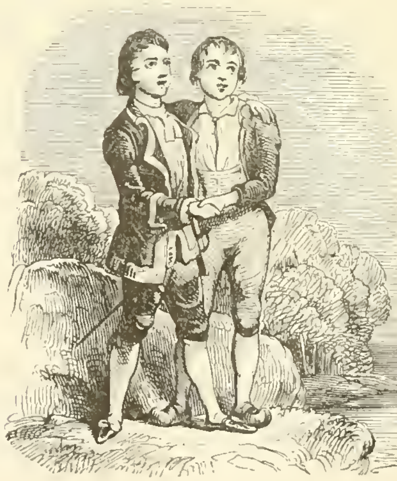
"I must and will find the bell," said he, "even if I am obliged to go to the end of the world."

The ugly apes sat upon the trees, and grinned. "Shall we thrash him?" said they; "shall we thrash him? He is the son of a king!"

But on he went, without being disheartened, deeper and deeper into the wood, where the most wonderful flowers were growing. There stood white lilies with blood-red stamens; sky-blue tulips, which shone as they waved in the winds; and apple-trees, the apples of which looked exactly like large soap-bubbles: so only think how the trees must have sparkled in the sunshine! Around the nicest green meads, where the deer were playing in the grass, grew magnificent oaks and beeches; and if the bark of one of the trees was cracked, there grass and long creeping plants grew in the crevices. And there were large, calm lakes there too, in which white swans were swimming, and beat the air with their wings. The king's son often stood still and listened. He thought the bell sounded from the depths of these still lakes; but then he remarked again that the tone proceeded not from there, but farther off, from out the depths of the forest.

The sun now set; the atmosphere glowed like fire. It was still in the woods, so very still; and he fell on his knees, sung his evening hymn, and said: "I cannot find what I seek; the sun is going down, and night is coming — the dark, dark night. Yet perhaps I may be able once more to see the round, red sun before he entirely disappears. I will climb up yonder rock."

And he seized hold of the creeping-plants, and the roots of trees, — climbed up the moist stones where the water-snakes were writhing and the toads were croaking — and he gained the summit before the sun had quite gone down. How magnificent was the sight from this height! The sea — the great, the glorious sea, that dashed its long waves against the coast — was stretched out before him. And yonder, where sea and sky meet, stood the sun, like a large, shining altar, all melted together in the most glowing colors. And the wood and the sea sang a song of rejoicing, and his heart sang with the rest: all nature was a vast, holy church, in which the trees and the buoyant clouds were the pillars, flowers and grass the velvet carpeting, and heaven itself the large cupola. The red colors above faded away as the sun vanished, but a million stars were lighted, a million lamps shone; and the king's son spread out his arms toward heaven, and wood, and sea; when at the same moment, coming by a path to the right, appeared, in his wooden shoes and jacket, the poor boy who had been confirmed with him. He had followed his own path, and had reached the spot just as soon as the son of the king had done. They ran toward each other, and stood together, hand in hand, in the vast church of nature and of poetry, while over them sounded the invisible, holy bell; blessed spirits floated around them, and lifted up their voices in a rejoicing hallelujah!



TALES

FROM THE

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

I. INTRODUCTION.

It is written in the chronicles of the Sassanian monarchs, that there once lived an illustrious prince, beloved by his own subjects for his wisdom and prudence, and feared by his enemies for his courage, and for the hardy and well-disciplined army of which he was the leader. This prince had two sons, the elder called Schah-riar, and the younger Schah-zenan, both equally good and deserving of praise.

The old king died at the end of a long and glorious reign, and Schah-riar, his eldest son, ascended the throne and reigned in his stead. A friendly contest quickly arose between the two brothers as to which could best promote the happiness of the other. The younger, Schah-zenan, did all he could to show his loyalty and affection, while the new sultan loaded his brother with all possible honors, and, in order that he might in some degree share his own power and wealth, bestowed on him the kingdom of Great Tartary. Schah-zenan went immediately and took possession of the empire allotted him, and fixed his residence at Samarcand, the chief city.

After a separation of ten years, Schah-riar ardently desired to see his brother, and sent his first vizier, with a splendid embassy, to invite him to revisit his court. Schah-zenan, being informed of the approach of the vizier, went out to meet him, with all his ministers, most magnificently dressed for the occasion, and urgently inquired after the health of the sultan, his brother. Having replied to these affectionate inquiries, the vizier unfolded the more especial purpose of his coming. Schah-zenan, who was much affected at the kindness and recollection of his brother, then addressed the vizier in these words: "Sage vizier, the sultan, my brother, does me too much honor. It is impossible that his wish to see me can exceed my anxious desire of again beholding him. You have come at an opportune moment. My kingdom is tranquil, and in ten days' time I will be ready to depart with you. In the mean while pitch your tents on this spot; I will take care and order every refreshment and accommodation for you and your whole train."

At the end of ten days everything was ready. Schah-zenan took a tender leave of the queen, his consort, and, accompanied by such officers as he had appointed to attend him, left Samarcand in the evening, to be near the tents of his brother's ambassador, with the intention of proceeding on his journey early on the following morning. Wishing, however, once more to see his queen, whom he tenderly loved, and whom he believed to return his love with an equal affection, he returned privately to the palace, and went directly to her apartment, when, to his extreme grief, he found that she loved another man, and he a slave, better than himself. The unfortunate monarch, yielding to the first outburst of his indignation, drew his scimitar, and with one rapid stroke changed their sleep into death. After that he threw their dead bodies into the fosse or great ditch that surrounded the palace.

Having thus satisfied his revenge, he went from the city as privately as he entered it, and returned to his pavilion. On his arrival, he did not mention to any one what had happened, but ordered the tents to be struck, and began his journey. It was scarcely daylight when they commenced their march to the sound of drums and other instruments. The whole train was filled with joy, except the king, who could think of nothing but his queen's misconduct, and he became a prey to the deepest grief and melancholy during the whole journey.

When he approached the capital of Persia, he perceived the Sultan Schah-riar and all his court coming out to greet him. What joyful sensations arose in their breasts at this fraternal meeting! They alighted and embraced each other; and after a thousand expressions of regard, they remounted, and entered the city amidst the acclamations of the multitude. The sultan conducted the king, his brother, to a palace which had been prepared for him. It communicated by a garden with his own; and was even more magnificent, as it was the spot where all the *fêtes* and splendid entertainments of the court were given.

Schah-riar immediately left the King of Tartary, in order that he might have time to bathe and change his dress; on his return from the bath he went immediately to him again. They seated themselves on a sofa, and conversed with each other at their ease, after so long an absence; and seemed even more united by affection than blood. They ate together at supper, and after their repast they again conversed, till Schah-riar, perceiving the night far advanced, left his brother to repose.

The unfortunate Schah-zenan retired to his couch; but if the presence of the sultan had for a while suspended his grief, it now returned with redoubled force. Every circumstance of the queen's misconduct arose to his mind and kept him awake, and impressed such a look of sorrow on his countenance that the sultan could not fail to remark it. Conscious that he had done all in his power to testify the sincerity of his continued love and affection, he sought diligently to amuse his brother; but the most splendid entertainments and the gayest *fêtes* only served to increase his melancholy.

Schah-riar having one morning given orders for a grand hunting party, at the distance of two days' journey from the city, Schah-zenan requested permission to remain in his palace, excusing himself on account of a slight indisposition. The sultan wishing to please him, gave him his choice, and went with all his court to partake of the sport.

The King of Tartary was no sooner alone than he shut himself up in his apartment, and gave way to a sorrowful recollection on the calamity which had befallen him. As, however, he sat thus grieving at the open window, looking out upon the beautiful garden of the palace, he suddenly saw the sultana, the loved wife of his brother, meet in the garden and hold secret conversation with another man beside her husband. Upon witnessing this interview, Schah-zenan determined within himself that he would no longer give way to such inconsolable grief for a misfortune which came to other husbands as well as to himself. He ordered supper to be brought, and ate with a better appetite than he had before done since his departure from Samarcand, and even enjoyed the fine concert performed while he sat at table.

Schah-riar, on his return from hunting at the close of the second day, was delighted at the change which he soon found had taken place in his brother, and urgently pressed him to explain both the cause of his former deep depression, and of its sudden change to his present joy. The King of Tartary being thus pressed, and feeling it his duty to obey his suzerain lord, related to his brother the whole narrative of his wife's misconduct, and of the severe punishment with which he had visited it on the offenders. Schah-riar expressed his full approval of his conduct. "I own," he said, "had I been in your place, I should, perhaps, have been less easily satisfied. I should not have been contented with taking away the life of one woman, but should have sacrificed a thousand to my resentment. Your fate, surely, is most singular, nor can have happened to any one besides. Since, however, it has pleased God to afford you consolation, and as I am sure it is equally well founded as the cause of your grief, inform me, I beg, of that also, and make me acquainted with the whole."

The reluctance of Schah-zenan to relate what he had seen yielded at last to the urgent commands and entreaties of his brother, and he revealed to him the secret of his disgrace in the faithlessness of his own queen. On hearing these dreadful and unexpected tidings, the rage and grief of Schah-riar knew no bounds. He far exceeded his brother in his invectives and indignation. He immediately sentenced to death his unhappy sultana and the unworthy accomplice of her guilt; and not content with this, in all the power of an Eastern despot, he bound himself by a solemn vow that, to prevent the possibility of such misconduct in future, he would marry a new wife every night, and command her to be strangled in the morning. Having imposed this cruel law upon himself, he swore to observe it immediately on the departure of the king his brother, who soon after had a solemn audience of leave, and returned to his own kingdom, laden with the most magnificent presents.

When Schah-zenan was gone, the sultan began to put into execution his unhappy oath. He married every night the daughter of some one of his subjects, who, the next morning, was ordered out to execution, and thus every day was a maiden married, and every day a wife sacrificed. However repugnant these commands were to the benevolent grand vizier, he was obliged to submit at the peril of the loss of his own head. The report of this unexampled inhumanity spread a panic of universal consternation through the city. In one place a wretched father was in tears for the loss of his daughter; in another, the air resounded with the groans of tender mothers, who dreaded lest the same fate should attend their offspring. In this manner, instead of the praises and blessings with which, till now, they loaded their monarch, all his subjects poured out imprecations on his head.

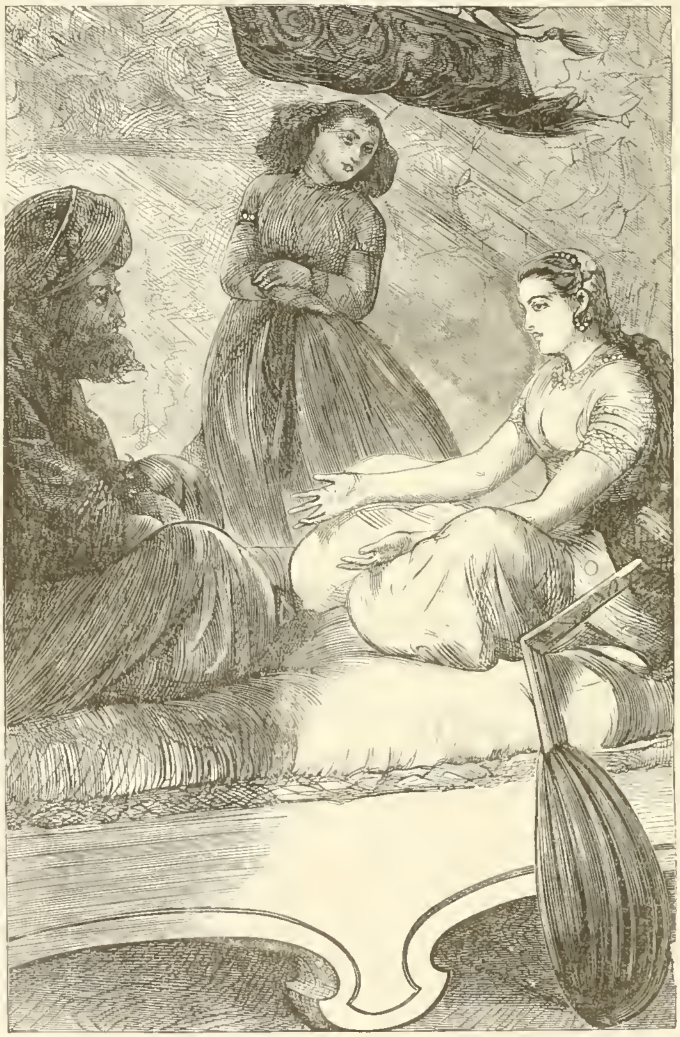
The grand vizier, who, as has been mentioned, was the unwilling agent of this horrid injustice, had two daughters: the elder was called Schehera-zade, and the youngest Dinar-zade. Schehera-zade was possessed of a degree of courage beyond her sex. She had read much, and was possessed of so great a memory, that she never forgot anything once learned; her beauty was only equaled by her virtuous disposition.

The vizier was passionately fond of so deserving a daughter.

As they were conversing together one day, she made a request to her father, to his very great astonishment, that she might have the honor of becoming the sultan's bride. The grand vizier endeavored to dissuade his daughter from her intention by pointing out the fearful penalty of an immediate death attached to the favor which she sought. Schehera-zade, however, persisted in her request, intimating to her father that she had in her mind a plan which she thought might be successful in making a change in the intention of the sultan, and in putting a stop to the dreadful cruelty exercised towards the inhabitants of the city. "Yes, my father," replied this heroic woman, "I am aware of the danger I run, but it does not deter me from my purpose. If I die, my death will be glorious; and if I succeed, I shall render my country an important service." The vizier was most reluctant to allow his beloved child to enter on so dangerous an enterprise, and endeavored to dissuade her from her purpose, but at length, overcome by his daughter's firmness, yielded to her entreaties; and although he was very sorry at not being able to conquer her resolution, he immediately went to Schah-riar, and announced to him that Schehera-zade herself would be his bride on the following night.

The sultan was much astonished at the sacrifice of the grand vizier. "Is it possible," said he, "that you can give up your own child?" "Sire," replied the vizier, "she has herself made the offer.

The dreadful fate that hangs over her does not alarm her; and she resigns her life for the honor of being the consort of your majesty, though it be but for one night." "Vizier," said the sultan, "do not deceive yourself with any hopes; for be assured that, in delivering Schehera-zade into your charge to-morrow, it will be with an order for her death; and if you disobey, your own head will be the forfeit." "Although," answered the vizier, "I am her father, I will answer for the fidelity of this arm in fulfilling your commands."



When the grand vizier returned to Schehera-zade, she thanked her father; and observing him to be much afflicted, consoled him by saying that she hoped he would be so far from repenting her marriage with the sultan, that it would become a subject of joy to him for the remainder of his life.

Before Schehera-zade went to the palace, she called her sister, Dinar-zade, aside, and said, "As soon as I shall have presented myself before the sultan, I shall entreat him to suffer you to sleep in the bridal chamber, that I may enjoy for the last time your company. If I obtain this favor, as I expect, remember to awaken me to-morrow morning an hour before daybreak, and say, 'If you are not asleep, my sister, I beg of you, till the morning appears, to recount to me one of those delightful stories you know.' I will immediately begin to tell one; and I flatter myself that by these means I shall free the kingdom from the consternation in which it is." Dinar-zade promised to do with pleasure what she required.

Within a short time Schehera-zade was conducted by her father to the palace, and was admitted to the presence of the sultan. They were no sooner alone than the sultan ordered her to take off her veil. He was charmed with her beauty; but perceiving her tears, he demanded the cause of them. "Sire," answered Schehera-zade, "I have a sister whom I tenderly love; I earnestly wish that she might be permitted to pass the night in this apartment, that we may again see each other, and once more take a tender farewell. Will you allow me the consolation of giving her this last proof of my affection?" Schah-riar having agreed to it, they sent for Dinar-zade, who came directly. The sultan passed the night with Schehera-zade on an elevated couch, as was the custom among the Eastern monarchs, and Dinar-zade slept at the foot of it on a mattress, prepared for the purpose.

Dinar-zade, having awoke about an hour before day, did what her sister had ordered her. "My dear sister," she said, "if you are not asleep, I entreat you, as it will soon be light, to relate to me one of those delightful tales you know. It will, alas! be the last time I shall receive that pleasure."

Instead of returning any answer to her sister, Schehera-zade addressed these words to the sultan: "Will your majesty permit me to indulge my sister in her request?" "Freely," replied he. Schehera-zade then desired her sister to attend, and, addressing herself to the sultan, began as follows: —

THE STORY OF THE MERCHANT AND THE GENIE.

There was formerly, sire, a merchant, who was possessed of great wealth, in land, merchandise, and ready money. Having one day an affair of great importance to settle at a considerable distance from home, he mounted his horse, and with only a sort of cloak-bag behind him, in which he had put a few biscuits and dates, he began his journey. He arrived without any accident at the place of his destination; and having finished his business, set out on his return.

On the fourth day of his journey, he felt himself so incommoded by the heat of the sun, that he turned out of his road, in order to rest under some trees, by which there was a fountain. He alighted, and tying his horse to a branch of the tree, sat down on its bank to eat some biscuits and dates from his little store. When he had satisfied his hunger, he amused himself with throwing about the stones of the fruit with considerable velocity. When he had finished his frugal repast, he washed his hands, his face, and his feet, and repeated a prayer, like a good Mussulman.

He was still on his knees, when he saw a genie, white with age, and of an enormous stature, advancing towards him, with a scimitar in his hand. As soon as he was close to him, he said in a most terrible tone, "Get up, that I may kill thee with this scimitar, as thou hast caused the death of my son." He accompanied these words with a dreadful yell. The merchant, alarmed by the horrible figure of this giant, as well as the words he heard, replied in terrible accents, "How can I have slain him? I do not know him, nor have I ever seen him." "Didst thou not," replied the giant, "on thine arrival here, sit down, and take some dates from thy wallet; and after eating them, didst thou not throw the stones about on all sides?" "This is all true," replied the merchant; "I do not deny it." "Well, then," said the other, "I tell thee thou hast killed my son; for while thou wast throwing about the stones, my son passed by; one of them struck him in the eye, and caused his death, and thus hast thou slain my son." "Ah, sire, forgive me," cried the merchant. "I have neither forgiveness nor mercy," added the giant; "and is it not just that he who has inflicted death should suffer it?" "I grant this; yet surely I have not done so; and even if I have, I have done so innocently, and therefore I entreat you to pardon me, and suffer me to live." "No, no," cried the genie, still persisting in his resolution, "I must destroy thee, as thou hast done my son." At these words, he took the merchant in his arms, and having thrown him with his face on the ground, he lifted up his sabre, in order to strike off his head.

Schehera-zade, at this instant, perceiving it was day, and knowing that the sultan rose early to his prayers, and then to hold a council, broke off. "What a wonderful story," said Dinar-zade, "have you chosen!" "The conclusion," answered Schehera-zade, "is still more surprising, as you would confess, if the sultan would suffer me to live another day, and in the morning permit me to continue the relation." Schah-riar, who had listened with much pleasure to the narration, determined to wait till to-morrow, intending to order her execution after she had finished her story. He arose, and having prayed, went to the council.

The grand vizier, in the mean time, was in a state of cruel suspense. Unable to sleep, he passed the night in lamenting the approaching fate of his daughter, whose executioner he was compelled to be. Dreading, therefore, in this melancholy situation, to meet the sultan, how great was his surprise in seeing him enter the council-chamber without giving him the horrible order he expected!

The sultan spent the day, as usual, in regulating the affairs of his kingdom, and on the approach of night retired with Schehera-zade to his apartment.

On the next morning the sultan did not wait for Schehera-zade to ask permission to continue her story, but said, "Finish the tale of the genie and the merchant; I am curious to hear the end of it." Schehera-zade immediately went on as follows: —

When the merchant, sire, perceived that the genie was about to execute his purpose, he cried aloud, "One word more, I entreat you; have the goodness to grant me a little delay; give me only one year to go and take leave of my dear wife and children, and I promise to return to this spot, and submit myself entirely to your pleasure." "Take Allah to witness of the promise thou hast made me," said the other. "Again I swear," replied he, "and you may rely on my oath." On this the genie left him near the fountain, and immediately disappeared.

The merchant, on his reaching home, related faithfully all that had happened to him. On hearing the sad news, his wife uttered the most lamentable groans, tearing her hair, and beating her breast; and his children made the house resound with their grief; while the father, overcome by affection, mingled his tears with theirs. The year quickly passed away. The good merchant, having settled his affairs, paid his just debts, given alms to the poor, and made provision to the best of his ability for his wife and family, tore himself away amidst the most frantic expressions of grief, and, mindful of his oath, arrived at the destined spot on the very day he had promised. While he was waiting for the arrival of the genie, there suddenly appeared an old man leading a hind, who, after a respectful salutation, inquired what brought him to that desert place. The merchant satisfied the old man's curiosity, and related his adventure, on which he expressed a wish to witness his interview with the genie. He had scarcely finished his speech when another old man, accompanied with two black dogs, came in sight, and having heard the tale of the merchant, determined also to remain to see the event.

Soon they perceived, towards the plain, a thick vapor or smoke, like a column of dust raised by the wind. This vapor approached them, and then suddenly disappearing, they saw the genie, who, without noticing them, went towards the merchant, with his scimitar in his hand; and taking him by the arm, "Get up," said he, "that I may kill thee, as thou hast slain my son." Both the merchant and the two old men, struck with terror, began to weep and fill the air with their lamentations. When the old man who conducted the hind saw the genie lay hold of the merchant, and about to murder him without mercy, he threw himself at the monster's feet, and, kissing them, said, "Lord genie, I humbly entreat you to suspend your rage, and hear my history, and that of the hind which you see; and if you find it more wonderful and surprising than the adventure of this merchant, whose life you wish to take, may I not hope that you will at least grant me one half part of the blood of this unfortunate man?" After meditating some time, the genie answered, "Well then, I agree to it."

THE HISTORY OF THE FIRST OLD MAN AND THE HIND.

The hind, whom you, lord genie, see here, is my wife. I married her when she was twelve years old, and we lived together thirty years without having any children. At the end of that time I adopted into my family a son whom a slave had borne. This act of mine excited against the mother and her child the hatred and jealousy of my wife. She availed herself, during my absence on a journey, of her knowledge of magic, to change the slave and my adopted son into a cow and a calf, and sent them to my farm to be fed and taken care of by the steward.

Immediately on my return, I inquired after my child and his mother. "Your slave is dead," said she, "and it is now more than two months since I have beheld your son; nor do I know what is become of him." I was sensibly affected at the death of the slave; but as my son had only disappeared, I flattered myself that he would soon be found. Eight months, however, passed, and he did not return; nor could I learn any tidings of him. In order to celebrate the festival of the great Bairam, which was approaching, I ordered my bailiff to bring me the fattest cow I possessed for a sacrifice. He obeyed my commands. Having bound the cow, I was about to make the sacrifice, when, at the very instant, she lowed most sorrowfully, and the tears even fell from her eyes. This seemed to me so extraordinary that I could not but feel compassion for her, and was unable to give the fatal blow. I therefore ordered her to be taken away and another brought.

My wife, who was present, seemed very angry at my compassion, and opposed my order.

I then said to my steward, "Make the sacrifice yourself; the lamentations and tears of the animal have overcome me."

The steward was less compassionate, and sacrificed her. On taking off the skin we found hardly anything but bones, though she appeared very fat. "Take her away," said I to the steward, truly chagrined; "and if you have another very fat calf, bring it in her place." He returned with a remarkably fine calf, who, as soon as he perceived me, made so great an effort to come to me, that he broke his cord. He lay down at my feet, with his head on the ground, as if he endeavored to excite my compassion, and to entreat me not to have the cruelty to take away his life.

"Wife," answered I, "I will not sacrifice this calf; I wish to favor him; do not you, therefore, oppose it." She, however, did not agree to my proposal; and continued to demand his sacrifice so obstinately that I was compelled to yield. I bound the calf, and took the fatal knife to bury it in his throat, when he turned his eyes, filled with tears, so persuasively upon me, that I had no power to execute my intention. The knife fell from my hand, and I told my wife I was determined to have another calf. She tried every means to induce me to alter my mind; I continued firm, however, in my resolution, in spite of all she could say; promising, for the sake of appeasing her, to sacrifice this calf at the feast of Bairam on the following year.

The next morning my steward desired to speak with me in private. He informed me that his daughter, who had some knowledge of magic, wished to speak with me. On being admitted to my presence, she informed me that, during my absence, my wife had turned the slave and my son into a cow and a calf; that I had already sacrificed the cow, but that she could restore my son to life, if I would give him to her for her husband, and allow her to visit my wife with the punishment her cruelty had deserved. To these proposals I gave my consent.

The damsel then took a vessel full of water, and pronouncing over it some words I did not understand, she threw the water over the calf, and he instantly regained his own form.

"My son! my son!" I exclaimed, and embraced him with transport; "this damsel has destroyed the horrible charm with which you were surrounded. I am sure your gratitude will induce you to marry her, as I have already promised for you." He joyfully consented; but before they were united, the damsel changed my wife into this hind, which you see here.

Since this, my son has become a widower, and is now traveling. Many years have passed since I have heard anything of him; I have, therefore, now set out with a view to gain some information; and as I did not like to trust my wife to the care of any one during my search, I thought proper to carry her along with me. This is the history of myself and this hind; can anything be more wonderful? "I agree with you," said the genie, "and in consequence, I grant to you a half of the blood of this merchant."

As soon as the first old man had finished, the second, who led the two black dogs, made the same request to the genie for a half of the merchant's blood, on the condition that his tale exceeded in interest the one that had been just related. On the genie signifying his assent, the old man began.

THE HISTORY OF THE SECOND OLD MAN AND THE TWO BLACK DOGS.

Great prince of the genies, you must know that these two black dogs, which you see here, and myself are three brothers. Our father, when he died, left us one thousand sequins each. With this sum we all embarked in business as merchants. My two brothers determined to travel, that they might trade in foreign parts. They were both unfortunate, and returned at the end of two years in a state of abject poverty, having lost their all. I had in the mean while prospered, and I gladly received them, and gave them one thousand sequins each, and again set them up as merchants. My brothers frequently proposed to me that I should make a voyage with them for the purpose of traffic. Knowing their former want of success, I refused to join them, until at the end of five years I at length yielded to their repeated solicitations. On consulting on the merchandise to be bought for the voyage, I discovered that nothing remained of the thousand sequins I had given to each. I did not reproach them; on the contrary, as my capital was increased to six thousand sequins, I gave them each one thousand sequins, and kept a like sum myself, and concealed the other three thousand in a corner of my house, in order that if our voyage proved unsuccessful, we might be able to console ourselves, and begin our former profession. We purchased our goods, embarked in a vessel, which we ourselves freighted, and set sail with a favorable wind. After sailing about a month, we arrived, without any accident, at a port, where we landed, and had a most advantageous sale for our merchandise. I, in particular, sold mine so well that I gained ten for one.

About the time that we were ready to embark on our return, I accidentally met on the sea-shore a female of great beauty, but very poorly dressed. She accosted me by kissing my hand, and entreated me most earnestly to permit her to be my wife. I started many difficulties to such a plan; but at length she said so much to persuade me that I ought not to regard her poverty, and that I should be well satisfied with her conduct, I was quite overcome. I directly procured proper dresses for her, and after marrying her in due form, she embarked with me, and we set sail.

During our voyage, I found my wife possessed of so many good qualities that I loved her every day more and more. In the mean time my two brothers, who had not traded so advantageously as myself, and who were jealous of my prosperity, began to feel exceedingly envious. They even went so far as to conspire against my life; for one night, while my wife and I were asleep, they threw us into the sea. I had hardly, however, fallen into the water, before my wife took me up and transported me into an island. As soon as it was day, she thus addressed me: "You must know that I am a fairy, and being upon the shore when you were about to sail, I wished to try the goodness of your heart, and for this purpose I presented myself before you in the disguise you saw. You acted most generously, and I am therefore delighted in finding an occasion of showing my gratitude; and I trust, my husband, that in saving your life, I have not ill rewarded the good you have done me; but I am enraged against your brothers, nor shall I be satisfied till I have taken their lives."

I listened with astonishment to the discourse of the fairy, and thanked her, as well as I was able, for the great obligation she had conferred on me. "But, madam," said I to her, "I must entreat you to pardon my brothers." I related to her what I had done for each of them, but my account only increased her anger. "I must instantly fly after these ungrateful wretches," cried she, "and bring them to a just punishment; I will sink their vessel, and precipitate them to the bottom of the sea." "No, beautiful lady," replied I; "for Heaven's sake, moderate your indignation, and do not execute so dreadful an intention; remember they are still my brothers, and that we are bound to return good for evil."

No sooner had I pronounced these words, than I was transported in an instant from the island where we were to the top of my own house. I descended, opened the doors, and dug up the three thousand sequins which I had hidden. I afterwards repaired to my shop, opened it, and received the congratulations of the merchants in the neighborhood on my arrival. When I returned home, I perceived these two black dogs, which came towards me with a submissive air. I could not imagine what this meant, but the fairy, who soon appeared, satisfied my curiosity. "My dear husband," said she, "be not surprised at seeing these two dogs in your house; they are your brothers." My blood ran cold on hearing this, and I inquired by what power they had been transformed into that state. "It is I," replied the fairy, "who have done it, and I have sunk their ship; for the loss of the merchandise it contained I shall recompense you. As to your brothers, I have condemned them to remain under this form for ten years, as a punishment for their perfidy." Then informing me where I might hear of her, she disappeared.

The ten years are now completed, and I am traveling in search of her. "This, O lord genie, is my history; does it not appear to you of a most extraordinary nature?" "Yes," replied the genie, "I confess it is most wonderful, and therefore I grant you the other half of this merchant's blood;" and having said this, the genie disappeared, to the great joy of the merchant and of the two old men.

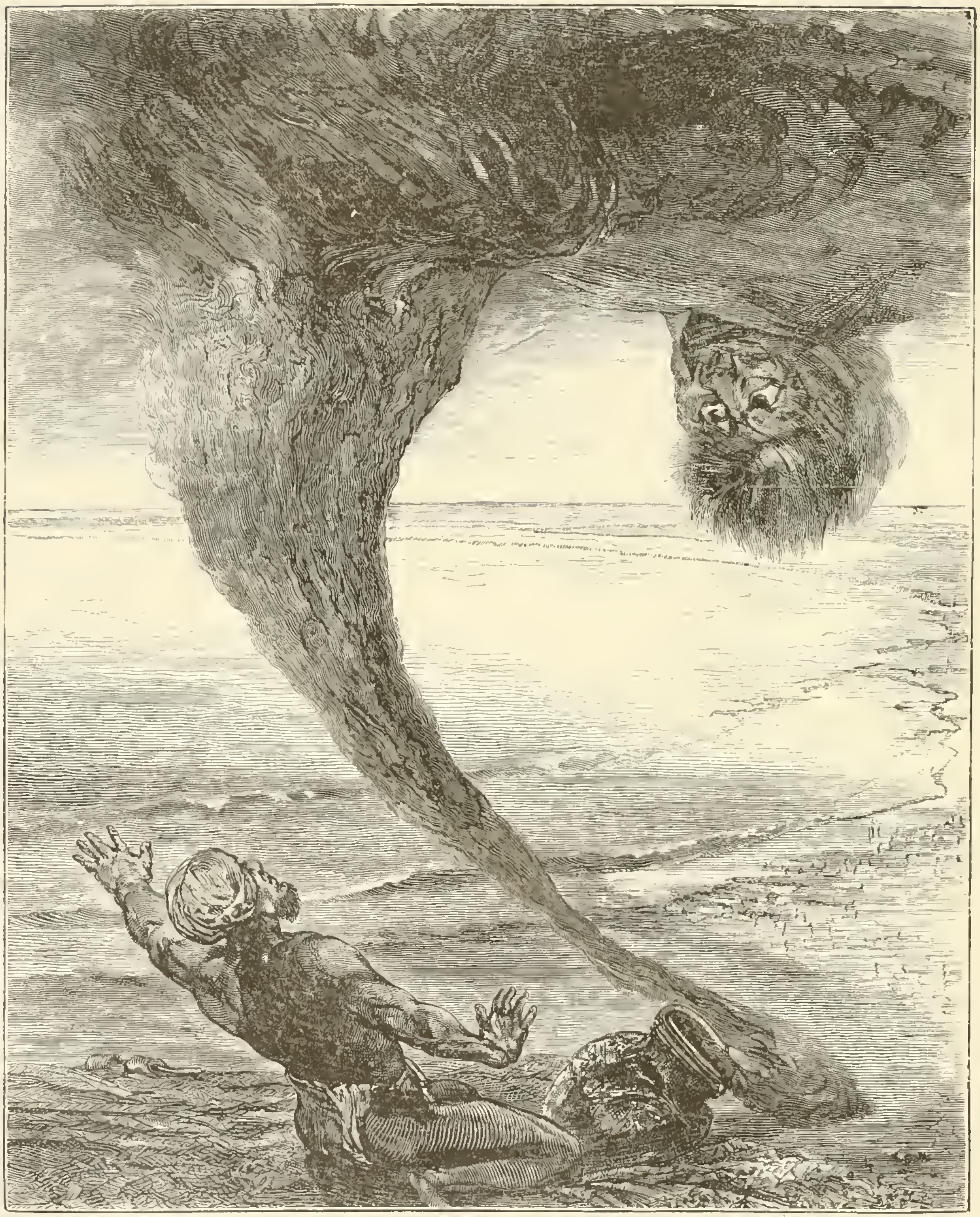
The merchant did not omit to bestow many thanks upon his liberators, who, bidding him adieu, proceeded on their travels. He remounted his horse, and returned home to his wife and children, and spent the remainder of his days with them in tranquillity.

II. THE HISTORY OF THE FISHERMAN.

There was formerly an aged fisherman, so poor that he could barely obtain food for himself, his wife, and his three children. He went out early every morning to his employment; and he had imposed a rule upon himself never to cast his nets above four times a day.

On one occasion he set out before the morn had disappeared. When he reached the sea-shore, he undressed himself, and cast his nets. In drawing them to land three times in succession, he felt sure, from their resistance and weight, that he had secured an excellent draught of fish. Instead of which he only found on the first haul the carcass of an ass; on the second, a large pannier filled with sand and mud; and on the third, a large quantity of heavy stones, shells, and filth. It is impossible to describe his disappointment and despair. The day now began to break, and having, like a good Mussulman, finished his prayer, he threw his nets for the fourth time. Again he supposed he had caught a great quantity of fish, as he drew them with as much difficulty as before. He nevertheless found none; but discovered a heavy vase of yellow copper, shut up and fastened with lead, on which there was the impression of a seal. "I will sell this to a founder," said he, with joy, "and with the money I shall get for it I will purchase a measure of corn."

He examined the vase on all sides; he shook it, but could hear nothing; and this, together with the impression of the seal on the lead, made him think it was filled with something valuable. In order to find this out, he took his knife, and got it open. He directly turned the top downwards, and was much surprised to find nothing come out; he then set it down before him, and while he was attentively observing it, there issued from it so thick a smoke that he was obliged to step back a few paces. This smoke, by degrees, rose almost to the clouds, and spread itself over both the water and the shore, appearing like a thick fog. The fisherman, as may easily be imagined, was a good deal surprised at this sight. When the smoke had all come out from the vase, it again collected itself, and became a solid body, and then took the shape of a genie of a gigantic size. The genie, looking



at the fisherman, exclaimed, "Humble thyself before me, or I will kill thee." "And for what reason, pray, will you kill me?" answered the fisherman; "have you already forgotten that I have set you at liberty?" "I remember it very well," returned he; "but that shall not prevent my destroying thee; and I will only grant thee one favor." "And pray what is that?" said the fisherman. "It is," replied the genie, "to permit thee to choose the manner of thy death. I can treat thee no otherwise; and to convince thee of it, hear my history: —

"I am one of those spirits who rebelled against the sovereignty of God. Solomon, the son of David, the prophet of God, commanded me to acknowledge his authority, and submit to his laws. I haughtily refused. In order, therefore, to punish me, he inclosed me in this copper vase; and to prevent me forcing my way out, he put upon the leaden cover the impression of his seal, on which the great name of God is engraven. This done, he gave the vase to one of those genies who obeyed him, and ordered him to cast me into the sea.

"During the first century of my captivity, I swore that if any one delivered me before the first hundred years were passed, I would make him rich. During the second century, I swore that if any released me, I would discover to him all the treasures of the earth. During the third, I promised to make my deliverer a most powerful monarch, and to grant him every day any three requests he chose. These centuries passed away without any deliverance. Enraged, at last, to be so long a prisoner, I swore that I would, without mercy, kill whoever should in future release me, and that the only favor I would grant him should be to choose what manner of death he pleased. Since, therefore, thou hast come here to-day, and hast delivered me, fix upon whatever kind of death thou wilt."

The fisherman was in great distress at finding him thus resolved on his death, not so much on his own account as for his three children, whose means of subsistence would be greatly reduced by his death. "Alas!" he cried, "have pity on me; remember what I have done for thee."

"Let us lose no time," cried the genie; "your arguments avail not. Make haste, tell me how you wish to die."

Necessity is the mother of invention; and the fisherman thought of a stratagem. "Since, then," said he, "I cannot escape death, I submit to the will of God; but before I choose the sort of death, I conjure you, by the great name of God, which is graven upon the seal of the prophet Solomon, the son of David, answer me truly to a question I am going to put to you." The genie trembled at this adjuration, and said to the fisherman, "Ask what thou wilt, and make haste."

"Dare you, then, to swear by the great name of God that you really were in that vase? This vase cannot contain one of your feet; how, then, can it hold your whole body?" "I swear to thee, notwithstanding," replied he, "that I was there just as thou seest me. Wilt thou not believe me after the solemn oath I have taken?" "No, truly," added the fisherman; "I shall not believe you, unless I were to see it."

Immediately the form of the genie began to change into smoke, and extended itself, as before, over both the shore and the sea; and then, collecting itself, began to enter the vase, and continued to do so, in a slow and equal manner, till nothing remained without. The fisherman immediately took the leaden cover, and put it on the vase. "Genie," he cried, "it is now your turn to ask pardon. I shall throw you again into the sea, and I will build, opposite the very spot where you are cast, a house upon the shore, in which I will live, to warn all fishermen that shall come and throw their nets, not to fish up so evil a genie as thou art, who makest an oath to kill the man who shall set thee at liberty."

The genie tried every argument to move the fisherman's pity but in vain. "You are too treacherous for me to trust you," returned the fisherman; "I should deserve to lose my life, if I put myself in your power a second time."

III. THE STORY OF THE ENCHANTED HORSE.

The Nooroze, or the new day, which is the first of the year and spring, is observed as a solemn festival throughout all Persia.

On one of these festival days, just as the Sultan of Shiraz was concluding his public audience, which had been conducted with unusual splendor, a Hindu appeared at the foot of the throne, with an artificial horse richly caparisoned, and so spiritedly modeled, that at first sight he was taken for a living animal.

The Hindu prostrated himself before the throne, and pointing to the horse, said to the sultan, "This horse is a great wonder; whenever I mount him, be it where it may, if I wish to transport myself through the air to the most distant part of the world, I can do it in a very short time. This is a wonder which nobody ever heard speak of, and which I offer to show your majesty if you command me."

The Emperor of Persia, who was fond of everything that was curious, and who, notwithstanding the many prodigies of art he had seen, had never beheld or heard of anything that came up to this, told the Hindu that he was ready to see him perform what he had promised.

The Hindu instantly put his foot into the stirrup, mounted his horse with admirable agility, and when he had fixed himself in the saddle, asked the emperor whither he pleased to command him.

"Do you see that mountain?" said the emperor, pointing to it; "ride your horse there, and bring me a branch of a palm-tree that grows at the bottom of the hill."

The Emperor of Persia had no sooner declared his will than the Hindu turned a peg, which was in the hollow of the horse's neck, just by the pommel of the saddle: and in an instant the horse rose off the ground and carried his rider into the air with the rapidity of lightning to a great height, to the admiration of the emperor and all the spectators. Within less than a quarter of an hour they saw him returning with the palm branch in his hand; but before he descended, he took two or three turns in the air over the spot, amid the acclamations of all the people, then alighted on the spot whence he had set off. He dismounted, and going up to the throne, prostrated himself, and laid the branch of the palm-tree at the feet of the emperor.

The emperor, who had viewed with no less admiration than astonishment this unheard-of sight which the Hindu had exhibited, conceived a great desire to have the horse, and said to the Hindu, "I will purchase him of you, if he is to be sold."

"Sire," replied the Hindu, "there is only one condition on which I can part with my horse, and that is the gift of the hand of the princess your daughter as my wife; this is the only bargain I can make."

The courtiers about the Emperor of Persia could not forbear laughing aloud at this extravagant proposal of the Hindu; but the Prince Ferozeshah, the eldest son of the emperor and presumptive-heir to the crown, could not hear it without indignation. "Sire," he said, "I hope you will not hesitate to refuse so insolent a demand, or allow this insignificant juggler to flatter himself for a moment with the idea of being allied to one of the most powerful monarchs in the world. I beg of you to consider what you owe to yourself, to your own blood, and the high rank of your ancestors."

"Son," replied the Emperor of Persia, "I will not grant him what he asked — and perhaps he does not seriously make the proposal; and putting my daughter the princess out of the question, I may make another agreement with him. But before I bargain with him, I should be glad that you would examine the horse, try him yourself, and give me your opinion." On hearing this, the Hindu expressed much joy, and ran before the prince, to help him to mount, and showed him how to guide and manage the horse.

The prince mounted without the Hindu's assisting him: and, as soon as he had got his feet in the stirrups, without staying for the artist's advice, he turned the peg he had seen him use, when instantly the horse darted into the air, quick as an arrow shot out of a bow by the most adroit archer; and in a few moments neither horse nor prince were to be seen. The Hindu, alarmed at what had happened, prostrated himself before the throne, and deprecated the anger of the sultan. The sultan replied to him, and asked, in a passion, why he did not call him the moment he ascended.

"Sire," answered the Hindu, "your majesty saw as well as I with what rapidity the horse flew away. The surprise I was then and still am in deprived me of the use of my speech; but if I could have spoken, he was got too far to hear me. If he had heard me, he knew not the secret to bring him back, which through his impatience he would not stay to learn. But, sire," added he, "there is room to hope that the prince, when he finds himself at a loss, will perceive another peg, and as soon as he turns that the horse will cease to rise, and descend to the ground, when he may turn him to what place he pleases by guiding him with the bridle."

Notwithstanding all these arguments of the Hindu, which carried great appearance of probability, the Emperor of Persia was much alarmed at the evident danger of his son. "I suppose," replied he, "it is very uncertain whether my son may perceive the other peg, and make a right use of it. May not the horse, instead of lighting on the ground, fall upon some rock, or tumble into the sea with him?"

"Sire," replied the Hindu, "I can deliver you from this apprehension, by assuring you that the horse crosses seas without ever falling into them, and always carries his rider wherever he may wish to go. And your majesty may assure yourself that if the prince does but find out the other peg I mentioned, the horse will carry him where he pleases. It is not to be supposed that he will stop anywhere but where he can find assistance, and make himself known."

"Your head shall answer for my son's life, if he does not return safe in three days' time, or I should hear that he is alive." He then ordered his officers to secure the Hindu, and keep him close prisoner; after which he retired to his palace, in affliction that the festival of Nooroze should have proved so inauspicious.

In the mean time the prince was carried through the air with prodigious velocity. In less than an hour's time he ascended so high that he could not distinguish anything on the earth, but mountains and plains seemed confounded together. It was then he began to think of returning, and conceived he might do this by turning the same peg the contrary way, and pulling the bridle at the same time. But when he found that the horse still continued to ascend, his alarm was great. He turned the peg several times in different ways, but all in vain. It was then he saw his fault, and apprehended the great danger he was in, from not having learnt the necessary precautions to guide the horse before he mounted. He examined the horse's head and neck with attention, and perceived behind the right ear another peg, smaller than the other. He turned that peg, and presently perceived that he descended in the same oblique manner as he had mounted, but not so swiftly.

Night had overshadowed that part of the earth over which the prince was when he found out and turned the small peg; and as the horse descended, he by degrees lost sight of the sun, till it grew quite dark; insomuch that, instead of choosing what place he would go to, he was forced to let the bridle lie upon the horse's neck, and wait patiently till he alighted, though not without the dread lest it should be in the desert, a river, or the sea.

At last the horse stopped upon some solid substance about midnight, and the prince dismounted very faint and hungry, having eaten nothing since the morning, when he came out of the palace with his father to assist at the festival. He found himself to be on the terrace of a magnificent palace, surrounded with a balustrade of white marble, breast-high; and groping about reached a staircase, which led down into an apartment, the door of which was half open.

The prince stopped at the door, and, listening, heard no other noise than the breathing of some people who were fast asleep. He advanced a little into the room, and by the light of a lamp saw that those persons were black mutes, with naked sabres laid by them; which was enough to inform him that this was the guard-chamber of some sultan or princess. Prince Feroze-shah advanced on tiptoe, without waking the attendants. He drew aside the curtain, went in, and saw a magnificent chamber containing many beds, one alone being on a raised dais, and the others on the floor. The princess slept in the first and her women in the others. He crept softly towards the dais without waking either the princess or her women, and beheld a beauty so extraordinary that he was charmed at the first sight. He fell on his knees, and twitching gently the princess's sleeve, kneeling beside her, pulled it towards him. The princess opened her eyes, and seeing a handsome young man, was in great surprise, yet showed no sign of fear.

The prince availed himself of this favorable moment, bowed his head to the ground, and rising, said, "Beautiful princess, by the most extraordinary and wonderful adventure, you see at your feet a suppliant prince, son of the Emperor of Persia; pray afford him your assistance and protection."

The personage to whom Prince Feroze-shah so happily addressed himself was the Princess of Bengal, eldest daughter of the rajah of that kingdom, who had built this palace at a small distance from his capital, for the sake of the country air. She thus replied: "Prince, you are not in a barbarous country — take courage; hospitality, humanity, and politeness are to be met with in the kingdom of Bengal, as well as in that of Persia. I grant you the protection you ask — you may depend on what I say."

The Prince of Persia would have thanked the princess, but she would not give him leave to speak. "Notwithstanding, I desire," said she, "to know by what miracle you have come hither from the capital of Persia in so short a time, and by what enchantment you have evaded the vigilance of my guards; yet as you must want some refreshment, I will postpone my curiosity, and give orders to my attendants to show you an apartment, that you may rest yourself after your fatigue, and be better able to answer my inquiries." The princess's attendants were much surprised to see the prince in the princess's chamber, but they at once prepared to obey her commands. They each took a wax candle, of which there were great numbers lighted up in the room; and after the prince had respectfully taken leave of the princess, went before and conducted him into a handsome hall; where, while some were preparing the bed, others went into the kitchen and prepared a supper; and when he had eaten as much as he chose, they removed the trays, and left him to taste the sweets of repose.

The next day the princess prepared to give the prince another interview, and in expectation of seeing him, she took more pains in dressing and adjusting herself at the glass than she had ever done before. She tired her women's patience, and made them do and undo the same thing several times. She adorned her head, neck, arms, and waist with the finest and largest diamonds she possessed. The habit she put on was one of the richest stuffs of the Indies, of a most beautiful color, and made only for kings, princes, and princesses. After she had consulted her glass, and asked her women, one after another, if anything was wanting to complete her attire, she sent to tell the Prince of Persia that she would make him a visit.

The Prince of Persia, who by the night's rest had recovered the fatigue he had undergone the day before, had just dressed himself when he received notice of the intention of the princess, and expressed himself to be fully sensible of the honor conferred on him. As soon as the princess understood that the Prince of Persia waited for her, she immediately went to pay him a visit. After mutual compliments, the prince related to her the wonders of the magic horse, of his journey through the air, and of the means by which he had found an entrance into her chamber; and then having thanked her for her kind reception, expressed a wish to return and relieve the anxiety of the sultan his father. When the prince had finished, the princess replied, "I cannot approve, prince, of your going so soon; grant me at least the favor I ask of a little longer acquaintance; and since I have had the happiness to have you alight in the kingdom of Bengal, I desire you will stay long enough to enable you to give a better account of what you may see here at the court of Persia." The Prince of Persia could not well refuse the princess this favor, after the kindness she had shown him, and therefore politely complied with her request; and the princess's thoughts were directed to render his stay agreeable by all the amusements she could devise.

Nothing went forward for several days but concerts of music, accompanied with magnificent feasts and collations in the gardens, or hunting parties in the vicinity of the palace, which abounded with all sorts of game, — stags, hinds, and fallow-deer, and other beasts peculiar to the kingdom of Bengal, which the princess could pursue without danger. After the chase, the prince and princess met in some beautiful spot, where a carpet was spread, and cushions laid for their accommodation. There resting themselves, they conversed on various subjects.

Two whole months the Prince of Persia abandoned himself entirely to the will of the Princess of Bengal, yielding to all the amusements she contrived for him, for she neglected nothing to divert him, as if she thought he had nothing else to do but to pass his whole life with her in this manner. But he now declared seriously he could not stay longer, and begged of her to give him leave to return to his father.

"And, princess," observed the Prince of Persia, "that you may not doubt the truth of my affection, I would presume, were I not afraid you would be offended at my request, to ask the favor of taking you along with me."

The princess returned no answer to this address of the Prince of Persia; but her silence, and eyes cast down, were sufficient to inform him that she had no reluctance to accompany him into Persia. The only difficulty she felt was, that the prince knew not well enough how to govern the horse, and she was apprehensive of being involved with him in the same difficulty as when he first made the experiment. But the prince soon removed her fear, by assuring her she might trust herself with him, for that after the experience he had acquired he defied the Hindu himself to manage him better. She thought, therefore, only of concerting measures to get off with him so secretly that nobody belonging to the palace should have the least suspicion of their design.

The next morning, a little before daybreak, when all the attendants were asleep, they went upon the terrace of the palace. The prince turned the horse towards Persia, and placed him where the princess could easily get up behind him, which she had no sooner done, and was well settled with her arms about his waist, for her better security, than he turned the peg, when the horse mounted into the air, and making his usual haste, under the guidance of the prince, in two hours' time the prince discovered the capital of Persia.

The prince would not alight in the palace of his father, but directed his course towards a kiosk at a little distance from the capital. He led the princess into a handsome apartment, where he told her, that, to do her all the honor that was due to her, he would go and inform his father of their arrival, and return to her immediately. He ordered the attendants of the palace, whom he summoned, to provide the princess with whatever she had occasion for.

After the prince had taken his leave of the princess, he ordered a horse to be brought, which he mounted, and set out for the palace. As he passed through the streets he was received with acclamations by the people, who were overjoyed to see him again. The emperor his father was holding his divan when he appeared before him in the midst of his council. He received him with tears of joy and tenderness, and asked him what was become of the Hindu's horse.

This question gave the prince an opportunity of describing the embarrassment and danger he was in when the horse ascended into the air, and how he had arrived at last at the Princess of Bengal's palace, the kind reception he had met with there, and that the motive which had induced him to stay so long with her was the mutual affection they entertained for each other; also, that after promising to marry her, he had persuaded her to accompany him into Persia. "But, sire," added the prince, "I felt assured that you would not refuse your consent, and have brought her with me on the enchanted horse to your summer-palace; and have left her there, till I could return and assure her that my promise was not in vain."

After these words, the prince prostrated himself before the emperor to obtain his consent, when his father raised him up, embraced him a second time, and said to him, "Son, I not only consent to your marriage with the Princess of Bengal, but will go myself and bring her to my palace, and celebrate your nuptials this day."

The emperor now ordered that the Hindu should be fetched out of prison and brought before him. When the Hindu was admitted to his presence, he said to him, "I secured thy person, that thy life might answer for that of the prince my son. Thanks be to God, he is returned again: go, take your horse, and never let me see your face more."

As the Hindu had learned of those who brought him out of prison that Prince Feroze-shah was returned with a princess, and was also informed of the place where he had alighted and left her, and that the emperor was making preparations to go and bring her to his palace, as soon as he got out of the presence, he bethought himself of being revenged upon the emperor and the prince. He mounted his horse, and without losing any time, went directly to the palace, and addressing himself to the captain of the guard, told him he came from the Prince of Persia for the Princess of Bengal, and to conduct her behind him through the air to the emperor, who waited in the great square of his palace to gratify the whole court and city of Shiraz with that wonderful sight.

The captain of the guard, who knew the Hindu, and that the emperor had imprisoned him, gave the more credit to what he said, because he saw that he was at liberty. He presented him to the Princess of Bengal, who no sooner understood that he came from the Prince of Persia than she consented to what the prince, as she thought, had desired of her.

The Hindu, overjoyed at his success and the ease with which he had accomplished his villainy, mounted his horse, took the princess behind him, with the assistance of the captain of the guard, turned the peg, and instantly the horse mounted into the air.

At the same time the Emperor of Persia, attended by his court, was on the road to the palace where the Princess of Bengal had been left, and the Prince of Persia was advanced before, to prepare the princess to receive his father; when the Hindu, to brave them both, and revenge himself for the ill-treatment he had received, appeared over their heads with his prize.

When the Emperor of Persia saw the Hindu, he stopped. His surprise and affliction were the more sensible, because it was not in his power to punish so high an affront. He loaded him with a thousand imprecations, as did also all the courtiers, who were witnesses of so signal a piece of insolence and unparalleled artifice and treachery.

The Hindu, little moved with their imprecations, which just reached his ears, continued his way, while the emperor, extremely mortified at so great an insult, but more so that he could not punish the author, returned to his palace in rage and vexation.

But what was Prince Feroze-shah's grief at beholding the Hindu hurrying away with the Princess of Bengal, whom he loved so passionately! He returned to the summer-palace, where he had last seen the princess, melancholy and broken-hearted. When he arrived, the captain of the guard, who had learnt his fatal credulity in believing the artful Hindu, threw himself at his feet with tears in his eyes, accused himself of the crime which unintentionally he had committed, and condemned himself to die by his hand. "Rise," said the prince to him; "I do not impute the loss of my princess to thee, but to my own want of precaution. But not to lose time, fetch me a dervis's habit, and take care you do not give the least hint that it is for me."

Not far from this palace there stood a convent of dervises, the superior of which was the captain of the guard's particular friend. From him he readily obtained a complete dervis's habit, and carried it to Prince Feroze-shah. The prince immediately pulled off his own dress, put it on, and being so disguised, and provided with a box of jewels which he had brought as a present to the princess, left the palace, uncertain which way to go, but resolved not to return till he had found out his princess, and brought her back again, or perished in the attempt.

In the mean while, the Hindu, mounted on his enchanted horse, with the princess behind him, arrived early next morning at the capital of the kingdom of Cashmere. He did not enter the city, but alighted in a wood, and left the princess on a grassy spot, close to a rivulet of fresh water, while he went to seek for food. On his return, and after he and the princess had partaken of refreshment, he began to maltreat the princess, because she refused to become his wife. As the princess cried out for help, the Sultan of Cashmere and his court passed through the wood on their return from hunting, and hearing a woman's voice calling for help, went to her rescue.

The sultan, addressing himself to the Hindu, demanded who he was, and wherefore he ill-treated the lady. The Hindu, with great impudence, replied that she was his wife, and what had any one to do with his quarrel with her?

The princess, who neither knew the rank nor quality of the person who came so seasonably to her relief, exclaimed, "My lord, whoever you are whom Heaven has sent to my assistance, have compassion on me. I am a princess. This Hindu is a wicked magician, who has forced me away from the Prince of Persia, to whom I was going to be married, and has brought me hither on the enchanted horse you behold there."

The Princess of Bengal had no occasion to say more. Her beauty, majestic air, and tears declared that she spoke the truth. Justly enraged at the insolence of the Hindu, the sultan ordered his guards to surround him, and strike off his head, which sentence was immediately executed.

The sultan then conducted the princess to his palace, where he lodged her in the most magnificent apartment, next his own, and commanded a great number of women slaves to attend her.

The Princess of Bengal's joy was inexpressible at finding herself delivered from the Hindu, of whom she could not think without horror. She flattered herself that the Sultan of Cashmere would complete his generosity by sending her back to the Prince of Persia when she would have told him her story, and asked that favor of him; but she was much deceived in these hopes; for her deliverer had resolved to marry her himself the next day; and for that end had issued a proclamation, commanding the general rejoicing of the inhabitants of the capital. At the break of day the drums were beaten, the trumpets sounded, and sounds of joys echoed throughout the palace.

The Princess of Bengal was awakened by these tumultuous concerts, but attributed them to a very different cause from the true one. When the Sultan of Cashmere came to wait upon her, after he had inquired after her health, he acquainted her that all those rejoicings were to render her nuptials the more solemn, and at the same time desired her assent to the union. This declaration put her into such a state of agitation that she fainted away.

The women slaves who were present ran to her assistance, though it was a long time before they succeeded in bringing her to herself. But when she recovered, rather than break the promise she had made to Prince Feroze-shah, by consenting to marry the Sultan of Cashmere, who had proclaimed their nuptials before he had asked her consent, she resolved to feign madness. She began to utter the most extravagant expressions before the sultan, and even rose off her seat as if to attack him, insomuch that he was greatly alarmed and afflicted that he had made such a proposal so unseasonably.

When he found that her frenzy rather increased than abated, he left her with her women, charging them never to leave her alone, but to take great care of her. He sent often that day to inquire how she did, but received no other answer than that she was rather worse than better.

The Princess of Bengal continued to talk wildly, and showed other marks of a disordered mind next day and the following, so that the sultan was induced to send for all the physicians belonging to his court, to consult them upon her disease, and to ask if they could cure her.

When the Sultan of Cashmere saw that his court physicians could not cure her, he called in the most celebrated and experienced of the city, who had no better success. He then sent for the most famous in the kingdom, who prescribed without effect. Afterwards he dispatched to the courts of neighboring sultans, with promises of munificent rewards to any who should devise a cure for her malady.

Various physicians arrived from all parts, and tried their skill; but none could boast of success.

During this interval, Feroze-shah, disguised in the habit of a dervis, traveled through many provinces and towns, involved in grief, and making diligent inquiry after his lost princess at every place he came to. At last, passing through a city of Hindostan, he heard the people talk much of a Princess of Bengal, who had become mad on the day of the intended celebration of her nuptials with the Sultan of Cashmere. At the name of the Princess of Bengal, and supposing that there could exist no other Princess of Bengal than her upon whose account he had undertaken his travels, he hastened towards the kingdom of Cashmere, and, upon his arrival at the capital, took up his lodging at a khan, where, the same day, he was informed of the story of the princess and the fate of the Hindu magician. The prince was convinced that he had at last found the beloved object he had sought so long.

Being informed of all these particulars, he provided himself with a physician's habit, and his beard having grown long during his travels, he passed the more easily for the character he assumed. He went boldly to the palace, and announced his wish to be allowed to undertake the cure of the princess to the chief of the officers.

Some time had elapsed since any physician had offered himself; and the Sultan of Cashmere with great grief had begun to lose all hope of ever seeing the princess restored to health, though he still wished to marry her. He at once ordered the officer to introduce the physician he had announced. The Prince of Persia being admitted to an audience, the sultan told him the Princess of Bengal could not bear the sight of a physician without falling into most violent transports, which increased her malady; and conducted him into a closet, from whence, through a lattice, he might see her without being observed. There Feroze-shah beheld his lovely princess sitting melancholily, with tears in her eyes, and singing an air in which she deplored her unhappy fate, which had deprived her, perhaps forever, of the object she loved so tenderly: and the sight made him more resolute in his hope of effecting her cure. On his leaving the closet, he told the sultan that he had discovered the nature of the princess's complaint, and that she was not incurable; but added withal, that he must speak with her in private and alone, as, notwithstanding her violent agitation at the sight of physicians, he hoped she would hear and receive him favorably.

The sultan ordered the princess's chamber door to be opened, and Feroze-shah went in. As soon as the princess saw him (taking him by his habit to be a physician), she resorted to her old practice of meeting her physicians, with threats and indications of attacking them. He made directly towards her, and when he was nigh enough for her to hear him, and no one else, said to her, in a low voice, "Princess, I am not a physician, but the Prince of Persia, and am come to procure you your liberty."

The princess, who knew the sound of the voice, and recognized his face, notwithstanding he had let his beard grow so long, grew calm at once, and felt a secret joy in seeing so unexpectedly the prince she loved. Feroze-shah told her as briefly as possible his own travels and adventures, and his determination to find her at all risks. He then desired the princess to inform him of all that happened to her, from the time she was taken away till that happy moment, telling her that it was of the greatest importance to know this, that he might take the most proper measures to deliver her from the tyranny of the Sultan of Cashmere. The princess informed him of all that had happened, and that she had feigned to be mad that she might so preserve herself for a prince to whom she had given her heart and faith and not marry the sultan, whom she neither loved nor could ever love.

The Prince of Persia then asked her if she knew what became of the horse, after the death of the Hindu magician. To which she answered that she knew not what orders the sultan had given; but supposed, after the account she had given him of it, he would take care of it as a curiosity. As Feroze-shah never doubted but that the sultan had the horse, he communicated to the princess his design of making use of it to convey them both into Persia; and after they had consulted together on the measures they should take, they agreed that the princess should next day receive the sultan. The Sultan of Cashmere was overjoyed when the Prince of Persia stated to him what effect his first visit had had towards the cure of the princess. On the following day, when the princess received him in such a manner as persuaded him her cure was far advanced, he regarded the prince as the greatest physician in the world, and exhorted the princess carefully to follow the directions of so skillful a physician, and then retired. The Prince of Persia, who attended the Sultan of Cashmere on his visit to the princess, inquired of him how the Princess of Bengal came into the dominions of Cashmere thus alone, since her own country was far distant.

The sultan at once informed him of what the princess had related, when he had delivered her from the Hindu magician; adding, that he had ordered the enchanted horse to be kept safe in his treasury as a great curiosity, though he knew not the use of it.

"Sire," replied the pretended physician, "the information which your majesty has given your devoted slave affords me a means of curing the princess. As she was brought hither on this horse, and the horse is enchanted, she hath contracted something of the enchantment, which can be dissipated only by a certain incense which I am acquainted with. If your majesty would entertain yourself, your court, and the people of your capital, with the most surprising sight that ever was beheld, let the horse be brought to-morrow into the great square before the palace, and leave the rest to me. I promise to show you, and all that assembly, in a few moments' time, the Princess of Bengal completely restored in body and mind. But the better to effect what I propose, it will be requisite that the princess should be dressed as magnificently as possible, and adorned with the most valuable jewels in your treasury." The sultan would have undertaken much more difficult things to have secured his marriage with the princess, which he expected soon to accomplish.

The next day the enchanted horse was, by his order, taken out of the treasury, and placed early in the great square before the palace. A report was spread through the town that there was something extraordinary to be seen, and crowds of people flocked hither from all parts, insomuch that the sultan's guards were placed to prevent disorder, and to keep space enough round the horse.

The Sultan of Cashmere, surrounded by all his nobles and ministers of state, was placed in a gallery erected on purpose. The Princess of Bengal, attended by a number of ladies whom the sultan had assigned her, went up to the enchanted horse, and the women helped her to mount. When she was fixed in the saddle, and had the bridle in her hand, the pretended physician placed round the horse at a proper distance many vessels full of lighted charcoal, which he had ordered to be brought, and going round them with a solemn pace, cast in handfuls of incense, then, with downcast eyes, and his hands upon his breast, he ran three times about the horse, making as if he pronounced some mystical words. The moment the pots sent forth a dark cloud of smoke, — accompanied with a pleasant smell, which so surrounded the princess that neither she nor the horse could be discerned, — watching his opportunity, the prince jumped nimbly up behind her, and reaching his hand to the peg, turned it; and just as the horse rose with them into the air, he pronounced these words, which the sultan heard distinctly: "Sultan of Cashmere, when you would marry princesses who implore your protection, learn first to obtain their consent."

Thus the prince delivered the Princess of Bengal, and carried her the same day to the capital of Persia, where he alighted in the square of the palace, before the emperor his father's apartment, who deferred the solemnization of the marriage no longer than till he could make the preparations necessary to render the ceremony pompous and magnificent, and evince the interest he took in it.

After the days appointed for the rejoicings were over, the Emperor of Persia's first care was to name and appoint an ambassador to go to the Rajah of Bengal with an account of what had passed, and to demand his approbation and ratification of the alliance contracted by this marriage; which the Rajah of Bengal took as an honor, and granted with great pleasure and satisfaction.

IV. THE STORY OF ALADDIN; OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

In one of the large and rich cities of China, there once lived a tailor, named Mustapha. He was very poor. He could hardly, by his daily labor, maintain himself and his family, which consisted only of his wife and a son.

His son, who was called Aladdin, was a very careless and idle fellow. He was disobedient to his father and mother, and would go out early in the morning, and stay out all day, playing in the streets and public places with idle children of his own age.

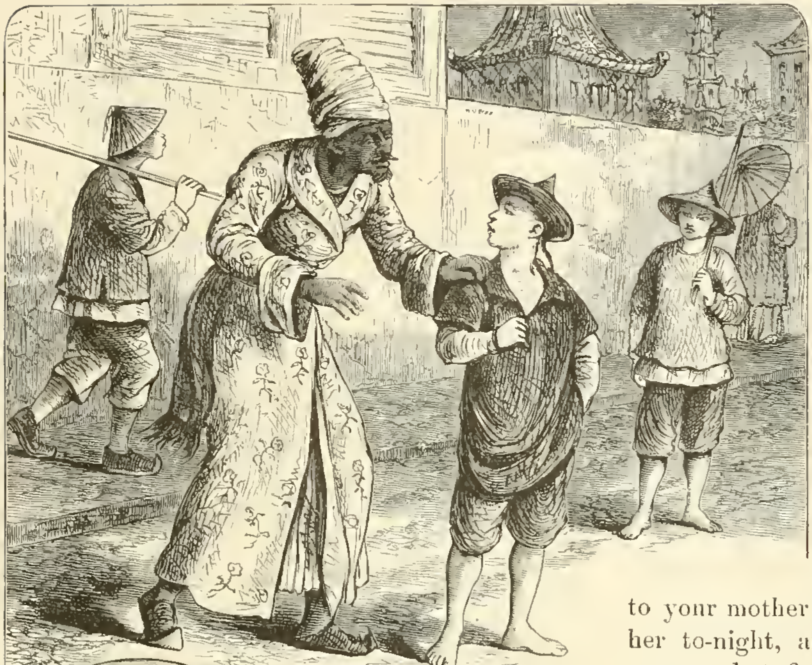
When he was old enough to learn a trade, his father took him into his own shop, and taught him how to use his needle; but all his father's endeavors to keep him to his work were vain, for no sooner was his back turned than he was gone for that day. Mustapha chastised him, but Aladdin was incorrigible, and his father, to his great grief, was forced to abandon him to his idleness, and was so much troubled about him that he fell sick and died in a few months.

Aladdin, who was now no longer restrained by the fear of a father, gave himself entirely over to his idle habits, and was never out of the streets from his companions. This course he followed till he was fifteen years old, without giving his mind to any useful pursuit, or the least reflection on what would become of him. As he was one day playing, according to custom, in the street, with his evil associates, a stranger passing by stood to observe him.

This stranger was a sorcerer, known as the African magician, as he had been but two days arrived from Africa, his native country.

The African magician, observing in Aladdin's countenance something which assured him that he was a fit boy for his purpose, inquired his name and history of some of his companions, and when he had learnt all he desired to know, went up to him, and taking him aside from his comrades, said, "Child, was not your father called Mustapha the tailor?" "Yes, sir," answered the boy; "but he has been dead a long time."

At these words the African magician threw his



arms about Aladdin's neck, and kissed him several times, with tears in his eyes, and said, "I am your uncle. Your worthy father was my own brother. I knew you at first sight you are so like him." Then he gave Aladdin a handful of small money, saying, "Go, my son, to your mother; give my love to her, and tell her that I will visit her to-morrow, that I may see where my good brother lived so long and ended his days."

Aladdin ran to his mother, overjoyed at the money his uncle had given him. "Mother," said he, "have I an uncle?" "No, child," replied his mother; "you have no uncle by your father's side or mine." "I am just now come," said Aladdin, "from a man who says he is my uncle and my father's brother. He cried and kissed me when I told him my father was dead, and gave me money, sending his love to you, and promising to come and pay you a visit, that he may see the house my father lived and died in." "Indeed, child," replied the mother, "your father had no brother, nor have you an uncle."

The next day the magician found Aladdin playing in another part of the town, and embracing him as before, put two pieces of gold into his hand, and said to him, "Carry this, child, to your mother; tell her that I will come and see her to-night, and bid her get us something for supper; but first show me the house where you live."

Aladdin showed the African magician the house, and carried the two pieces of gold to his mother, who went out and bought provisions; and considering she wanted various utensils, borrowed them of her neighbors. She spent the whole day in preparing the supper; and at night, when it was ready, said to her son, "Perhaps the stranger knows not how to find our house; go and bring him, if you meet him."

Aladdin was just ready to go, when the magician knocked at the door, and came in loaded with wine and all sorts of fruits, which he brought for a dessert. After he had given what he brought into Aladdin's hands, he saluted his mother, and desired her to show him the place where his brother Mustapha used to sit on the sofa; and when she had so done, he fell down and kissed it several times, crying out, with tears in his eyes, "My poor brother! how unhappy am I not to have come soon enough to give you one last embrace." Aladdin's mother desired him to sit down in the same place, but he declined. "No," said he, "I shall not do that; but give me leave to sit opposite to it, that although I see not the master of a family so dear to me, I may at least behold the place where he used to sit."

When the magician had made choice of a place, and sat down, he began to enter into discourse with Aladdin's mother. "My good sister," said he, "do not be surprised at your never having seen me all the time you have been married to my brother Mustapha of happy memory. I have been forty years absent from this country, which is my native place, as well as my late brother's; and during that time have traveled into the Indies, Persia, Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, and afterwards crossed over into Africa, where I took up my abode. At last, as it is natural for a man, I was desirous to see my native country again and to embrace my dear brother; and finding I had strength enough to undertake so long a journey, I made the necessary preparations, and set out. Nothing ever afflicted me so much as hearing of my brother's death. But God be praised for all things! It is a comfort for me to find, as it were, my brother in a son, who has his most remarkable features."

The African magician, perceiving that the widow wept at the remembrance of her husband, changed the conversation, and turning towards her son, asked him, "What business do you follow? Are you of any trade?"

At this question the youth hung down his head, and was not a little abashed when his mother answered, "Aladdin is an idle fellow. His father, when alive, strove all he could to teach him his trade, but could not succeed; and since his death, notwithstanding all I can say to him, he does nothing but idle away his time in the streets, as you saw him, without considering he is no longer a child; and if you do not make him ashamed of it, I despair of his ever coming to any good. For my part, I am resolved, one of these days, to turn him out of doors, and let him provide for himself."

After these words, Aladdin's mother burst into tears; and the magician said: "This is not well, nephew; you must think of helping yourself, and getting your livelihood. There are many sorts of trades; perhaps you do not like your father's, and would prefer another; I will endeavor to help you. If you have no mind to learn any handicraft, I will take a shop for you, furnish it with all sorts of fine stuffs and linens; and then with the money you make of them you can lay in fresh goods, and live in an honorable way. Tell me freely what you think of my proposal; you shall always find me ready to keep my word."

This plan just suited Aladdin, who hated work. He told the magician he had a greater inclination to that business than to any other, and that he should be much obliged to him for his kindness. "Well, then," said the African magician, "I will carry you with me to morrow, clothe you as handsomely as the best merchants in the city, and afterwards we will open a shop as I mentioned."

The widow, after his promises of kindness to her son, no longer doubted that the magician was her husband's brother. She thanked him for his good intentions; and after having exhorted Aladdin to render himself worthy of his uncle's favor, served up supper, at which they talked of several indifferent matters; and then the magician took his leave and retired.

He came again the next day, as he had promised, and took Aladdin with him to a merchant, who sold all sorts of clothes for different ages and ranks, ready made, and a variety of fine stuffs, and bade Aladdin choose those he preferred, which he paid for.

When Aladdin found himself so handsomely equipped, he returned his uncle thanks, who thus addressed him: "As you are soon to be a merchant, it is proper you should frequent these shops, and be acquainted with them." He then showed him the largest and finest mosques, carried him to the khans or inns where the merchants and travelers lodged, and afterwards to the sultan's palace, where he had free access; and at last brought him to his own khan, where, meeting with some merchants he had become acquainted with since his arrival, he gave them a treat, to bring them and his pretended nephew acquainted.

This entertainment lasted till night, when Aladdin would have taken leave of his uncle to go home; the magician would not let him go by himself, but conducted him to his mother, who, as soon as she saw him so well dressed, was transported with joy, and bestowed a thousand blessings upon the magician.

Early the next morning the magician called again for Aladdin, and said he would take him to spend that day in the country, and on the next he would purchase the shop. He then led him out at one of the gates of the city, to some magnificent palaces, to each of which belonged beautiful gardens, into which anybody might enter. At every building he came to, he asked Aladdin if he did not think it fine; and the youth was ready to answer when any one presented itself, crying out, "Here is a finer house, uncle, than any we have yet seen." By this artifice the cunning magician led Aladdin some way into the country; and as he meant to carry him farther, to execute his design, he took an opportunity to sit down in one of the gardens, on the brink of a fountain of clear water, which discharged itself by a lion's mouth of bronze into a basin, pretending to be tired. "Come, nephew," said he, "you must be weary as well as I; let us rest ourselves, and we shall be better able to pursue our walk."

The magician next pulled from his girdle a handkerchief with cakes and fruit, and during this short repast he exhorted his nephew to leave off bad company, and to seek that of wise and prudent men, to improve by their conversation; "for," said he, "you will soon be at man's estate, and you cannot too early begin to imitate their example." When they had eaten as much as they liked, they got up, and pursued their walk through gardens separated from one another only by small ditches, which marked out the limits without interrupting the communication; so great was the confidence the inhabitants reposed in each other. By this means the African magician drew Aladdin insensibly beyond the gardens, and crossed the country, till they nearly reached the mountains.

At last they arrived between two mountains of moderate height, and equal size, divided by a narrow valley, which was the place where the magician intended to execute the design that had brought him from Africa to China. "We will go no farther now," said he to Aladdin; "I will show you here some extraordinary things, which, when you have seen, you will thank me for; but while I strike a light, gather up all the loose dry sticks you can see, to kindle a fire with."

Aladdin found so many dried sticks, that he soon collected a great heap. The magician presently set them on fire; and when they were in a blaze, threw in some incense, pronouncing several magical words which Aladdin did not understand.

He had scarcely done so when the earth opened just before the magician, and discovered a stone with a brass ring fixed in it. Aladdin was so frightened that he would have run away, but the magician caught hold of him, and gave him such a box on the ear that he knocked him down. Aladdin got up trembling, and with tears in his eyes said to the magician, "What have I done, uncle, to be treated in this severe manner?" "I am your uncle," answered the magician; "I supply the place of your father, and you ought to make no reply. But, child," added he, softening, "do not be afraid; for I shall not ask anything of you but that you obey me punctually, if you would reap the advantages which I intend you. Know, then, that under this stone there is hidden a treasure destined to be yours, and which will make you richer than the greatest monarch in the world. No person but yourself is permitted to lift this stone or enter the cave; so you must punctually execute what I may command, for it is a matter of great consequence both to you and me."

Aladdin, amazed at all he saw and heard, forgot what was past, and rising, said, "Well, uncle, what is to be done? Command me; I am ready to obey." "I am overjoyed, child," said the African magician, embracing him. "Take hold of the ring, and lift up that stone." "Indeed, uncle," replied Aladdin, "I am not strong enough; you must help me." "You have no occasion for my assistance," answered the magician; "if I help you, we shall be able to do nothing. Take hold of the ring, and lift it up; you will find it will come easily." Aladdin did as the magician bade him, raised the stone with ease, and laid it on one side.

When the stone was pulled up, there appeared a staircase about three or four feet deep, leading to a door. "Descend, my son," said the African magician, "those steps, and open that door. It will lead you into a palace, divided into three great halls. In each of these you will see four large brass cisterns placed on each side, full of gold and silver; but take care you do not meddle with them. Before you enter the first hall, be sure to tuck up your robe, wrap it about you, and then pass through the second into the third, without stopping. Above all things, have a care that you do not touch the walls, so much as with your clothes; for if you do, you will die instantly. At the end of the third hall you will find a door which opens into a garden, planted with fine trees loaded with fruit. Walk directly across the garden to a terrace, where you will see a niche before you, and in that niche a lighted lamp. Take the lamp down, and put it out. When you have thrown away the wick and poured out the liquor, put it in your waistband and bring it to me. Do not be afraid that the liquor will spoil your clothes, for it is not oil, and the lamp will be dry as soon as it is thrown out."

After these words the magician drew a ring off his finger, and put it on one of Aladdin's, saying, "It is a talisman against all evil, so long as you obey me. Go, therefore, boldly, and we shall both be rich all our lives."

Aladdin descended the steps, and, opening the door, found the three halls just as the African magician had described. He went through them with all the precaution the fear of death could inspire, crossed the garden without stopping, took down the lamp from the niche, threw out the wick and the liquor, and, as the magician had desired, put it in his waistband. But as he came down from the terrace, seeing it was perfectly dry, he stopped in the garden to observe the trees, which were loaded with extraordinary fruit, of different colors on each tree. Some bore fruit entirely white, and some clear and transparent as crystal; some pale red, and others deeper; some green, blue, and purple, and others yellow; in short, there was fruit of all colors. The white were pearls; the clear and transparent, diamonds; the deep red, rubies; the paler, ballas rubies; the green, emeralds; the blue, turquoises; the purple, amethysts; and the yellow, sapphires. Aladdin, ignorant of their value, would have preferred figs, or grapes, or pomegranates: but as he had his uncle's permission, he resolved to gather some of every sort. Having filled the two new purses his uncle had bought for him with his clothes, he wrapped some up in the skirts of his vest, and crammed his bosom as full as it could hold.

Aladdin, having thus loaded himself with riches of which he knew not the value, returned through the three halls with the utmost precaution, and soon arrived at the mouth of the cave, where the African magician awaited him with the utmost impatience. As soon as Aladdin saw him, he cried out, "Pray, uncle, lend me your hand, to help me out." "Give me the lamp first," replied the magician; "it will be troublesome to you." "Indeed, uncle," answered Aladdin, "I cannot now, but I will as soon as I am up." The African magician was determined that he would have the lamp before he would help him up; and Aladdin, who had incumbered himself so much with his fruit that he could not well get at it, refused to give it to him till he was out of the cave. The African magician, provoked at this obstinate refusal, flew into a passion, threw a little of his incense into the fire, and pronounced two magical words, when the stone which had closed the mouth of the staircase moved into its place, with the earth over it in the same manner as it lay at the arrival of the magician and Aladdin.

This action of the magician plainly revealed to Aladdin that he was no uncle of his, but one who designed him evil. The truth was that he had learnt from his magic books the secret and the value of this wonderful lamp, the owner of which would be made richer than any earthly ruler, and hence his journey to China. His art had also told him that he was not permitted to take it himself, but, must receive it as a voluntary gift from the hands of another person. Hence he employed young Aladdin, and hoped by a mixture of kindness and authority to make him obedient to his word and will. When he found that his attempt had failed, he set out to return to Africa, but avoided the town, lest any person who had seen him leave in company with Aladdin should make inquiries after the youth. Aladdin, being suddenly enveloped in darkness, cried, and called out to his uncle to tell him he was ready to give him the lamp; but in vain, since his cries could not be heard. He descended to the bottom of the steps, with a design to get into the palace, but the door, which was opened before by enchantment, was now shut by the same means. He then redoubled his cries and tears, sat down on the steps without any hopes of ever seeing light again, and in an expectation of passing from the present darkness to a speedy death. In this great emergency he said, "There is no strength or power but in the great and high God;" and in joining his hands to pray he rubbed the ring which the magician had put on his finger. Immediately a genie of frightful aspect appeared and said: "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee. I serve him who possesses the ring on thy finger, — I and the other slaves of that ring."

At another time Aladdin would have been frightened at the sight of so extraordinary a figure; but the danger he was in made him answer without hesitation, "Whoever thou art, deliver me from this place." He had no sooner spoken these words, than he found himself on the very spot where the magician had last left him, and no sign of cave or opening, nor disturbance of the earth. Returning God thanks to find himself once more in the world, he made the best of his way home. When he got within his mother's door, the joy to see her and his weakness for want of sustenance made him so faint that he remained for a long time as dead. As soon as he recovered, he related to his mother all that had happened to him, and they were both very vehement in their complaints of the cruel magician. Aladdin slept very soundly till late the next morning, when the first thing he said to his mother was that he wanted something to eat, and wished she would give him his breakfast. "Alas! child," said she, "I have not a bit of bread to give you; you ate up all the provisions I had in the house yesterday; but I have a little cotton, which I have spun, I will go and sell it, and buy bread, and something for our dinner." "Mother," replied Aladdin, "keep your cotton for another time, and give me the lamp I brought home with me yesterday; I will go and sell it, and the money I shall get for it will serve both for breakfast and dinner, and perhaps supper too."

Aladdin's mother took the lamp, and said to her son, "Here it is, but it is very dirty; if it was a little cleaner I believe it would bring something more." She took some fine sand and water to clean it; but had no sooner begun to rub it, than in an instant a hideous genie of gigantic size appeared before her, and said to her in a voice of thunder: "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands, — I and the other slaves of the lamp."

Aladdin's mother, terrified at the sight of the genie, fainted; when Aladdin, who had seen such a phantom in the cavern, snatched the lamp out of his mother's hand, said to the genie boldly, "I am hungry; bring me something to eat." The genie disappeared immediately, and in an instant returned with a large silver tray, holding twelve covered dishes of the same metal, which contained the most delicious viands; six large white bread cakes on two plates, two flagons of wine, and two silver cups. All these he placed upon a carpet, and disappeared; this was done before Aladdin's mother recovered from her swoon.

Aladdin had fetched some water, and sprinkled it in her face, to recover her. Whether that or the smell of the meat effected her cure, it was not long before she came to herself. "Mother," said Aladdin, "be not afraid; get up and eat; here is what will put you in heart, and at the same time satisfy my extreme hunger."

His mother was much surprised to see the great tray, twelve dishes, six loaves, the two flagons and cups, and to smell the savory odor which exhaled from the dishes. "Child," said she, "to whom are we obliged for this great plenty and liberality? Has the sultan been made acquainted with our poverty, and had compassion on us?" "It is no matter, mother," said Aladdin; "let us sit down and eat; for you have almost as much need of a good breakfast as myself; when we have done, I will tell you." Accordingly, both mother and son sat down, and ate with the better relish as the table was so well furnished. But all the time Aladdin's mother could not forbear looking at and admiring the tray and dishes, though she could not judge whether they were silver or any other metal, and the novelty more than the value attracted her attention.

The mother and son sat at breakfast till it was dinner-time, and then they thought it would be best to put the two meals together; yet after this they found they should have enough left for supper, and two meals for the next day.

When Aladdin's mother had taken away and set by what was left, she went and sat down by her son on the sofa, saying, "I expect now that you should satisfy my impatience, and tell me exactly what passed between the genie and you while I was in a swoon;" which he readily complied with.

She was in as great amazement at what her son told her, as at the appearance of the genie; and said to him, "But, son, what have we to do with genies? I never heard that any of my acquaintance had ever seen one. How came that vile genie to address himself to me, and not to you, to whom he had appeared before in the cave?" "Mother," answered Aladdin, "the genie you saw is not the one who appeared to me. If you remember, he that I first saw called himself the slave of the ring on my finger; and this you saw called himself the slave of the lamp you had in your hand; but I believe you did not hear him, for I think you fainted as soon as he began to speak."

"What!" cried the mother, "was your lamp then the occasion of that cursed genie's addressing himself rather to me than to you? Ah! my son, take it out of my sight, and put it where you please. I had rather you would sell it than run the hazard of being frightened to death again by touching it; and if you would take my advice, you would part also with the ring, and not have anything to do with genies, who, as our prophet has told us, are only devils."

"With your leave, mother," replied Aladdin, "I shall now take care how I sell a lamp which may be so serviceable both to you and me. That false and wicked magician would not have undertaken so long a journey to secure this wonderful lamp if he had not known its value to exceed that of gold and silver. And since we have honestly come by it, let us make a profitable use of it, without making any great show, and exciting the envy and jealousy of our neighbors. However, since the genies frighten you so much, I will take it out of your sight, and put it where I may find it when I want it. The ring I cannot resolve to part with; for without that you had never seen me again; and though I am alive now, perhaps, if it was gone, I might not be so some moments hence; therefore, I hope you will give me leave to keep it, and to wear it always on my finger." Aladdin's mother replied that he might do what he pleased; for her part, she would have nothing to do with genies, and never say anything more about them.

By the next night they had eaten all the provisions the genie had brought; and the next day Aladdin, who could not bear the thoughts of hunger, putting one of the silver dishes under his vest, went out early to sell it, and addressing himself to a Jew whom he met in the streets, took him aside, and pulling out the plate, asked him if he would buy it. The cunning Jew took the dish, examined it, and as soon as he found that it was good silver, asked Aladdin at how much he valued it. Aladdin, who had never been used to such traffic, told him he would trust to his judgment and honor. The Jew was somewhat confounded at this plain dealing; and doubting whether Aladdin understood the material or the full value of what he offered to sell, took a piece of gold out of his purse and gave it him, though it was but the sixtieth part of the worth of the plate. Aladdin, taking the money very eagerly, retired with so much haste that the Jew, not content with the exorbitancy of his profit, was vexed he had not penetrated into his ignorance, and was going to run after him, to endeavor to get some change out of the piece of gold; but he ran so fast, and had got so far, that it would have been impossible for him to overtake him.

Before Aladdin went home, he called at a baker's, bought some cakes of bread, changed his money, and on his return gave the rest to his mother, who went and purchased provisions enough to last them some time. After this manner they lived, till Aladdin had sold the twelve dishes singly, as necessity pressed, to the Jew, for the same money; who, after the first time, durst not offer him less, for fear of losing so good a bargain. When he had sold the last dish, he had recourse to the tray, which weighed ten times as much as the dishes, and would have carried it to his old purchaser, but that it was too large and cumbersome; therefore he was obliged to bring him home with him to his mother's, where, after the Jew had examined the weight of the tray, he laid down ten pieces of gold, with which Aladdin was very well satisfied.

When all the money was spent, Aladdin had recourse again to the lamp. He took it in his hand, looked for the part where his mother had rubbed it with the sand, rubbed it also, when the genie immediately appeared, and said: "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands, — I and the other slaves of the lamp." "I am hungry," said Aladdin; "bring me something to eat." The genie disappeared, and presently returned with a tray, the same number of covered dishes as before, set them down, and vanished.

As soon as Aladdin found that their provisions were again expended, he took one of the dishes and went to look for his Jew chapman; but passing by a goldsmith's shop, the goldsmith perceiving him, called to him, and said: "My lad, I imagine that you have something to sell to the Jew, whom I often see you visit; but perhaps you do not know that he is the greatest rogue even among the Jews. I will give you the full worth of what you have to sell, or I will direct you to other merchants who will not cheat you."

This offer induced Aladdin to pull his plate from under his vest and show it to the goldsmith, who at first sight saw that it was made of the finest silver, and asked him if he had sold such as that to the Jew; when Aladdin told him that he had sold him twelve such, for a piece of gold each.

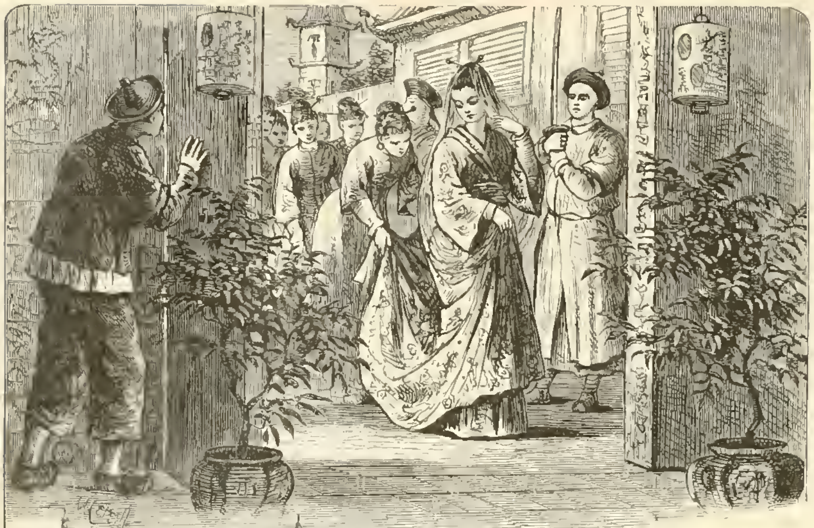
"What a villain!" cried the goldsmith. "But," added he, "my son, what is past cannot be recalled. By showing you the value of this plate, which is of the finest silver we use in our shops, I will let you see how much the Jew has cheated you."

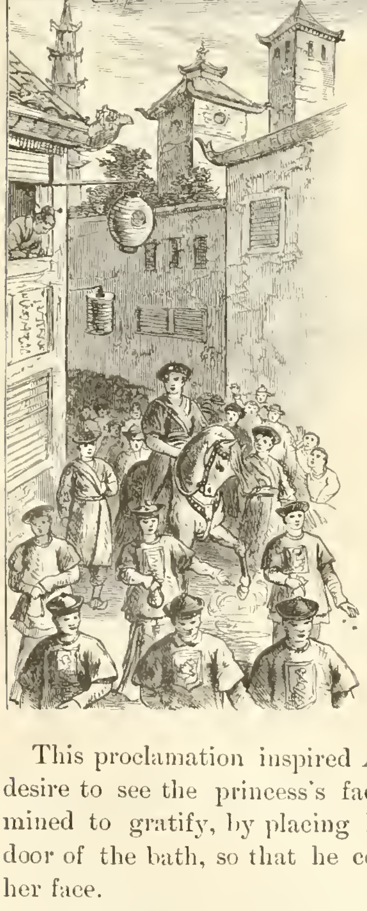
The goldsmith took a pair of scales, weighed the dish, and assured him that his plate would fetch by weight sixty pieces of gold, which he offered to pay down immediately.

Aladdin thanked him for his fair dealing, and never after went to any other person.

Though Aladdin and his mother had an inexhaustible treasure in their lamp, and might have had whatever they wished for, yet they lived with the same frugality as before; and it may easily be supposed that the money for which Aladdin had sold the dishes and tray was sufficient to maintain them some time.

During this interval, Aladdin frequented the shops of the principal merchants, where they sold cloth of gold and silver, linens, silk stuffs, and jewelry; and oftentimes joining in their conversation, acquired a knowledge of the world, and a desire to improve himself. By his acquaintance among the jewelers, he came to know that the fruits which he had gathered when he took the lamp were, instead of colored glass, stones of ines-





timable value; but he had the prudence not to mention this to any one, not even to his mother.

One day as he was walking about the town, Aladdin heard an order proclaimed, commanding the people to shut up their shops and houses, and keep within doors, while the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, the sultan's daughter, went to the bath and returned.

This proclamation inspired Aladdin with eager desire to see the princess's face, which he determined to gratify, by placing himself behind the door of the bath, so that he could not fail to see her face.

Aladdin had not long concealed himself before the princess came. She was attended by a great crowd of ladies, slaves, and mutes, who walked on each side and behind her. When she came within three or four paces of the door of the bath, she took off her veil, and gave Aladdin an opportunity of a full view of her face.

The princess was a noted beauty: her eyes were large, lively, and sparkling; her smile betwitching; her nose faultless; her mouth small; her lips vermilion. It is not therefore surprising that Aladdin, who had never before seen such a blaze of charms, was dazzled and enchanted.

After the princess had passed by, and entered the bath, Aladdin quitted his hiding-place and went home. His mother perceived him to be more thoughtful and melancholy than usual; and asked what had happened to make him so, or if he was ill. He then told his mother all his adventure, and concluded by declaring, "I love the princess more than I can express, and am resolved that I will ask her in marriage of the sultan."

Aladdin's mother listened with surprise to what her son told her; but when he talked of asking the princess in marriage, she laughed aloud. "Alas! child," said she, "what are you thinking of? You must be mad to talk thus."

"I assure you, mother," replied Aladdin, "that I am not mad, but in my right senses. I foresaw that you would reproach me with folly and extravagance; but I must tell you once more that I am resolved to demand the princess of the sultan in marriage; nor do I despair of success. I have the slaves of the lamp and of the ring to help me, and you know how powerful their aid is. And I have another secret to tell you: those pieces of glass, which I got from the trees in the garden of the subterranean palace, are jewels of inestimable value, and fit for the greatest monarchs. All the precious stones the jewelers have in Bagdad are not to be compared to mine for size or beauty;

and I am sure that the offer of them will secure the favor of the sultan. You have a large porcelain dish fit to hold them; fetch it, and let us see how they will look, when we have arranged them according to their different colors."

Aladdin's mother brought the china dish, when he took the jewels out of the two purses in which he had kept them, and placed them in order, according to his fancy. But the brightness and lustre they emitted in the daytime, and the variety of the colors, so dazzled the eyes both of mother and son that they were astonished beyond measure. Aladdin's mother, emboldened by the sight of these rich jewels, and fearful lest her son should be guilty of greater extravagance, complied with his request, and promised to go early in the next morning to the palace of the sultan. Aladdin rose before daybreak, awakened his mother, pressing her to go to the sultan's palace, and to get admittance, if possible, before the grand vizier, the other viziers, and the great officers of state went in to take their seats in the divan, where the sultan always attended in person.

Aladdin's mother took the china dish, in which they had put the jewels the day before, wrapped it in two fine napkins, and set forward for the sultan's palace. When she came to the gates, the grand vizier, the other viziers, and most distinguished lords of the court were just gone in; but notwithstanding the crowd of people was great, she got into the divan, — a spacious hall, the entrance into which was very magnificent. She placed herself just before the sultan, grand vizier, and the great lords, who sat in council, on his right and left hand. Several causes were called, according to their order, pleaded and adjudged, until the time the divan generally broke up, when the sultan, rising, returned to his apartment, attended by the grand vizier; the other viziers and ministers of state then retired, as also did all those whose business had called them thither.

Aladdin's mother, seeing the sultan retire, and all the people depart, judged rightly that he would not sit again that day, and resolved to go home; and on her arrival said, with much simplicity: "Son, I have seen the sultan, and am very well persuaded he has seen me too, for I placed myself just before him; but he was so much taken up with those who attended on all sides of him that I pitied him, and wondered at his patience. At last I believe he was heartily tired, for he rose up suddenly, and would not hear a great many who were ready prepared to speak to him, but went away, at which I was well pleased; for, indeed, I began to lose all patience, and was extremely fatigued with staying so long. But there is no harm done: I will go again to-morrow; perhaps the sultan may not be so busy."

The next morning she repaired to the sultan's palace with the present, as early as the day before; but when she came there, she found the gates of the divan shut. She went six times afterwards on the days appointed, placed herself always directly before the sultan, but with as little success as the first morning.

On the sixth day, however, after the divan was broken up, when the sultan returned to his own apartment, he said to his grand vizier: "I have for some time observed a certain woman, who attends constantly every day that I give audience, with something wrapped up in a napkin; she always stands up from the beginning to the breaking up of the audience, and effects to place herself just before me. If this woman comes to our next audience, do not fail to call her, that I may hear what she has to say." The grand vizier made answer by lowering his hand, and then lifting it up above his head, signifying his willingness to lose it if he failed.

On the next audience day, when Aladdin's mother went to the divan, and placed herself in front of the sultan as usual, the grand vizier immediately called the chief of the mace-bearers, and pointing to her, bade him bring her before the sultan. The old woman at once followed the mace-bearer, and when she reached the sultan, bowed her head down to the carpet which covered the platform of the throne, and remained in that posture till he bade her rise, which she had no sooner done, than he said to her: "Good woman, I have observed you to stand many days, from the beginning to the rising of the divan; what business brings you here?"

After these words, Aladdin's mother prostrated herself a second time, and when she arose, said: "Monarch of monarchs, I beg of you to pardon the boldness of my petition, and to assure me of your pardon and forgiveness." "Well," replied the sultan, "I will forgive you, be it what it may, and no hurt shall come to you; speak boldly."

When Aladdin's mother had taken all these precautions, for fear of the sultan's anger, she told him faithfully the errand on which her son had sent her, and the event which led to his making so bold a request in spite of all her remonstrances.

The sultan hearkened to this discourse without showing the least anger; but before he gave her any answer, asked her what she had brought tied up in the napkin. She took the china dish, which she had set down at the foot of the throne, untied it, and presented it to the sultan.

The sultan's amazement and surprise were inexpressible, when he saw so many large, beautiful and valuable jewels collected in the dish. He remained for some time lost in admiration. At last, when he had recovered himself, he received the present from Aladdin's mother's hand, saying, "How rich! how beautiful!" After he had admired and handled all the jewels, one after another, he turned to his grand vizier, and showing him the dish, said, "Behold, admire, wonder! and confess that your eyes never beheld jewels so rich and beautiful before." The vizier was charmed. "Well," continued the sultan, "what sayest thou to such a present? Is it not worthy of the princess my daughter? And ought I not to bestow her on one who values her at so great a price?" "I cannot but own," replied the grand vizier, "that the present is worthy of the princess; but I beg of your majesty to grant me three months before you come to a final resolution. I hope, before that time, my son, whom you have regarded with your favor, will be able to make a nobler present than this Aladdin, who is an entire stranger to your majesty."

The sultan granted his request, and he said to the old woman, "Good woman, go home, and tell your son that I agree to the proposal you have made me: but I cannot marry the princess my daughter for three months; at the expiration of that time come again."

Aladdin's mother returned home much more gratified than she had expected, and told her son with much joy the condescending answer she had received from the sultan's own mouth; and that she was to come to the divan again that day three months.

Aladdin thought himself the most happy of all men at hearing this news, and thanked his mother for the pains she had taken in the affair, the good success of which was of so great importance to his peace, that he counted every day, week, and even hour as it passed. When two of the three months were passed, his mother one evening having no oil in the house, went out to buy some, and found a general rejoicing — the houses dressed with foliage, silks, and carpeting, and every one striving to show their joy according to their ability. The streets were crowded with officers in habits of ceremony, mounted on horses richly caparisoned, each attended by a great many footmen. Aladdin's mother asked the oil merchant what was the meaning of all this preparation of public festivity. "Whence came you, good woman," said he, "that you don't know that the grand vizier's son is to marry the princess Buddir al Buddoor, the sultan's daughter, to-night? She will presently return from the bath; and these officers whom you see are to assist at the cavalcade to the palace, where the ceremony is to be solemnized."

Aladdin's mother, on hearing this news, ran home very quickly. "Child," cried she, "you are undone! the sultan's fine promises will come to naught. This night the grand vizier's son is to marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor."

At this account Aladdin was thunderstruck, and he bethought himself of the lamp, and of the genie who had promised to obey him; and without indulging in idle words against the sultan, the vizier, or his son, he determined, if possible, to prevent the marriage.

When Aladdin had got into his chamber, he took the lamp, rubbed it in the same place as before, when immediately the genie appeared, and said to him: "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, — I and the other slaves of the lamp." "Hear me," said Aladdin; "thou hast hitherto obeyed me, but now I am about to impose on thee a harder task. The sultan's daughter, who was promised me as my bride, is this night married to the son of the grand vizier. Bring them both hither to me immediately they retire to their bed-chamber."

"Master," replied the genie, "I obey you."

Aladdin supped with his mother, as was their wont, and then went to his own apartment, and sat up to await the return of the genie, according to his commands.

In the mean time the festivities in honor of the princess's marriage were conducted in the sultan's palace with great magnificence. The ceremonies were at last brought to a conclusion, and the princess and the son of the vizier retired to the bed-chamber prepared for them. No sooner had they entered it, and dismissed their attendants, than the genie, the faithful slave of the lamp, to the great amazement and alarm of the bride and bridegroom, took up the bed, and by an agency invisible to them, transported it in an instant into Aladdin's chamber, where he set it down. "Remove the bridegroom," said Aladdin to the genie, "and keep him a prisoner till to-morrow dawn, and then return with him here." On Aladdin being left alone with the princess, he endeavored to assuage her fears, and explained to her the treachery practiced upon him by the sultan her father. He then laid himself down beside her, putting a drawn scimitar between them, to show that he was determined to secure her safety, and to treat her with the utmost possible respect. At break of day the genie appeared at the appointed hour, bringing back the bridegroom, whom by breathing upon he had left motionless and entranced at the door of Aladdin's chamber during the night, and at Aladdin's command transported the couch with the bride and bridegroom on it, by the same invisible agency, into the palace of the sultan.

At the instant that the genie had set down the couch with the bride and bridegroom in their own chamber, the sultan came to the door, to offer his good wishes to his daughter. The grand vizier's son, who was almost perished with cold, by standing in his thin under-garment all night, no sooner heard the knocking at the door than he got out of bed, and ran into the robing-chamber, where he had undressed himself the night before.

The sultan, having opened the door, went to the bedside, kissed the princess on the forehead, but was extremely surprised to see her look so melancholy. She only cast at him a sorrowful look, expressive of great affliction. He suspected there was something extraordinary in this silence, and thereupon went immediately to the sultaness's apartment, told her in what a state he found the princess, and how she had received him. "Sire," said the sultaness, "I will go and see her: she will not receive me in the same manner."

The princess received her mother with sighs and tears, and signs of deep dejection. At last, upon her pressing on her the duty of telling her all her thoughts, she gave to the sultaness a precise description of all that happened to her during the night; on which the sultaness enjoined on her the necessity of silence and discretion, as no one would give credence to so strange a tale. The grand vizier's son, elated with the honor of being the sultan's son-in-law, kept silence on his part; and the events of the night were not allowed to cast the least gloom on the festivities on the following day, in continued celebration of the royal marriage.

When night came, the bride and bridegroom were again attended to their chamber with the same ceremonies as on the preceding evening. Aladdin, knowing that this would be so, had already given commands to the genie of the lamp; and no sooner were they alone than their bed was removed in the same mysterious manner as on the preceding evening; and having passed the night in the same unpleasant way, they were in the morning conveyed to the palace of the sultan. Scarcely had they been replaced in their apartment, when the sultan came to make his compliments to his daughter, when the princess could no longer conceal from him the unhappy treatment she had been subject to, and told him all that had happened, as she had already related it to her mother. The sultan, on hearing these strange tidings, consulted with the grand vizier; and finding from him that his son had been subjected to even worse treatment by an invisible agency, he determined to declare the marriage to be canceled, and all the festivities, which were yet to last for several days, to be countermanded and terminated.

This sudden change in the mind of the sultan gave rise to various speculations and reports. Nobody but Aladdin knew the secret, and he kept it with the most scrupulous silence; and neither the sultan nor the grand vizier, who had forgotten Aladdin and his request, had the least thought that he had any hand in the strange adventures that befell the bride and bridegroom.

On the very day that the three months contained in the sultan's promise expired, the mother of Aladdin again went to the palace, and stood in the same place in the divan. The sultan knew her again, and directed his vizier to have her brought before him.

After having prostrated herself, she made answer, in reply to the sultan: "Sire, I come at the end of three months to ask of you the fulfillment of the promise you made to my son." The sultan little thought the request of Aladdin's mother was made to him in earnest, or that he would hear any more of the matter. He therefore took counsel with his vizier, who suggested that the sultan should attach such conditions to the marriage that no one in the humble condition of Aladdin could possibly fulfill. In accordance with this suggestion of the vizier, the sultan replied to the mother of Aladdin: "Good woman, it is true sultans ought to abide by their word; and I am ready to keep mine, by making your son happy in marriage with the princess my daughter. But as I cannot marry her without some further proof of your son being able to support her in royal state, you may tell him, I will fulfill my promise as soon as he shall send me forty trays of massy gold, full of the same sort of jewels you have already made me a present of, and carried by the like number of black slaves, who shall be led by as many young and handsome white slaves, all dressed magnificently. On these conditions, I am ready to bestow the princess my daughter upon him; therefore, good woman, go and tell him so, and I will wait till you bring me his answer."

Aladdin's mother prostrated herself a second time before the sultan's throne, and retired. On her way home, she laughed within herself at her son's foolish imagination. "Where," said she, "can he get so many large gold trays, and such precious stones to fill them? It is altogether out of his power, and I believe he will not be much pleased with my embassy this time." When she came home, full of these thoughts, she told Aladdin all the circumstances of her interview with the sultan, and the conditions on which he consented to the marriage. "The sultan expects your answer immediately," said she; and then added, laughing, "I believe he may wait long enough!"

"Not so long, mother, as you imagine," replied Aladdin. "This demand is a mere trifle, and will prove no bar to my marriage with the princess. I will prepare at once to satisfy his request."

Aladdin retired to his own apartment, and summoned the genie of the lamp, and required him to immediately prepare and present the gift, before the sultan closed his morning audience, according to the terms in which it had been prescribed. The genie professed his obedience to the owner of the lamp, and disappeared. Within a very short time, a train of forty black slaves, led by the same number of white slaves, appeared opposite the house in which Aladdin lived. Each black slave carried on his head a basin of massy gold, full of pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Aladdin then addressed his mother: "Madam, pray lose no time; before the sultan and the divan rise, I would have you return to the palace with this present as the dowry demanded for the princess, that he may judge by my diligence and exactness of the ardent and sincere desire I have to procure myself the honor of this alliance."

As soon as this magnificent procession, with Aladdin's mother at its head, had begun to march from Aladdin's house, the whole city was filled with the crowds of people desirous to see so grand a sight. The graceful bearing, elegant form, and wonderful likeness of each slave; their grave walk at an equal distance from each other, the lustre of their jeweled girdles, and the brilliancy of the aigrettes of precious stones in their turbans, excited the greatest admiration in the spectators. As they had to pass through several streets to the palace, the whole length of the way was lined with files of spectators. Nothing, indeed, was ever seen so beautiful and brilliant in the sultan's palace; and the richest robes of the emirs of his court were not to be compared to the costly dresses of these slaves, whom they supposed to be kings.

As the sultan, who had been informed of their approach, had given orders for them to be admitted, they met with no obstacle, but went into the divan in regular order, one part turning to the right, and the other to the left. After they were all entered, and had formed a semicircle before the sultan's throne, the black slaves laid the golden trays on the carpet, prostrated themselves, touching the carpet with their foreheads, and at the same time the white slaves did the same. When they rose the black slaves uncovered the trays, and then all stood with their arms crossed over their breasts.

In the mean time Aladdin's mother advanced to the foot of the throne, and having prostrated herself, said to the sultan: "Sire, my son knows this present is much below the notice of Princess Buddir al Buddoor; but hopes, nevertheless, that your majesty will accept of it, and make it agreeable to the princess, and with the greater confidence since he has endeavored to conform to the conditions you were pleased to impose."

The sultan, overpowered at the sight of such more than royal magnificence, replied without hesitation to the words of Aladdin's mother, — "Go and tell your son that I wait with open arms to embrace him; and the more haste he makes to come and receive the princess my daughter from my hands, the greater pleasure he will do me." As soon as Aladdin's mother had retired, the sultan put an end to the audience; and rising from his throne, ordered that the princess's attendants should come and carry the trays into their mistress's apartment, whither he went himself to examine them with her at his leisure. The fourscore slaves were conducted into the palace; and the sultan, telling the princess of their magnificent apparel, ordered them to be brought before her apartment, that she might see through the lattices he had not exaggerated in his account of them.

In the mean time Aladdin's mother reached home, and showed in her air and countenance the good news she brought her son. "My son," said she, "you may rejoice you are arrived at the height of your desires. The sultan has declared that you shall marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. He waits for you with impatience."

Aladdin, enraptured with this news, made his mother very little reply, but retired to his chamber. There he rubbed his lamp, and the obedient genie appeared. "Genie," said Aladdin, "convey me at once to a bath, and supply me with the richest and most magnificent robe ever worn by a monarch." No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the genie rendered him, as well as himself, invisible, and transported him into a hummum of the finest marble of all sorts of colors; where he was undressed, without seeing by whom, in a magnificent and spacious hall. He was then well rubbed and washed with various scented waters. After he had passed through several degrees of heat, he came out quite a different man from what he was before. His skin was clear as that of a child, his body lightsome and free; and when he returned into the hall, he found, instead of his own poor raiment, a robe, the magnificence of which astonished him. The genie helped him to dress, and when he had done, transported him back to his own chamber, where he asked him if he had any other commands. "Yes," answered Aladdin; "bring me a charger that surpasses in beauty and goodness the best in the sultan's stables: with a saddle, bridle, and other caparisons to correspond with his value. Furnish also twenty slaves, as richly clothed as those who carried the present to the sultan, to walk by my side and follow me, and twenty more to go before me in two ranks. Besides these, bring my mother six women slaves to attend her, as richly dressed at least as any of the Princess Buddir al Buddoor's, each carrying a complete dress fit for any sultaness. I want also ten thousand pieces of gold in ten purses; go, and make haste."

As soon as Aladdin had given these orders, the genie disappeared, but presently returned with the horse, the forty slaves, ten of whom carried each a purse containing ten thousand pieces of gold, and six women slaves, each carrying on her head a different dress for Aladdin's mother, wrapped up in a piece of silver tissue, and presented them all to Aladdin.

He presented the six women slaves to his mother, telling her they were her slaves, and that the dresses they had brought were for her use. Of the ten purses Aladdin took four, which he gave to his mother, telling her those were to supply her with necessaries; the other six he left in the hands of the slaves who brought them, with an order to throw them by handfuls among the people as they went to the sultan's palace. The six slaves who carried the purses he ordered likewise to march before him, three on the right hand and three on the left.

When Aladdin had thus prepared himself for his first interview with the sultan, he dismissed the genie, and immediately mounting his charger, began his march, and though he never was on horseback before, appeared with a grace the most experienced horseman might envy. The innumerable concourse of people through whom he passed made the air echo with their acclamations, especially every time the six slaves who carried the purses threw handfuls of gold among the populace.

On Aladdin's arrival at the palace, the sultan was surprised to find him more richly and magnificently robed than he had ever been himself, and was impressed with his good looks and dignity of manner, which were so different from what he expected in the son of one so humble as Aladdin's mother. He embraced him with all the demonstrations of joy, and when he would have fallen at his feet, held him by the hand, and made him sit near his throne. He shortly after led him, amidst the sounds of trumpets, hautboys, and all kinds of music, to a magnificent entertainment, at which the sultan and Aladdin ate by themselves, and the great lords of the court, according to their rank and dignity, sat at different tables. After the feast, the sultan sent for the chief cadi, and commanded him to draw up a contract of marriage between the Princess Buddir al Buddoor and Aladdin. When the contract had been drawn, the sultan asked Aladdin if he would stay in the palace and complete the ceremonies of the marriage that day. "Sire," said Aladdin, "though great is my impatience to enter on the honor granted me by your majesty, yet I beg you to permit me first to build a palace worthy to receive the princess your daughter. I pray you to grant me sufficient ground near your palace, and I will have it completed with the utmost expedition." The sultan granted Aladdin his request, and again embraced him. After which, he took his leave with as much politeness as if he had been bred up and had always lived at court.

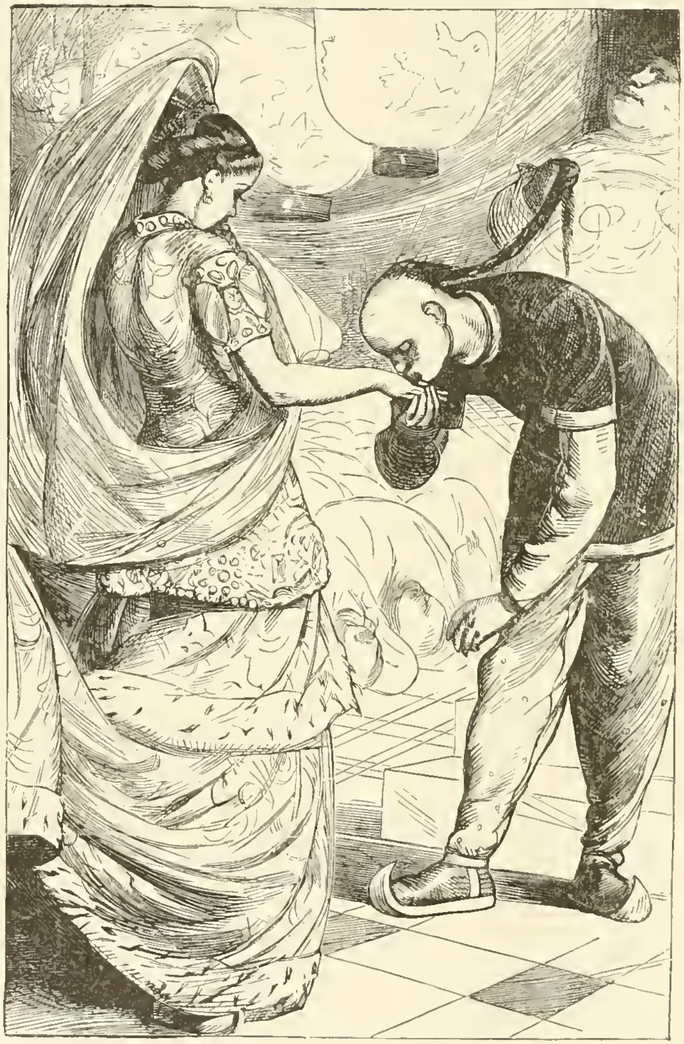
Aladdin returned home in the order he had come, amidst the acclamations of the people, who wished him all happiness and prosperity. As soon as he dismounted, he retired to his own chamber, took the lamp, and summoned the genie as usual, who professed his allegiance. "Genie," said Aladdin, "build me a palace fit to receive the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. Let its materials be made of nothing less than porphyry, jasper, agate, lapis lazuli, and the finest marble. Let its walls be massive gold and silver bricks laid alternately. Let each front contain six windows, and let the lattices of these (except one, which must be left unfinished) be enriched with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, so that they shall exceed everything of the kind ever seen in the world. Let there be an inner and outer court in front of the palace, and a spacious garden; but above all things, provide a safe treasure-house, and fill it with gold and silver. Let there be also kitchens and storehouses; stables full of the finest horses, with their equerries and grooms, and hunting equipage; officers, attendants, and slaves, both men and women, to form a retinue for the princess and myself. Go and execute my wishes."

When Aladdin gave these commands to the genie, the sun was set. The next morning at daybreak the genie presenting himself, and having obtained Aladdin's consent, transported him in a moment to the palace he had made. The genie led him through all the apartments, where he found officers and slaves, habited according to their rank and the services to which they were appointed. The genie then showed him the treasury, which was opened by a treasurer, where Aladdin saw large vases of different sizes, piled up to the top with money, ranged all round the chamber. The genie thence led him to the stables, where were some of the finest horses in the world, and the grooms busy in dressing them; from thence they went to the storehouses, which were filled with all things necessary, both for food and ornament.

When Aladdin had examined every portion of the palace, and particularly the hall with the four-and-twenty windows, and found it far to exceed his fondest expectations, he said, "Genie, there is one thing wanting, — a fine carpet for the princess to walk upon from the sultan's palace to mine. Lay one down immediately." The genie disappeared, and Aladdin saw what he desired executed in an instant. The genie then returned, and carried him to his own home.

When the sultan's porters came to open the gates, they were amazed to find what had been an unoccupied garden filled up with a magnificent palace, and a splendid carpet extending to it all the way from the sultan's palace. They told the strange tidings to the grand vizier, who informed the sultan, who exclaimed, "It must be Aladdin's palace, which I gave him leave to build for my daughter. He has wished to surprise us, and let us see what wonders can be done in only one night."

Aladdin, on his being conveyed by the genie to his own home, requested his mother to go to the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, and tell her that the palace would be ready for her reception in the evening. She went, attended by her women slaves, in the same order as on the preceding day. Shortly after her arrival at the princess's apartment, the sultan himself came in, and was surprised to find her, whom he knew as his suppliant at his divan in such humble guise, to be now more richly and sumptuously attired than his own daughter. This gave him a higher opinion of Aladdin, who took such care of his mother, and made her share his wealth and honors. Shortly after her departure, Aladdin, mounting his horse, and attended by his retinue of magnificent attendants, left his paternal home forever, and went to the palace in the same pomp as on the day before. Nor did he forget to take with him the wonderful lamp to which he owed all his good fortune, nor to wear the ring which was given him as a talisman. The sultan entertained Aladdin with the utmost magnificence, and at night, on the conclusion of the marriage ceremonies, the princess took leave of the sultan her father. Bands of music led the procession, followed by a hundred state ushers, and the like number of black mutes, in two files, with their officers at their head. Four hundred of the sultan's young pages carried flambeaux on each side, which, together with the illuminations of the sultan's and Aladdin's palaces, made it as light as day. In this order the princess, conveyed in her litter, and accompanied also by Aladdin's mother, carried in a superb litter and attended by her women slaves, proceeded on the carpet which was spread from the sultan's palace to that of Aladdin. On her arrival Aladdin was ready to receive her at the entrance, and led her into a large hall, illuminated with an infinite number of wax candles, where a noble feast was served up. The dishes were of massy gold, and contained the most delicate viands. The vases, basins, and goblets were gold also, and of exquisite workmanship, and all the other ornaments and embellishments of the hall were answerable to this display. The princess, dazzled to see so much riches collected in one place, said to Aladdin, "I thought, prince, that nothing in the world was so beautiful as the sultan my father's palace, but the sight of this hall alone is sufficient to show I was deceived."



When the supper was ended, there entered a company of female dancers, who performed, according to the custom of the country, singing at the same time verses in praise of the bride and bridegroom. About midnight Aladdin's mother conducted the bride to the nuptial apartment and he soon after retired.

The next morning the attendants of Aladdin presented themselves to dress him, and brought him another habit, as rich and magnificent as that worn the day before. He then ordered one of the horses to be got ready, mounted him, and went in the midst of a large troop of slaves to the sultan's palace, to entreat him to take a repast in the princess's palace, attended by his grand vizier and all the lords of his court. The sultan consented with pleasure, rose up immediately, and, preceded by the principal officers of his palace, and followed by all the great lords of his court, accompanied Aladdin.

The nearer the sultan approached Aladdin's palace, the more he was struck with its beauty; but when he entered it, came into the hall, and saw the windows, enriched with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, all large perfect stones, he was completely surprised, and said to his son-in-law; "This palace is one of the wonders of the world: for where in all the world besides shall we find walls built of massy gold and silver, and diamonds, rubies, and emeralds composing the windows? But what most surprises me is, that a hall of this magnificence should be left with one of its windows incomplete and unfinished." "Sire," answered Aladdin, "the omission was by design, since I wished that you should have the glory of finishing this hall." "I take your intention kindly," said the sultan, "and will give orders about it immediately."

After the sultan had finished this magnificent entertainment provided for him and for his court by Aladdin, he was informed that the jewelers and goldsmiths attended; upon which he returned to the hall, and showed them the window which was unfinished. "I sent for you," said he, "to fit up this window in as great perfection as the rest. Examine them well, and make all the dispatch you can."

The jewelers and goldsmiths examined the three-and-twenty windows with great attention, and after they had consulted together, to know what each could furnish, they returned and presented themselves before the sultan, whose principal jeweler, undertaking to speak for the rest, said: "Sire, we are all willing to exert our utmost care and industry to obey you; but among us all we cannot furnish jewels enough for so great a work." "I have more than are necessary," said the sultan; "come to my palace, and you shall choose what may answer your purpose."

When the sultan returned to his palace, he ordered his jewels to be brought out, and the jewelers took a great quantity, particularly those Aladdin had made him a present of, which they soon used, without making any great advance in their work. They came again several times for more, and in a month's time had not finished half their work. In short, they used all the jewels the sultan had, and borrowed of the vizier, but yet the work was not half done.

Aladdin, who knew that all the sultan's endeavors to make this window like the rest were in vain, sent for the jewelers and goldsmiths, and not only commanded them to desist from their work, but ordered them to undo what they had begun, and to carry all their jewels back to the sultan and to the vizier. They undid in a few hours what they had been six weeks about, and retired, leaving Aladdin alone in the hall. He took the lamp, which he carried about him, rubbed it, and presently the genie appeared. "Genie," said Aladdin, "I ordered thee to leave one of the four-and-twenty windows of this hall imperfect, and thou hast executed my commands punctually; now I would have thee make it like the rest." The genie immediately disappeared. Aladdin went out of the hall, and returning soon after, found the window, as he wished it to be, like the others.

In the mean time the jewelers and goldsmiths repaired to the palace, and were introduced into the sultan's presence, where the chief jeweler presented the precious stones which he had brought back. The sultan asked them if Aladdin had given them any reason for so doing, and they answering that he had given them none, he ordered a horse to be brought, which he mounted, and rode to his son-in-law's palace, with some few attendants on foot, to inquire why he had ordered the completion of the window to be stopped. Aladdin met him at the gate, and without giving any reply to his inquiries conducted him to the grand saloon, where the sultan, to his great surprise, found the window which was left imperfect to correspond exactly with the others. He fancied at first that he was mistaken, and examined the two windows on each side, and afterwards all the four-and-twenty; but when he was convinced that the window which several workmen had been so long about was finished in so short a time, he embraced Aladdin and kissed him between his eyes. "My son," said he, "what a man you are, to do such surprising things always in the twinkling of an eye! there is not your fellow in the world; the more I know, the more I admire you."

The sultan returned to the palace, and after this went frequently to the window to contemplate and admire the wonderful palace of his son-in-law.

Aladdin did not confine himself in his palace, but went with much state, sometimes to one mosque, and sometimes to another, to prayers, or to visit the grand vizier, or the principal lords of the court. Every time he went out, he caused two slaves, who walked by the side of his horse, to throw handfuls of money among the people as he passed through the streets and squares. This generosity gained him the love and blessings of the people, and it was common for them to swear by his head. Thus Aladdin, while he paid all respect to the sultan, won by his affable behavior and liberality the affections of the people.

Aladdin had conducted himself in this manner several years, when the African magician, who had for some years dismissed him from his recollection, determined to inform himself with certainty whether he perished, as he supposed, in the subterranean cave or not. After he had resorted to a long course of magic ceremonies, and had formed a horoscope by which to ascertain Aladdin's fate, what was his surprise to find the appearances to declare that Aladdin, instead of dying in the cave, had made his escape, and was living in royal splendor, by the aid of the genie of the wonderful lamp!

On the very next day the magician set out and traveled with the utmost haste to the capital of China, where, on his arrival, he took up his lodging in a khan.

He then quickly learnt about the wealth, charities, happiness, and splendid palace of Prince Aladdin. Directly he saw the wonderful fabric, he knew that none but the genies, the slaves of the lamp, could have performed such wonders; and piqued to the quick at Aladdin's high estate, he returned to the khan.

On his return he had recourse to an operation of geomancy to find out where the lamp was, — whether Aladdin carried it about with him, or where he left it. The result of his consultation informed him, to his great joy, that the lamp was in the palace. "Well," said he, rubbing his hands in glee, "I shall have the lamp, and I shall make Aladdin return to his original mean condition."

The next day the magician learnt, from the chief superintendent of the khan where he lodged, that Aladdin had gone on a hunting expedition, which was to last for eight days, of which only three had expired. The magician wanted to know no more. He resolved at once on his plans. He went to a coppersmith, and asked for a dozen copper lamps; the master of the shop told him he had not so many by him, but if he would have patience till the next day, he would have them ready. The magician appointed his time, and desired him to take care that they should be handsome and well polished.

The next day the magician called for the twelve lamps, paid the man his full price, put them into a basket hanging on his arm, and went directly to Aladdin's palace. As he approached, he began crying, "Who will change old lamps for new ones?" As he went along, a crowd of children collected, who hooted, and thought him, as did all who chanced to be passing by, a madman or a fool, to offer to change new lamps for old ones.

The African magician regarded not their scoffs, hootings, or all they could say to him, but still continued crying, "Who will change old lamps for new ones?" He repeated this so often, walking backwards and forwards in front of the palace, that the princess, who was then in the hall with the four-and-twenty windows, hearing a man cry something, and seeing a great mob crowding about him, sent one of her women slaves to know what he cried.

The slave returned laughing so heartily that the princess rebuked her. "Madam," answered the slave, laughing still, "who can forbear laughing, to see an old man with a basket on his arm, full of fine new lamps, asking to change them for old ones? the children and mob crowding about him so that he can hardly stir, make all the noise they can in derision of him."

Another female slave, hearing this, said, "Now you speak of lamps, I know not whether the princess may have observed it, but there is an old one upon a shelf of the Prince Aladdin's robing-room, and whoever owns it will not be sorry to find a new one in its stead. If the princess chooses, she may have the pleasure of trying if this old man is so silly as to give a new lamp for an old one, without taking anything for the exchange."

The princess, who knew not the value of this lamp, and the interest that Aladdin had to keep it safe, entered into the pleasantry, and commanded a slave to take it and make the exchange. The slave obeyed, went out of the hall, and no sooner got to the palace gates than he saw the African magician, called to him, and showing him the old lamp, said, "Give me a new lamp for this."

The magician never doubted but this was the lamp he wanted. There could be no other such in this palace, where every utensil was gold or silver. He snatched it eagerly out of the slave's hand, and thrusting it as far as he could into his breast, offered him his basket, and bade him choose which he liked best. The slave picked out one, and carried it to the princess; but the change was no sooner made than the place rung with the shouts of the children, deriding the magician's folly.

The African magician stayed no longer near the palace, nor cried any more, "New lamps for old ones," but made the best of his way to his khan. His end was answered, and by his silence he got rid of the children and the mob.

As soon as he was out of sight of the two palaces, he hastened down the least-frequented streets; and having no more occasion for his lamps or basket, set all down in a spot where nobody saw him; then going down another street or two, he walked till he came to one of the city gates, and pursuing his way through the suburbs, which were very extensive, at length reached a lonely spot, where he stopped till the darkness of the night, as the most suitable time for the design he had in contemplation. When it became quite dark, he pulled the lamp out of his breast, and rubbed it. At that summons the genie appeared, and said, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands, — both I and the other slaves of the lamp." "I command thee," replied the magician, "to transport me immediately, and the palace which thou and the other slaves of the lamp have built in this city, with all the people in it, to Africa." The genie made no reply, but with the assistance of the other genies, the slaves of the lamp, immediately transported him and the palace entire, to the spot whither he had been desired to convey it.

Early the next morning, when the sultan, according to custom, went to contemplate and admire Aladdin's palace, his amazement was unbounded to find that it could nowhere be seen. He could not comprehend how so large a palace, which he had seen plainly every day for some years, should vanish so soon, and not leave the least remains behind. In his perplexity he ordered the grand vizier to be sent for with expedition.

The grand vizier, who, in secret, bore no good-will to Aladdin, intimated his suspicion that the palace was built by magic, and that Aladdin had made his hunting excursion an excuse for the removal of his palace with the same suddenness with which it had been erected. He induced the sultan to send a detachment of his guards, and to have Aladdin seized as a prisoner of state. On his son-in-law being brought before him, he would not hear a word from him, but ordered him to be put to death. The decree caused so much discontent among the people, whose affection Aladdin had secured by his largesses and charities, that the sultan, fearful of an insurrection, was obliged to grant him his life. When Aladdin found himself at liberty, he again addressed the sultan: "Sire, I pray you to let me know the crime by which I have thus lost the favor of thy countenance." "Your crime!" answered the sultan; "wretched man! do you not know it? Follow me, and I will show you." The sultan then took Aladdin into the apartment from whence he was wont to look at and admire his palace, and said, "You ought to know where your palace stood; look, mind, and tell me what has become of it." Aladdin did so, and, being utterly amazed at the loss of his palace, was speechless. At last recovering himself, he said: "It is true, I do not see the palace. It is vanished; but I had no concern in its removal. I beg you to give me forty days, and if in that time I cannot restore it, I will offer my head to be disposed of at your pleasure." "I give you the time you ask, but at the end of the forty days, forget not to present yourself before me."

Aladdin went out of the sultan's palace in a condition of exceeding humiliation. The lords who had courted him in the days of his splendor, now declined to have any communication with him. For three days he wandered about the city, exciting the wonder and compassion of the multitude by asking everybody he met if they had seen his palace, or could tell him anything of it. On the third day he wandered in the country, and as he was approaching a river, he fell down the bank with so much violence, that he rubbed the ring which the magician had given him so hard, by holding on the rock to save himself, that immediately the same genie appeared whom he had seen in the cave where the magician had left him. "What wouldst thou have?" said the genie. "I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those that have that ring on their finger, — both I and the other slaves of the ring."

Aladdin, agreeably surprised at an offer of help so little expected, replied, "Genie, show me where the palace I caused to be built now stands, or transport it back where it first stood." "Your command," answered the genie, "is not wholly in my power; I am only the slave of the ring, and not of the lamp." "I command thee, then," replied Aladdin, "by the power of the ring, to transport me to the spot where my palace stands, in what part of the world soever it may be." These words were no sooner out of his mouth, than the genie transported him into Africa, to the midst of a large plain, where his palace stood, at no great distance from a city, and placing him exactly under the window of the princess's apartment, left him.

Now it so happened that shortly after Aladdin had been transported by the slave of the ring to the neighborhood of his palace, that one of the attendants of the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, looking through the window, perceived him, and instantly told her mistress. The princess, who could not believe the joyful tidings, hastened herself to the window, and seeing Aladdin, immediately opened it. The noise of opening the window made Aladdin turn his head that way, and perceiving the princess, he saluted her with an air that expressed his joy. "To lose no time," said she to him, "I have sent to have the private door opened for you; enter and come up."

The private door, which was just under the princess's apartment, was soon opened, and Aladdin conducted up into the chamber. It is impossible to express the joy of both at seeing each other, after so cruel a separation. After embracing and shedding tears of joy, they sat down, and Aladdin said, "I beg of you, princess, to tell me what is become of an old lamp which stood upon a shelf in my robing-chamber."

"Alas!" answered the princess, "I was afraid our misfortune might be owing to that lamp: and what grieves me most is, that I have been the cause of it. I was foolish enough to change the old lamp for a new one, and the next morning I found myself in this unknown country, which I am told is Africa."

"Princess," said Aladdin, interrupting her, "you have explained all by telling me we are in Africa. I desire you only to tell me if you know where the old lamp now is." "The African magician carries it carefully wrapped up in his bosom," said the princess; "and this I can assure you, because he pulled it out before me, and showed it to me in triumph."

"Princess," said Aladdin, "I think I have found the means to deliver you, and to regain possession of the lamp, on which all my prosperity depends; to execute this design, it is necessary for me to go to the town. I shall return by noon, and will then tell you what must be done by you to insure success. In the mean time, I shall disguise myself, and I beg that the private door may be opened at the first knock."

When Aladdin was out of the palace, he looked round him on all sides, and perceiving a peasant going into the country, hastened after him; and when he had overtaken him, made a proposal to him to change clothes, which the man agreed to. When they had made the exchange, the countryman went about his business, and Aladdin entered the neighboring city. After traversing several streets, he came to that part of the town where the merchants and artisans had their particular streets, according to their trades. He went into that of the druggists; and entering one of the largest and best furnished shops, asked the druggist if he had a certain powder which he named.

The druggist, judging Aladdin by his habit to be very poor, told him he had it, but that it was very dear; upon which Aladdin, penetrating his thoughts, pulled out his purse, and showing him some gold, asked for half a dram of the powder; which the druggist weighed and gave him, telling him the price was a piece of gold. Aladdin put the money into his hand, and hastened to the palace, which he entered at once by the private door. When he came into the princess's apartment, he said to her: "Princess, you must take your part in the scheme which I propose for our deliverance. You must overcome your aversion to the magician, and assume a most friendly manner towards him, and ask him to oblige you by partaking of an entertainment in your apartments. Before he leaves, ask him to exchange cups with you, which he, gratified at the honor you do him, will gladly do, when you must give him the cup containing this powder. On drinking it he will instantly fall asleep, and we will obtain the lamp, whose slaves will do all our bidding, and restore us and the palace to the capital of China."

The princess obeyed to the utmost her husband's instructions. She assumed a look of pleasure on the next visit of the magician, and asked him to an entertainment, which he most willingly accepted. At the close of the evening, during which the princess had tried all she could to please him, she asked him to exchange cups with her, and giving the signal, had the drugged cup brought to her, which she gave to the magician. He drank it out of compliment to the princess to the very last drop, when he fell backwards lifeless on the sofa.

The princess, in anticipation of the success of her scheme, had so placed her women from the great hall to the foot of the staircase, that the word was no sooner given that the African magician was fallen backwards, than the door was opened, and Aladdin admitted to the hall. The princess rose from her seat, and ran overjoyed to embrace him; but he stopped her, and said: "Princess, retire to your apartment; and let me be left alone, while I endeavor to transport you back to China as speedily as you were brought from thence."

When the princess, her women, and slaves were gone out of the hall, Aladdin shut the door, and going directly to the dead body of the magician, opened his vest, took out the lamp which was carefully wrapped up, and rubbing it, the genie immediately appeared. "Genie," said Aladdin, "I command thee to transport this palace instantly to the place from whence it was brought hither." The genie bowed his head in token of obedience, and disappeared. Immediately the palace was transported into China, and its removal was only felt by two little shocks, the one when it was lifted up, the other when it was set down, and both in a very short interval of time.

On the morning after the restoration of Aladdin's palace, the sultan was looking out of his window, and mourning over the fate of his daughter, when he thought that he saw the vacancy created by the disappearance of the palace to be again filled up. On looking more attentively, he was convinced beyond the power of doubt that it was his son-in law's palace. Joy and gladness succeeded to sorrow and grief. He at once ordered a horse to be saddled, which he mounted that instant, thinking he could not make haste enough to the place.

Aladdin rose that morning by daybreak, put on one of the most magnificent habits his wardrobe afforded, and went up into the hall of twenty-four windows, from whence he perceived the sultan approaching, and received him at the foot of the great staircase, helping him to dismount.

He led the sultan into the princess's apartment. The happy father embraced her with tears of joy; and the princess, on her side, afforded similar testimonies of her extreme pleasure. After a short interval, devoted to mutual explanations of all that had happened, the sultan restored Aladdin to his favor, and expressed his regret for the apparent harshness with which he had treated him. "My son," said he, "be not displeased at my proceedings against you; they arose from my paternal love, and therefore you ought to forgive the excesses to which it hurried me." "Sire," replied Aladdin, "I have not the least reason to complain of your conduct, since you did nothing but what your duty required. This infamous magician, the basest of men, was the sole cause of my misfortune."

The African magician, who was thus twice foiled in his endeavor to ruin Aladdin, had a younger brother who was as skillful a magician as himself, and exceeded him in wickedness and hatred of mankind. By mutual agreement they communicated with each other once a year, however widely separated might be their place of residence from each other. The younger brother, not having received as usual his annual communication, prepared to take a horoscope and ascertain his brother's proceedings. He, as well as his brother, always carried a geomantic square instrument about him; he prepared the sand, cast the points, and drew the figures. On examining the planetary crystal, he found that his brother was no longer living, but had been poisoned, and by another observation, that he was in the capital of the kingdom of China; also that the person who had poisoned him was of mean birth, though married to a princess, a sultan's daughter.

When the magician had informed himself of his brother's fate he resolved immediately to revenge his death, and at once departed for China; where, after crossing plains, rivers, mountains, deserts, and a long tract of country without delay, he arrived after incredible fatigues. When he came to the capital of China, he took a lodging at a khan. His magic art soon revealed to him that Aladdin was the person who had been the cause of the death of his brother. He had heard, too, all the persons of repute in the city talking of a woman called Fatima, who was retired from the world, and of the miracles she wrought. As he fancied that this woman might be serviceable to him in the project he had conceived, he made more minute inquiries, and requested to be informed more particularly who that holy woman was, and what sort of miracles she performed.

"What!" said the person whom he addressed, "have you never seen or heard of her? She is the admiration of the whole town, for her fasting, her austerities, and her exemplary life. Except Mondays and Fridays, she never stirs out of her little cell; and on those days on which she comes into the town she does an infinite deal of good; for there is not a person who is diseased but she puts her hand on them and cures them."

Having ascertained the place where the hermitage of this holy woman was, the magician went at night, and plunged a poniard into her heart, — killed this good woman. In the morning he dyed his face of the same hue as hers, and arraying himself in her garb, taking her veil, the large necklace she wore round her waist, and her stick, went straight to the palace of Aladdin.

As soon as the people saw the holy woman, as they imagined him to be, they presently gathered about him in a great crowd. Some begged his blessing, others kissed his hand, and others, more reserved, only the hem of his garment; while others, suffering from disease, stooped for him to lay his hands upon them which he did, muttering some words in form of prayer, and, in short, counterfeiting so well that everybody took him for the holy woman. He came at last to the square before Aladdin's palace. The crowd and the noise were so great that the princess, who was in the hall of four-and-twenty windows, heard it, and asked what was the matter. One of her women told her it was a great crowd of people, collected about the holy woman to be cured of diseases by the imposition of her hands.

The princess, who had long heard of this holy woman, but had never seen her, was very desirous to have some conversation with her; which the chief officer perceiving, told her it was an easy matter to bring her to her, if she desired and commanded it; and the princess expressing her wishes, he immediately sent four slaves for the pretended holy woman.

As soon as the crowd saw the attendants from the palace, they made way; and the magician, perceiving also that they were coming for him, advanced to meet them, overjoyed to find his plot succeed so well. "Holy woman," said one of the slaves, "the princess wants to see you, and has sent us for you." "The princess does me too great an honor," replied the false Fatima; "I am ready to obey her command," and at the same time followed the slaves to the palace.

When the pretended Fatima had made her obeisance, the princess said: "My good mother, I have one thing to request, which you must not refuse me; it is, to stay with me, that you may edify me with your way of living, and that I may learn from your good example." "Princess," said the counterfeit Fatima, "I beg of you not to ask what I cannot consent to without neglecting my prayers and devotion." "That shall be no hindrance to you," answered the princess; "I have a great many apartments unoccupied; you shall choose which you like best, and have as much liberty to perform your devotions as if you were in your own cell."

The magician, who really desired nothing more than to introduce himself into the palace, where it would be a much easier matter for him to execute his designs, did not long excuse himself from accepting the obliging offer which the princess made him. "Princess," said he, "whatever resolution a poor wretched woman as I am may have made to renounce the pomp and grandeur of this world, I dare not presume to oppose the will and commands of so pious and charitable a princess."

Upon this the princess, rising up, said: "Come with me; I will show you what vacant apartments I have, that you may make choice of that you like best." The magician followed the princess, and of all the apartments she showed him, made choice of that which was the worst, saying that it was too good for him, and that he only accepted it to please her.

Afterwards the princess would have brought him back again into the great hall to make him dine with her; but he, considering that he should then be obliged to show his face, which he had always taken care to conceal with Fatima's veil, and fearing that the princess should find out that he was not Fatima, begged of her earnestly to excuse him, telling her that he never ate anything but bread and dried fruits, and desiring to eat that slight repast in his own apartment. The princess granted his request, saying, "You may be as free here, good mother, as if you were in your own cell: I will order you a dinner, but remember I expect you as soon as you have finished your repast."

After the princess had dined, and the false Fatima had been sent for by one of the attendants, he again waited upon her. "My good mother," said the princess, "I am overjoyed to see so holy a woman as yourself, who will confer a blessing upon this palace. But now I am speaking of the palace, pray how do you like it? And before I show it all to you, tell me first what you think of this hall."

Upon this question, the counterfeit Fatima surveyed the hall from one end to the other. When he had examined it well, he said to the princess: "As far as such a solitary being as I am, who am unacquainted with what the world calls beautiful, can judge, this hall is truly admirable; there wants but one thing." "What is that, good mother?" demanded the princess; "tell me, I conjure you. For my part, I always believed, and have heard say, it wanted nothing; but if it does, it shall be supplied."

"Princess," said the false Fatima, with great dissimulation, "forgive me the liberty I have taken; but my opinion is, if it can be of any importance, that if a roc's egg were hung up in the middle of the dome, this hall would have no parallel in the four quarters of the world, and your palace would be the wonder of the universe."

"My good mother," said the princess, "what is a roc, and where may one get an egg?" "Princess," replied the pretended Fatima, "it is a bird of prodigious size, which inhabits the summit of Mount Caucasus; the architect who built your palace can get you one.

After the princess had thanked the false Fatima for what she believed her good advice, she conversed with her upon other matters; but could not forget the roc's egg, which she resolved to request of Aladdin when next he should visit his apartments. He did so in the course of that evening, and shortly after he entered, the princess thus addressed him: "I always believed that our palace was the most superb, magnificent, and complete in the world: but I will tell you now what it wants, and that is a roc's egg hung up in the midst of the dome." "Princess," replied Aladdin, "it is enough that you think it wants such an ornament; you shall see by the diligence which I use in obtaining it, that there is nothing which I could not do for your sake."

Aladdin left the Princess Buddir al Buddoor that moment, and went up into the hall of four-and-twenty windows, where, pulling out of his bosom the lamp, which, after the danger he had been exposed to, he always carried about him, he rubbed it; upon which the genie immediately appeared. "Genie," said Aladdin, "I command thee in the name of this lamp, bring a roc's egg to be hung up in the middle of the dome of the hall of the palace." Aladdin had no sooner pronounced these words than the hall shook as if ready to fall; and the genie said in a loud and terrible voice: "Is it not enough that I and the other slaves of the lamp have done everything for you, but you, by an unheard-of ingratitude, must command me to bring my master, and hang him up in the midst of this dome? This attempt deserves that you, the princess, and the palace, should be immediately reduced to ashes: but you are spared because this request does not come from yourself. Its true author is the brother of the African magician, your enemy, whom you have destroyed. He is now in your palace, disguised in the habit of the holy woman Fatima, whom he has murdered; at his suggestion your wife makes this pernicious demand. His design is to kill you, therefore take care of yourself." After these words the genie disappeared.

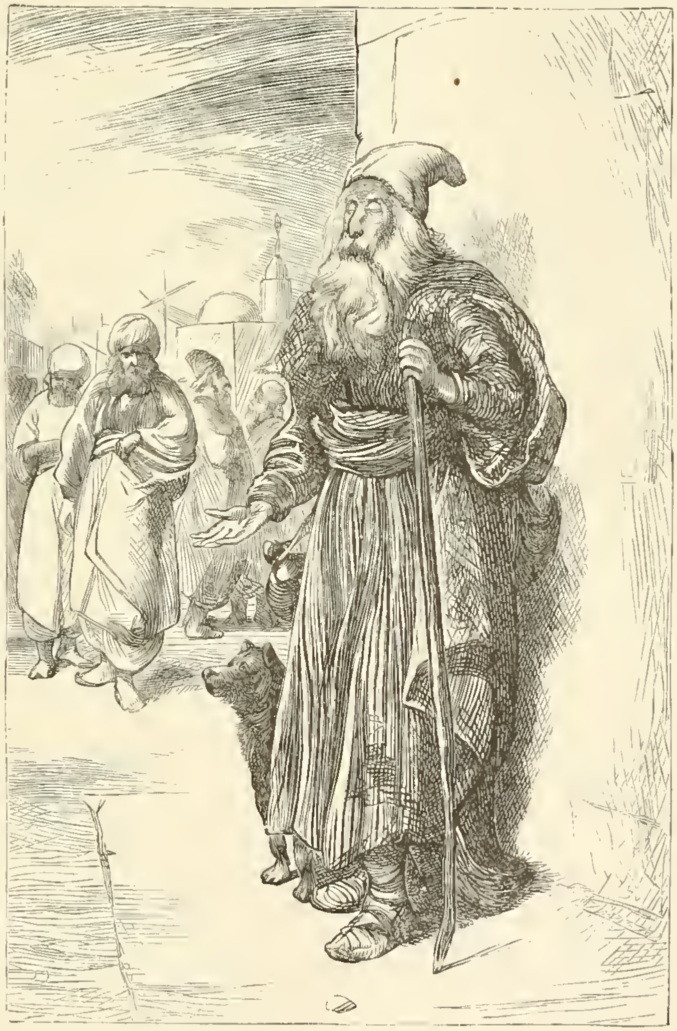
Aladdin resolved at once what to do. He returned to the princess's apartment, and without mentioning a word of what had happened, sat down, and complained of a great pain which had suddenly seized his head. On hearing this, the princess told him how she had invited the holy Fatima to stay with her and that she was now in the palace; and at the request of the prince, ordered her to be summoned to her at once.

When the pretended Fatima came, Aladdin said: "Come hither, good mother, I am glad to see you here at so fortunate a time. I am tormented with a violent pain in my head, and request your assistance, and hope you will not refuse me that cure which you impart to afflicted persons." So saying, he arose, but held down his head. The counterfeit Fatima advanced towards him, with his hand all the time on a dagger concealed in his girdle under his gown; which Aladdin observing, he snatched the weapon from his hand, pierced him to the heart with his own dagger, and then pushed him down on the floor.

"My dear prince, what have you done?" cried the princess, in surprise. "You have killed the holy woman!" "No, my princess," answered Aladdin, with emotion, "I have not killed Fatima, but a villain, who would have assassinated me, if I had not prevented him. This wicked man," added he, uncovering his face, "is the brother of the magician who attempted our ruin. He has strangled the true Fatima, and disguised himself in her clothes with intent to murder me." Aladdin then informed her how the genie had told him these facts, and how narrowly she and the palace had escaped destruction through his treacherous suggestion which had led to her request.

Thus was Aladdin delivered from the persecution of the two brothers, who were magicians. Within a few years afterwards, the sultan died in a good old age, and, as he left no male children, the Princess Buddir al Buddoor succeeded him, and she and Aladdin reigned together many years, and left a numerous and illustrious posterity.

V. THE ADVENTURES OF THE CALIPH HAROUN AL-RASCHID.



THE Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid, was accustomed to visit the city of Bagdad in disguise, that he might see, himself, into the condition of the people, and hear their reports of his court and government. On one occasion, he and his grand vizier Giafar disguised themselves as foreign merchants, and went their way through the different parts of the city. As they entered on a bridge which connected together the two parts of the city of Bagdad, divided by the river Euphrates, they met an old blind man, who asked alms. The caliph put a piece of gold into his hand, on which the blind man caught hold of his hand, and stopped him, saying: "Sir, pray forgive me; I desire you would either give me a box on the ear, or take your alms back again, for I cannot receive it but on that condition, without breaking a solemn oath which I have sworn to God; and if you knew the reason, you would agree with me that the punishment is very slight."

The caliph, unwilling to be detained any longer, yielded to the importunity of the blind man, and gave him a very slight blow: whereupon he immediately let him go, thanked and blessed him.

When they came into the town, they found in a square a great crowd of spectators, looking at a young man who was mounted on a mare, which he drove and urged full speed round the place, spurring and whipping the poor creature so barbarously that she was all over sweat and blood.

The caliph, amazed at the inhumanity of the rider, stopped to ask the people if they knew why he used the mare so ill, but could learn nothing, except that for some time past he had every day, at the same hour, treated her in the same manner.

The caliph, on his way to his palace, observed in a street, which he had not passed through for a long time, an edifice newly built, which seemed to him to be the palace of some one of the great lords of the court. He asked the grand vizier if he knew to whom it belonged; who answered he did not, but would inquire; and thereupon asked a neighbor, who told him that the house belonged to one Cogia Hassan, surnamed Alhabbal, on account of his original trade of rope-making, which he had seen him work at himself, when poor; that without knowing how fortune had favored him, he supposed he must have acquired great wealth, as he defrayed honorably and splendidly the expenses he had been at in building.

The grand vizier rejoined the caliph, and gave him a full account of what he had heard. "I must see this fortunate rope-maker," said the caliph, "and also this blind beggar, and the young man who treated the mare so cruelly; therefore go and tell them to come to my palace." Accordingly the vizier obeyed.

The next day, after afternoon prayers, the grand vizier introduced the three persons we have been speaking of, and presented them to the caliph.

They all three prostrated themselves before the throne, and when they rose up, the caliph asked the blind man his name, who answered, it was Baba Abdalla.

"Baba Abdalla," replied the caliph, "I ordered you to come hither, to know from yourself why you made the indiscreet oath you told me of. Tell me freely, for I will know the truth."

Baba Abdalla cast himself a second time at the foot of the caliph's throne, with his face to the ground, and when he rose up, said: "Commander of the Faithful, I most humbly ask you pardon for my presumption in requiring you to box my ear. As to the extravagance of my action, I own that it must seem strange to mankind; but in the eye of God it is a slight penance for an enormous crime of which I have been guilty, and for which, if all the people in the world were each to give me a box on the ear, it would not be a sufficient atonement."

THE STORY OF BABA ABDALLA.

Commander of the Faithful, continued Baba Abdalla, I was born at Bagdad. My father and mother died while I was yet a youth, and I inherited from them an ample estate. Although so young, I neglected no opportunity to increase it by my industry. I soon became rich enough to purchase fourscore camels, which I let out to merchants, who hired them at a considerable profit to me, to carry their merchandise from one country to another.

As I was returning one day with my unloaded camels from Bussorah, whither I had carried some bales that were to be embarked for the Indies, I met a dervis, who was walking to Bussorah. I asked him whence he came, and where he was going: he put the same questions to me; and when we had satisfied each other's curiosity, we produced our provisions and ate together.

During our repast, the dervis told me of a spot not far from where we sat, in which such immense riches were collected that if all my fourscore camels were loaded with the gold and jewels that might be taken from it, they would not be missed.

I was overjoyed at this intelligence.

"You say," continued the dervis, "that you have fourscore camels: I am ready to conduct you to the place where the treasure lies, and we will load them with as much jewels and gold as they can carry, on condition that when they are so loaded, you will let me have one half, and you be contented with the other; after which we will separate, and take our camels where we may think fit. You see there is nothing but what is strictly equitable in this division; for if you give me forty camels, you will procure by my means wherewithal to purchase thousands."

I assented, though with some reluctance, to his proposal. I at once collected all my camels, and set out with the dervis. After we had traveled some time, we came to a pass, which was so narrow that two camels could not go abreast. The two mountains which bounded this valley were so high and steep that there was no fear of our being seen by anybody.

When we came into the valley between these two mountains, the dervis bade me stop the camels. He proceeded to gather some sticks, and to light a fire: he then cast some incense into it, pronouncing certain words which I did not understand, when presently a thick cloud arose. This soon dispersed, when the rock forming the side of the valley opened, and exposed to view a magnificent palace in the hollow of the mountain.

So eager was I for the treasures which displayed themselves to my view, that, like an eagle seizing her prey, I fell upon the first heap of golden coin that was near me. My sacks were all large, and I would have filled them all, but I was obliged to proportion my burden to the strength of my camels. The dervis paid more attention to the jewels than the gold, and I soon followed his example, so that we took away much more jewels than gold. When we had filled our sacks, and loaded our camels, the dervis used the same incantations to shut the treasury as he had done to open it, when the doors closed, and the rock seemed as solid and entire as it was before. I observed, however, that the dervis, before he went away, took a small vessel out of the cave and put it into his breast, first showing me that it contained only a glutinous sort of ointment.

We now divided our camels. I put myself at the head of the forty which I had reserved for myself, and the dervis placed himself at the head of those which I had given him. We came out of the valley by the way we had entered, and traveled together till we came to the great road, where we were to part, — the dervis to go to Bussorah, and I to Bagdad. To thank him for so great a kindness, I made use of the most expressive terms, testifying my gratitude for the preference he had given me before all other men in letting me have a share of such riches. We embraced each other with great joy, and, taking our leave, pursued our different routes.

I had not gone far, following my camels, which paced quietly on in the track I had put them into, before the demon of ingratitude and envy took possession of my heart, and I deplored the loss of my other forty, but much more the riches wherewith they were loaded. "The dervis," said I to myself, "has no occasion for all this wealth, since he is master of the treasure, and may have as much as he pleases;" so I determined immediately to take the camels with their loading from him.

To execute this design, I first stopped my own camels, then ran after the dervis, and called to him as loud as I could, and made a sign to him to stop, which he accordingly did.

When I came up to him, I said: "Brother, I had no sooner parted from you, but a thought came into my head, which neither of us had reflected on before. You are a recluse dervis, used to live in tranquillity, disengaged from all the cares of the world, and intent only upon serving God. You know not, perhaps, what trouble you have taken upon yourself to take care of so many camels. If you would take my advice, you would keep but thirty; you will find them sufficiently troublesome to manage. Take my word; I have had experience."

"I believe you are right," replied the dervis; "choose which ten you please, and take them, and go on in God's keeping."

I set ten apart, and after I had driven them off, I put them in the road to follow my others. I could not have imagined that the dervis would be so easily persuaded to part with his camels, which increased my covetousness, and made me think that it would be no hard matter to get ten more; wherefore, instead of thanking him, I said to him again: "Brother, I cannot part from you without desiring you to consider once more how difficult a thing it is to govern thirty loaded camels, especially for you, who are not used to such work; you will find it much better to return me as many more back as you have done already."

The dervis gave me, without any hesitation, the other ten camels; so that he had but twenty left, and I was master of sixty, and might boast of greater riches than any sovereign prince. Any one would have thought I should now have been content; but the more we have, the more we want; and I became, from my success, more greedy and desirous of the other twenty camels.

I redoubled my solicitations and importunities to make the dervis grant me ten of the twenty, which he did with a good grace: and as to the other ten he had left, I embraced him, kissed his feet, caressed and entreated him, so that he gave me these also. "Make a good use of them, brother," said the dervis; "and remember that God can take away riches as well as give them, if we do not assist the poor, whom He suffers to be in want on purpose that the rich may do them good."

I was not yet content, though I had my forty camels again, and knew they were loaded with an inestimable treasure. A thought came into my head, that the little box of ointment which the dervis showed me contained some treasure of inestimable value, and I determined to obtain it. I had just embraced him and bade him adieu, when I again returned, and said: "That little box of ointment seems such a trifle, it is not worth your carrying away. I entreat you to make me a present of it. What occasion has a dervis, who has renounced the vanities of the world, for perfumes, or scented unguents?"

The dervis pulled it out of his bosom, and presenting it to me, said: "Here, take it, brother, and be content; if I could do more for you, you needed but to have asked me — I should have been ready to satisfy you."

When I had the box in my hand, I opened it, and looking at the unguent, said: "Since you are so good, I am sure you will not refuse to tell me the use of this ointment."

"The use is very surprising and wonderful," replied the dervis. "If you apply a little of it upon the lid of the left eye, you will see all the treasures contained in the bosom of the earth; but if you apply it to the right eyelid, it will make you blind."

"Take the box," said I to the dervis, "and apply some to my left eyelid; you understand how to do it better than I." The dervis had no sooner done so, than I saw immense treasures, and such prodigious riches, that it is impossible for me to give an account of them; but as I was obliged to keep my right eye shut with my hand, I desired the dervis to apply some of the pomatum to that eye.

"I am ready to do it," said the dervis; "but you must remember what I told you, that if you put any of it upon your right eye, you would immediately be blind; such is the virtue of the ointment."

Far from being persuaded of the truth of what the dervis said, I imagined, on the contrary, that there was some new mystery, which he meant to hide from me. "Brother," replied I, smiling, "I see plainly you wish to mislead me; it is not natural that this ointment should have two such contrary effects."

"The matter is as I tell you," replied the dervis. "You ought to believe me, for I cannot disguise the truth."

The dervis made all the resistance possible; but seeing that I would take no refusal, he took a little of the ointment, and applied it to my right eyelid. But, alas! I ceased at once to distinguish anything with either eye, and became blind, as you see me now.

"Ah, dervis!" I exclaimed, in agony, "what you forewarned me of has proved but too true. I am now sensible what a misfortune I have brought upon myself by my fatal curiosity and insatiable desire of riches; but you, dear brother," cried I, addressing myself to the dervis, "who are so charitable and good, among the many wonderful secrets you are acquainted with, have you not one to restore to me my sight again?"

"Miserable man!" answered the dervis, "you might have avoided this misfortune, but you have your deserts. The blindness of your mind was the cause of the loss of your eyes. I have no power to restore to you your sight. Pray to God, therefore; it is He alone that can restore it to you. He gave you riches, of which you were unworthy; and on that account He takes them from you again, and will by my hands give them to a man not so ungrateful as yourself."

The dervis said no more, but left me to myself, overwhelmed with confusion and grief. He then collected my camels, and drove them away to Bussorah.

I cried out loudly as he was departing, and entreated him not to leave me in that miserable condition, but to conduct me at least to the first caravanserai; but he was deaf to my prayers and entreaties. Thus deprived of sight, and of all I had in the world, I should have died with affliction and hunger, if the next day a caravan returning from Bussorah had not received me charitably, and brought me back to Bagdad.

After this manner was I reduced, without remedy, from a condition of great wealth to a state of poverty. I had no other way to subsist but by asking charity, which I have done till now. But to expiate my offense against God, I enjoined on myself, by way of penance, a box on the ear from every charitable person who shall commiserate my condition and give me alms.

This, Commander of the Faithful, is the motive which caused me to make so strange a request to you. I ask your pardon once more as your slave, and submit to receive the chastisement I deserve.

"Baba Abdalla," the caliph said, "your sin has been great; but, God be praised, your self-inflicted penance proves your sorrow. But that you may forego your daily asking of alms, I give you henceforth four silver dirhems a day, which my grand vizier shall give you daily with the penance you have imposed on yourself."

At these words, Baba Abdalla prostrated himself before the caliph's throne, returned him thanks, and wished him all happiness and prosperity.

THE STORY OF SIDI NOUMAN.

The caliph next addressed himself to the young man who used his mare so ill, and demanded of him the reason of his cruel conduct.

Commander of the Faithful, he replied, my name is Sidi Nouman, and I inherited a fair estate from my parents. Having the means to support a wife, I married when quite young a woman named Amine. The first time I saw my wife without her veil was according to our custom, after our marriage, and I was rejoiced to find that I had not been deceived in the account which I had heard of her beauty. I was, on the contrary, very much pleased with her. The day after our marriage we had a dinner of several dishes, but of none would she partake, save of a little rice, which she ate grain by grain, conveying them to her mouth with a silver bodkin. The same thing happened again at supper. The next day, and every time we ate together, she behaved after the same fashion. I saw clearly that no woman could live on the little she ate, and that there must be some mystery about her. One night, when my wife thought me fast asleep, she got up very quietly, and dressed herself, and left the chamber without the least noise. The instant she closed the door I dressed in the utmost haste, and followed her. Favored by the light of the moon, I caught sight of her, and traced her to a burial-ground near our house, where I perceived that she was joined by a female ghoul, and supposed that she would join her in her dreadful orgies. I immediately returned to my house without having attracted her observation, and lay down again. After a short interval she came back as noiselessly as she had gone out. On the next day, as she still persisted at dinner to eat her rice grain by grain, "Amine," said I, "I have often complained to you of your eating your rice grain by grain. Tell me, are not the dishes served at my table as delicate as the dreadful repast of a ghoul?" I had scarcely said these words, when Amine, who thoroughly understood what I meant, fell into a fearful fit of passion, and taking a glass of water, threw it in my face, and said, "Foolish man! take the form of a dog."

I had not, previously to this, known that Amine was a sorceress. But no sooner was her incantation said than I lost the human form, and found myself a dog. I was so surprised that I did not bark, nor bite, nor run away. I did not know what to do. She then took up a stick and beat me, and half opened the door, with the intention, I believe, of crushing me against the door-post as I ran out. I fortunately escaped without further injury than the loss of a part of my tail. The pain I felt made me cry and howl, as I ran along the street. This occasioned other dogs to run after and worry me. To avoid their pursuit, I ran into the shop of a man who dressed and sold sheeps' heads, tongues, and feet; and there I got shelter. I soon saw a great many dogs of the neighborhood, drawn thither by the smell of the meat, collected round the shop of my host, waiting till he threw them something; these I joined, and so got something to eat. The next day I found shelter with a baker, who treated me kindly. Here I stayed some months. One day, as a woman was buying some bread, she gave some bad money to my master. He asked her to change it for another piece. The woman refused, and maintained it was good money. The baker asserted the contrary, and said, "The piece of money is so bad, that I am sure my dog would distinguish it. Come here," said he, calling me, and throwing down the pieces of money. "See if there is a bad piece of money among these." I looked over all the pieces, and putting my foot upon the bad one, I separated it from the rest, looking in my master's face, as if to show it him.

The baker was extremely surprised, and when the woman was gone told his neighbors what had happened. They quickly came to test my talent, and I never failed to pick out from the silver or gold pieces those which were bad, and to separate them with my foot. The report of me procured my master so much custom, he could scarcely get through it. One day a woman came to buy bread, and to test my knowledge put down six pieces of good and six pieces of bad money, and told me to separate them; I did so with my foot. On her leaving the shop she made me a sign to follow her, which I understood and obeyed.

I followed her at a distance, and reached her as she stopped at her house. I entered with her, and she presented me to her daughter. "Daughter," she said, "I have brought you the baker's famous dog, who so well knows how to distinguish false money from good. On the first report that was spread about him, you know I told you my idea of his being a man, changed into a dog by some wicked enchantment. What say you, —am I deceived, in my conjecture?" "You are not deceived mother," replied the daughter, "as I shall soon convince you."

The young lady rose from her seat, took a vessel full of water, into which she dipped her hand, and throwing some of the water on me, she said: "If you were born a dog, remain a dog; but if you were born a man, resume the figure of a man, by virtue of this water." At that moment the enchantment was broken; I lost the form of a dog, and saw myself once more a man. I immediately expressed my deep gratitude to this fair lady, and told her by what means I lost my human shape. "Sidi Nouman," said the young woman, "I try to do all the good I can with the knowledge of magic which I possess; I will yet further help you. Return to your home: and when you see Amine, your wife, in the first moment of her astonishment at the sight of you, throw over her some of this water, which I now give you, pronouncing these words, — 'Receive the just reward of thy cruelty.'" I did exactly according to the direction given me; and on my saying the appointed words, my wife was turned into the mare on which I rode yesterday. I punish her very often in the way you saw, to make her sensible of the cruelty of which she was guilty. I have thus, according to your command, related my history.

"Your wife's conduct deserves punishment, but I would have you henceforth forego the chastisement which I have witnessed. The degradation to her present state is a sufficient retribution. I would even wish you to seek the disenchantment of Amine, if you could be sure that she would forego her cruelties, and cease to use magical arts."

The caliph then turned to Cogia Hassan, and demanded of him a narrative of his good fortune.

HISTORY OF COGIA HASSAN ALHABBAL.

Commander of the Faithful, my name is Hassan, but from my trade I am commonly known by the name of Hassan Alhabbal. I owe the good fortune I now enjoy to two dear friends, whose names are Saad and Saadi. Saadi is very rich. He ever maintained the opinion that wealth was essential to happiness, as without it no one could be independent. He declared further his belief that poverty is in most cases owing to a want of sufficient money to commence with; and if a man once had enough to start with, and made a right use of it, he would, in time, infallibly grow rich. Saad disputed the truth of these sentiments. He maintained that a poor man may become rich by other means as well as money, and that some have become rich by mere chance, as others have done by the possession of sufficient money to commence with.

Saadi replied: "Well, we will not dispute any more, but test our different theories by an experiment. I will give a sufficient sum of money to some honest but poor artisan, and see if he does not obtain with it wealth and ease. If I fail, then you shall try if you can succeed better by the means you may employ."

Some few days after this dispute, Saad and Saadi passed by my house as I was engaged in my trade of rope-making. They expressed their surprise that, with all my industry, I could not contrive to extend my trade and gradually to save money. I told them that, work as hard as I would, I could with difficulty keep my wife and five children (none of whom could render me the least help) with rice and pulse, and that I could not find money for the first outlay of hemp and materials. After some further conversation, Saadi pulled a purse out of his bosom, and putting it into my hands, said: "Here, take this purse; it contains two hundred pieces of gold: God bless you and give you grace to make the good use of them I desire; and, believe me, my friend Saad and I shall both have great pleasure if they contribute towards making you more prosperous than you now are."

Commander of the Faithful, continued Hassan, when I had got the purse my joy was so great that my speech failed me, and I could only thank my benefactor by laying hold of the hem of his garment and kissing it; but he drew it from me hastily, and he and his friend pursued their walk.

As soon as they were gone, I returned to my work, and my first thought was, what I should do with my purse to keep it safe. I had in my poor house neither box nor cupboard to lock it up, nor any other place where I could be sure it would not be discovered if I concealed it.

In this perplexity, I laid aside ten pieces of gold for present necessaries, and wrapped the rest up in the folds of the linen which went about my cap. Out of my ten pieces I bought a good stock of hemp, and afterwards, as my family had eaten no meat a long time, I purchased some for supper.

As I was carrying the meat home, a famished vulture flew upon me, and would have taken it away, if I had not held it very fast; but the faster I held my meat, the more the bird struggled to get it, till unfortunately in my efforts my turban fell on the ground.

The vulture immediately let go his hold of the meat, but seizing my turban, flew away with it. I cried out so loud that I alarmed all the men, women, and children in the neighborhood, who joined their shouts and cries to make the vulture quit his hold; but our cries did not avail, he carried off my turban, and we soon lost sight of him.

I went home very melancholy at the loss of my money. I was obliged to buy a new turban, which diminished the small remainder of the ten pieces. The little that was left was not sufficient to give me any hope of improving my condition, but I most regretted the disappointment I should occasion my benefactor.

While the remainder of the ten pieces lasted, my little family and I lived better than usual; but I soon relapsed into the same poverty, and the same inability to extricate myself from wretchedness. However, I never murmured nor repined; "God," said I, "was pleased to give me riches when I least expected them; He has thought fit to take them from me again almost at the same time, because it so pleased Him, and they were at his disposal; yet I will praise his name for all the benefits I have received, as it was his good pleasure, and submit myself, as I have ever done hitherto, to his will."

These were my sentiments, while my wife, from whom I could not keep secret the loss I had sustained, was inconsolable. In my trouble I had told my neighbors that when I lost my turban I lost a hundred and ninety pieces of gold; but as they knew my poverty, and could not comprehend how I should have got so great a sum by my work, they only laughed at me.

About six months after this misfortune, the two friends, walking through that part of the town where I lived, called to inquire after me. "Well," said Saad, "we do not ask you how affairs go since we saw you last; without doubt they are in a better train."

"Gentlemen," replied I, "I deeply grieve to tell you that your good wishes, and my hopes, have not had the success you had reason to expect, and I had promised myself. You will scarcely believe the extraordinary adventure that has befallen me, when I tell you, on the word of an honest man, that a vulture flew away with my turban, in which for safety I had wrapped my money."

Saadi rejected my assertion, and said: "Hassan, you joke, and would deceive me. What have vultures to do with turbans; they only search for something to satisfy their hunger?" "Sir," I replied, "the thing is so publicly known in this part of the town, that there is nobody but can satisfy you of the truth of my assertions." Saad took my part, and told Saadi a great many as surprising stories of vultures, some of which he affirmed he knew to be true; who, after bidding me be more careful, at last pulled his purse out of his vestband, and counted out two hundred pieces of gold into my hand, which I put into my bosom for want of a purse. I told him that the obligation of this his second kindness was much greater than I deserved, after what had happened, and that I should be sure to make good use of his advice. I would have said a great deal more, but he did not give me time, for he went away, and continued his walk with his friend.

As soon as they were gone, I left off work, and went home, but finding neither my wife nor children within, I pulled out my money, put ten pieces on one side for present use, and wrapped up the rest in a clean linen cloth, tying it fast with a knot, and placing it for safety in an earthen vessel full of bran, which stood in a corner, which I imagined neither my wife nor children would look into. My wife came home soon after, and as I had but little hemp in the house, I told her I should go out to buy some, without saying anything to her about the second present from Saadi.

While I was absent, a sandman, who sells washing-balls, which women use in the baths, passed through our street. My wife, who had no money, asked him if he would exchange his washing-balls for some bran. The sandman consented to do so and the bargain was made.

Not long after, I came home with as much hemp as I could carry, and followed by five porters loaded also with hemp. After I had satisfied them for their trouble, I looked about me, and could not see the pot of bran. I asked my wife, in great trepidation, what was become of it; when she told me the bargain she had made with the sandman.

"Ah, unfortunate woman!" cried I, "you know not what you have done. You thought you only sold the bran, but with the bran you have given the sandman a hundred and ninety pieces of gold, which Saadi this day made me a second present of."

My wife was like one distracted when she knew what she had done. She cried, beat her breast, and tore her hair and clothes. "Unhappy woman that I am," cried she, "where shall I find this sandman? I know him not, — I never saw him before. Oh, husband," added she, "you were much to blame in not communicating the secret to me."

"Wife," said I, "moderate your grief; by your cries you will alarm the neighbors, and they will only laugh at, instead of pitying us. We had best bear our loss patiently, and submit ourselves to the will of God. It is true we live but poorly; but what have the rich which we have not? Do not we breathe the same air, enjoy the same light, and the same warmth of the sun? Therefore what conveniences have they more than we, that we should envy their happiness? They die as well as we. In short, while we live in the fear of God, as we should always do, the advantage they have over us is so very inconsiderable that we ought not to covet it."

My wife and I comforted ourselves with these reflections, and I pursued my trade with as much alacrity as before these two mortifying losses which followed one another so quickly. The only thing that troubled me sometimes was, how I should look Saadi in the face when he should come and ask me how I had improved his two hundred pieces of gold.

After some time, Saad and Saadi again called to inquire of my progress. Each still entertained their former differing opinons as to the result of Saadi's repeated liberality. I saw them at a distance, but made as if I had not seen them. I applied very earnestly to my work, and never lifted up my eyes till they were close to me, and had saluted me. I told them at once my last misfortune, and that I was as poor as when they first saw me. After that, I said: "Could I guess that a sandman would come by that very day, and my wife give him in exchange a pot of bran which had stood there for many years?" You may indeed allege that I ought to have told my wife of it; but I will never believe that such prudent persons, as I am persuaded you are, would have given me that advice; and if I had put my money anywhere else, what certainty could I have had that it would be more secure?"

"I see, sir," said I, addressing myself to Saadi, "that it has pleased God, whose ways are secret and impenetrable, that I should not be enriched by your liberality, but that I must remain poor; however, the obligation is the same as if it had wrought the desired effect."

After these words I was silent; and Saadi replied: "I do not regret the four hundred pieces of gold I gave you to raise you in the world. I did it in duty to God, without expecting any recompense but the pleasure of doing good, and for the sake of an experiment I wished to make." Then turning about to his friend, "Saad," continued he, "you may now make your experiment, and let me see that there are ways, besides giving money, to make a poor man's fortune. Let Hassan be the man. I dare say, whatever you may give him he will not be richer than he was with four hundred pieces of gold." Saad had a piece of lead in his hand, which he showed Saadi. "You saw me," said he, "take up this piece of lead, which I found on the ground; I will give it Hassan, and you shall see what it comes to be worth."

Saadi burst out a laughing at Saad. "What is that bit of lead worth?" said he; "a farthing! What can Hassan do with that?" Saad presented it to me, and said: "Take it, Hassan; let Saadi laugh, you will tell us some news of the good luck it has brought you one time or another." I thought Saad was in jest, and had a mind to divert himself; however, I took the lead, and thanked him. The two friends pursued their walk, and I fell to work again.

At night, when I pulled off my clothes to go to bed, the piece of lead, which I had never thought of from the time he gave it me, tumbled out of my pocket. I took it up, and laid it on the place that was nearest me. The same night it happened that a fisherman, a neighbor, mending his nets, found a piece of lead wanting; and it being too late to buy any, as the shops were shut, and he must either fish that night, or his family go without bread the next day, he called to his wife and bade her inquire among the neighbors for a piece. She went from door to door on both sides of the street, but could not get any, and returned to tell her husband her ill success. He asked if she had been to several of their neighbors, naming them, and, among the rest, my house. "No, indeed," said the wife, "I have not been there; I know by experience they never have anything when one wants it." "No matter," said the fisherman, "you must go there; for though you have been there a hundred times before without getting anything, you may chance to obtain what we want now."

The fisherman's wife came and knocked at my door. I asked her what she wanted? "Hassan," said she, "my husband wants a bit of lead to load his nets with; and if you have a piece, desires you to give it him."

The piece of lead which Saad had given me was so fresh in my memory, that I could not forget it. I told my neighbor I had some; and if she would stay a moment my wife should give it to her. Accordingly my wife, who was wakened by the noise as well as myself, got up, and groping about where I directed her, found the lead, opened the door, and gave it to the fisherman's wife, who was so overjoyed that she promised my wife, that, in return for the kindness she did her and her husband, she would answer for him we should have the first cast of the nets.

The fisherman was so much rejoiced to see the lead, which he so little expected, that he much approved his wife's promise. He finished mending his nets, and went a-fishing two hours before day, according to custom. At the first throw he caught but one fish, about a yard long, and proportionable in thickness; but afterwards had a great many successful casts.

When the fisherman had done fishing, he went home, where his first care was to think of me. I was extremely surprised, when at my work, to see him come to me with a large fish in his hand. "Neighbor," said he, "my wife promised you last night, in return for your kindness, whatever fish I should catch at my first throw; and I approved her promise. It pleased God to send me no more than this one for you, which, such as it is, I desire you to accept. Had He sent me my net full, they should all have been yours."

"Neighbor," said I, "the bit of lead which I sent you was such a trifle, that it ought not to be valued at so high a rate; neighbors should assist each other in their little wants. I have done no more for you than I should have expected from you had I been in your situation; therefore I would refuse your present, if I were not persuaded you gave it me freely, and that I should offend you; and since you will have it so, I take it, and return you my hearty thanks."

After these civilities, I took the fish, and carried it home to my wife. My wife was much startled to see so large a fish. "What would you have me do with it?" said she. "Our gridiron is only fit to broil small fish; and we have not a pot big enough to boil it." "That is your business," answered I. "Dress it as you will, I shall like it either way." I then went to my work again.

In gutting the fish, my wife found a hard, clear substance which she took for a piece of glass. She gave it to the youngest of our children for a plaything, and his brothers and sisters handed it about from one to another, to admire its brightness and beauty.

At night when the lamp was lighted, and the children were still playing with the clear substance taken from the fish, they perceived that it gave a light when my wife, who was getting them their supper, stood between them and the lamp, upon which they snatched it from one another to try it; and the younger children fell a-crying, that the elder would not let them have it long enough in the dark.

I then called to the eldest, to know what was the matter, who told me it was about a piece of glass, which gave a light. Upon hearing this, I bade my wife put out the lamp, and we found that the piece of glass gave so great a light, that we might see to go to bed without the lamp. I placed the bit of glass upon the chimney to light us. "Look," said I, "this is a great advantage that Saad's piece of lead procures us; it will spare us the expense of oil."

When the children saw the lamp was put out, and the bit of glass supplied the place, they cried out so loud, and made so great a noise from astonishment, that it alarmed the neighborhood.

Now there was but a very slight partition-wall between my house and my next neighbor's, who was a very rich Jew and a jeweler; and the chamber that he and his wife lay in joined to ours. They were both in bed, and the noise my children made awakened them.

The next morning the jeweler's wife came to mine, to complain of being disturbed out of their first sleep. "Good neighbor Rachel" (which was the Jew's wife's name), said my wife, "I am very sorry for what happened, and hope you will excuse it, you know the children will laugh and cry for a trifle. See here; it was this piece of glass which I took out of the fish that caused all the noise."

"Indeed, Ayesha" (which was my wife's name), said the jeweler's wife, "I believe as you do it is a piece of glass; but as it is more beautiful than common glass, and I have just such another piece at home, I will buy it, if you will sell it."

The children, who heard them talking of selling their plaything, presently interrupted their conversation, crying and begging their mother not to part with it, who, to quiet them, promised she would not.

The Jewess being thus prevented from obtaining the supposed piece of glass by my children, went away; but first whispered to my wife, who followed her to the door, if she had a mind to sell it, not to show it to anybody without acquainting her. Rachel could not rest satisfied till she had made her husband acquainted with what she had seen in my house, and immediately went to his stall in the bezetzein to acquaint the Jew with her discovery. On her return home, she came again privately, and asked her if she would take twenty pieces of gold for the piece of glass she had shown her.

My wife, thinking the sum too considerable for a mere piece of glass as she had thought it, would not make any bargain; but told her she could not part with it till she had spoken to me. In the mean time I came from my work to dinner. As they were talking at the door, my wife stopped me, and asked if I would sell the piece of glass she had found in the fish's belly for twenty pieces of gold which our neighbor offered her. I returned no answer; but called to mind the confidence with which Saad, in giving me the piece of lead, told me it would make my fortune. The Jewess, fancying that the low price she had offered was the reason I made no reply, said, "I will give you fifty, neighbor, if that will do."

As soon as I found that she rose so suddenly from twenty to fifty, I told her that I expected a great deal more. "Well, neighbor," said she, "I will give you a hundred, and that is so much I know not whether my husband will approve my offering it." At this new advance, I told her I would have a hundred thousand pieces of gold for it; that I saw plainly that the diamond, for such I now guessed it must be, was worth a great deal more; but to oblige her and her husband, as they were neighbors, I would limit myself to that price, which I was determined to have; and if they refused to give it, other jewelers should have it, who would give a great deal more.

The Jewess confirmed me in this resolution, by her eagerness to conclude a bargain, and by coming up at several biddings to fifty thousand pieces of gold, which I refused. "I can offer you no more," said she, "without my husband's consent. He will be at home at night, and I would beg the favor of you to let him see it;" which I promised.

At night the Jew himself came home. "Neighbor Hassan," said he, "I desire you would show me the diamond your wife showed to mine." I brought him in, and showed it to him. He looked at and admired it a long time. "Well, neighbor," said he, "my wife tells me she offered you fifty thousand pieces of gold; I will give you twenty thousand more."

"Neighbor," said I, "your wife can tell you that I value my diamond at a hundred thousand pieces, and I will take nothing less." He haggled a long time with me, in hopes that I would make some abatement; but finding that I was positive, and for fear that I should show it to other jewelers, he at last concluded the bargain on my own terms, and fetched two bags of a thousand pieces each, as an earnest. The next day he brought me the sum we had agreed for at the time appointed, and I delivered to him the diamond.

Having thus sold my diamond, and being rich infinitely beyond my hopes, I thanked God for his bounty; and would have gone and thrown myself at Saad's feet to express my gratitude, if I had known where he lived; as also at Saadi's, to whom I was first obliged, though his good intention had not the same success.

Afterwards I thought of the use I ought to make of so considerable a sum. My wife proposed immediately to buy rich clothes for herself and children ; to purchase a house and furnish it handsomely. I told her we ought not to begin with such expenses ; " for," said I, " money should only be spent so that it may produce a fund from which we may draw without its failing. This I intend, and shall begin to-morrow."

I spent all that day and the next in going to the people of my own trade, who worked as hard every day for their bread as I had done ; and giving them money beforehand, engaged them to work for me in different sorts of rope-making, according to their skill and ability, with a promise not to make them wait for their money, but to pay them as soon as their work was done.

By this means I engrossed almost all the business of Bagdad and everybody was pleased with my exactness and punctual payment.

As so great a number of workmen produced a large quantity of work, I hired warehouses in several parts of the town to hold my goods, and appointed over each a clerk, to sell both wholesale and retail, and by this economy received considerable profit and income. Afterwards, to concentrate my business, I bought ground, and built the house you saw yesterday, which, though it makes so great an appearance, consists, for the most part, of warehouses for my business, with apartments for myself and family.

Some time after I had removed to this house, Saad and Saadi, who had scarcely thought of me from the last time they had been with me, called on me in my former habitation, and learnt, to their great surprise, that I was become a great manufacturer, and was no longer called plain Hassan, but Cogia Hassan Alhabbal.

They immediately set out to visit me in my new abode. I saw my two friends as they approached my gate. I rose from my seat, ran to them, and would have kissed the hem of their garments ; but they would not suffer it, and embraced me. I assured them I had not forgotten that I was poor Hassan the rope-maker, nor the obligations I had to them ; but were this not the case, I knew the respect due to them, and begged them to sit down in the place of honor, and I seated myself opposite to them.

Then Saadi, addressing himself to me, said : " Cogia Hassan, I cannot express my joy to see you. I am persuaded that those four hundred pieces I gave you have made this wonderful change in your fortune."

Saad did not at all agree with this speech of Saadi's. When he had done, he said to him : " Saadi, I am vexed that you still persist in not believing the statements Hassan has already made you. I believe those two accidents which befell him are true ; but let him speak himself, and say to which of us he most owes his present good fortune."

After this discourse of the two friends, I said, addressing myself to them both, " Gentlemen, I will declare to you the whole truth with the same sincerity as before." I then told them every circumstance of the history which I have now related to you, Commander of the Faithful.

All my protestations had no effect on Saadi, " Cogia Hassan," replied he, " the adventure of the fish and of the diamond found in his stomach appears to me as incredible as the vulture's flying away with your turban, and the exchange made by your wife with the sandman. Be it as it may, I am equally convinced that you are no longer poor, but rich, as I intended you should be by my means ; and I rejoice sincerely."

As it grew late, they arose to depart ; when I stopped them, and said : " There is one favor I have to ask. I beg of you to stay with me to-night, and to-morrow I will carry you by water to a small country-house, which I have bought, and we will return in the evening."

" If Saad has no business that calls him else where," said Saadi, " I consent." Saad told him that nothing should prevent him enjoying his company.

While supper was being prepared, I showed my benefactors my house and all my offices. I call them both benefactors, without distinction ; because without Saadi, Saad would never have given me the piece of lead ; and without Saad, Saadi would not have given me the four hundred pieces of gold. Then I brought them back again into the hall, where they asked me several questions about my concerns; and I gave them such answers as satisfied them.

During this conversation, my servants came to tell me that supper was served up. I led them into another hall, where they admired the manner in which it was lighted, the furniture, and the entertainment I had provided. I regaled them also with a concert of vocal and instrumental music during the repast, and afterwards with a company of dancers, and other entertainments, endeavoring as much as possible to show them my gratitude.

The next morning, as we had agreed to set out early to enjoy the fresh air, we repaired to the river-side by sunrise, and went on board a pleasure-boat, well carpeted, that waited for us; and in less than an hour and a half, with six good rowers and the stream, we arrived at my country-house.

Afterwards we walked in the gardens, where was a grove of orange and lemon-trees, loaded with fruit and flowers, which were planted at equal distances, and watered by channels cut from a neighboring stream. The pleasant shade, the fragrant smell which perfumed the air, the soft murmurings of the water, the harmonious notes of an infinite number of birds, were so delightful, that they frequently stopped to express how much they were obliged to me for bringing them to so exquisite a place, and to offer me their congratulations. I led them to the end of the grove, which was very long and broad, where I showed them a wood of large trees, which terminated my garden.

Two of my boys, whom I had sent into the country, with a tutor, for the air, had gone just then into the wood; and seeing a nest, which was built in the branches of a lofty tree, they bade a slave climb the tree for it. The slave, when he came to it, was much surprised to find it composed of a turban. He took it, brought it down, and as he thought that I might like to see a nest that was so uncommon, he gave it to the eldest boy to bring to me.

The two friends and I were very much surprised at the novelty; but I much more, when I recognized the turban to be that which the vulture had flown away with. After I had examined it well, and turned it about, I said to my guests: "Gentlemen, can you remember the turban I had on the day you did me the honor first to speak to me?" "I do not think," said Saad, "that either my friend or I gave any attention to it; but if the hundred and ninety pieces of gold are in it, we cannot doubt of it."

"Sir," replied I, "there is no doubt but it is the same turban; for, besides that I know it perfectly well, I feel by the weight it is too heavy to be any other, and you will perceive this if you give yourself the trouble to take it in your hand." Then after taking out the young birds, I put it into his hands, and he gave it to Saadi.

"Now, sir," added I, taking the turban again, "observe well before I unwrap it, that it is of no very fresh date in the tree; and the state in which you see it, and the nest so neatly made in it, are sufficient proofs that the vulture dropped or laid it in the tree upon the day it was seized."

While I was speaking, I pulled off the linen cloth which was wrapped about the cap of the turban, and took out the purse, which Saadi knew to be the same he had given me. I emptied it before them, and said, "There, gentlemen, there is the money; count it, and see if it be right;" which Saad did, and found it to be one hundred and ninety pieces of gold. Then Saadi, who could not deny so manifest a truth, addressing himself to me, said: "I agree, Cogia Hassan, that this money could not serve to enrich you, but the other hundred and ninety pieces, which you would make believe you hid in a pot of bran, might." "Sir," answered I, "I have told you the truth in regard to both sums, and I shall hope yet to prove it to your satisfaction."

After this we returned, and entered the house, just as dinner was being served. After dinner I left my guests to take their siesta during the heat of the day, while I went to give orders to my gardener. Afterwards I returned to them again, and we talked of indifferent matters till it grew a little cooler; when we returned into the garden for fresh air, and stayed till sunset. We then mounted our horses, and after a ride of two hours reached Bagdad by moonlight.

It happened, by some negligence of my grooms, that we were then out of grain for the horses, and the storehouses were all shut up; when one of my slaves, seeking about the neighborhood, met with a pot of bran in a shop; bought the bran, and brought the pot along with him, promising to carry it back again the next day. The slave emptied the bran, and dividing it among the horses, felt a linen cloth tied up, and very heavy; he brought the cloth to me in the condition that he found it, and presented it to me. I at once knew what it was, and said to my two benefactors: "Gentlemen, it has pleased God that you should not part from me without being fully convinced of the truth of what I have assured you. There are the other hundred and ninety pieces of gold which you gave me," continued I, addressing myself to Saadi; "I know it well by the cloth, which I tied up with my own hands;" and then I told out the money before them. I ordered the pot to be brought to me, knew it to be the same; and sent to my wife to ask if she recognized it. She sent me word that it was the same pot she had exchanged full of bran for the scouring-earth.

Saadi readily submitted, renounced his incredulity, and said to Saad, "I yield to you, and acknowledge that money is not always the means of becoming rich."

When Saadi had spoken, I said to him: "I dare not propose to return you the three hundred and eighty pieces of gold which it hath pleased God should be found, to undeceive you as to the opinion of my honesty. I am persuaded that you did not give them to me with an intention that I should return them; and if you approve of my proposal, to-morrow I will give them to the poor, that God may bless us both."

The two friends lay at my house that night also; and next day, after embracing me, returned home. I thanked them both, and regarded the permission they gave me to cultivate their friendship, and to visit them, as a great honor.

The caliph, at the conclusion of this story, said; "Cogia Hassan, I have not for a long time heard anything that has given me so much pleasure, as having been informed of the wonderful ways by which God gave thee thy riches. Thou oughtest to continue to return Him thanks, and to use well his blessings. That same diamond which made thy fortune is now in my treasury; and I am happy to learn how it came there; but because there may remain in Saadi some doubts on the singularity of this diamond, which I esteem the most precious and valuable jewel I possess, I would have you carry him and Saad to my treasurer, who will show it them."

After these words, the caliph signified to Cogia Hassan, Sidi Nouman, and Baba Abdalla, by a bow of his head, that he was satisfied with them; they all prostrated themselves at the throne, and retired.

THE STORY OF ABOU HASSAN; OR, THE SLEEPER AWAKENED.

In the reign of the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid, there lived at Bagdad a very rich merchant. He had one only child, a son, whom he named Abou Hassan, and whom he educated with great strictness. When his son was thirty years old, he became his father's sole heir and the owner of immense wealth, amassed together by the paternal frugality and application.

Abou Hassan, whose views and inclinations were very different from those of his father, determined to make another use of his wealth. His father had never allowed him any money but what was just necessary for subsistence, and as he had always envied his rich companions, who wanted for nothing, and who debarred themselves from none of those pleasures to which their wealth entitled them, he resolved to distinguish himself by extravagances proportionable to his fortune. To this end he divided his riches into two parts; with one half he bought houses in the city and farms in the country, with a resolution never to touch the income arising from them, which was very large, but to lay it all by as he received it. With the other half, which consisted of ready money, he designed to make himself amends for the time he had lost by the severe restraint in which his father had always kept him.

With this intent, Abou Hassan made the acquaintance of wealthy youths of his own age and rank, who thought of nothing but how to make their time pass agreeably. Every day he gave them splendid entertainments, at which the most delicate viands were served up, and the most exquisite wines flowed in profusion, while concerts of the best vocal and instrumental music by performers of both sexes heightened their pleasures. These entertainments, renewed every day, were so expensive to Abou Hassan, that he could not support the extravagance above one year. As soon as he discontinued his feasts, and pleaded poverty as the excuse, his friends forsook him; whenever they saw him they avoided him, and if by chance he met any of them, and tried to stop them, they always excused themselves on some pretense or other.

Abou Hassan was more affected by this behavior of his friends who had forsaken him so basely and ungratefully, after all the protestations they had made him of inviolable attachment, than by the loss of the money he had so foolishly squandered. He went melancholy and thoughtful into his mother's apartment, and sat down on the end of a sofa at a distance from her. "What is the matter with you, son?" said his mother, seeing him thus depressed. "Why are you so dejected? You could not certainly be more concerned, if you had lost all you had. You have still, however, a good estate. I do not, therefore, see why you should plunge yourself into this deep melancholy."

At these words Abou Hassan melted into tears; and in the midst of his sighs exclaimed: "Ah! mother, how insupportable poverty must be; it deprives us of joy, as the setting of the sun does of light. A poor man is looked upon, both by friends and relations, as a stranger. You know, mother, how I have treated my friends for this year past, and now they have left me when they suppose I can treat them no longer. Bismillah! praise be to God! I have yet my lands and farms, and I shall now know how to use what is left. But I am resolved to try how far my friends, who deserve not that I should call them so, will carry their ingratitude. I will go to them one after another, and when I have represented to them what I have done on their account, ask them to make up a sum of money to relieve me, merely to try if I can find any sentiment of gratitude remaining in them." Abou Hassan went immediately to his friends, whom he found at home; represented to them the great need he was in, and begged of them to assist him. He promised to give bonds to pay them the money they might lend him; giving them to understand at the same time, that it was in a great measure on their account that he was so distressed. That he might the more powerfully excite their generosity, he forgot not to allure them with the hopes of being once again entertained in the same manner as before.

Not one of his companions was affected with the arguments which the afflicted Abou Hassan used to persuade them; and he had the mortification to find that many of them told him plainly they did not know him.

He returned home full of indignation; and going into his mother's apartment, said: "Ah! madam, I have found none of my late companions who deserve my friendship; I renounce them, and promise you I will never see them more." He resolved to be as good as his word, taking an oath never to give an inhabitant of Bagdad any entertainment while he lived. He further vowed that he would not put in his purse more money than was sufficient to ask a single person to sup with him, who, according to the oath he had taken, was not of Bagdad, but a stranger arrived in the city the same day, and who must take his leave of him the following morning.

Conformably to this plan, Abou Hassan took care every morning to provide whatever was necessary for a repast for two persons, and towards the close of the evening went and sat at the end of Bagdad bridge; and as soon as he saw a stranger, accosted him civilly, invited him to sup and lodge with him that night; and after having informed him of the law he had imposed upon himself, conducted him to his house. The supper to which Abou Hassan invited his guests was not costly, but well dressed, with plenty of good wine, and generally lasted till the night was pretty far advanced: instead of entertaining his guests with the affairs of state, his family, or business, as is too frequent, he conversed on general subjects. He was naturally of a gay and pleasant temper, and made the most melancholy persons merry. When he sent away his guest the next morning, he always said: "God preserve you from all sorrow wherever you go; when I invited you yesterday to come and sup with me, I informed you of the law I have imposed on myself; therefore do not take it ill if I tell you that we must never see one another again, nor drink together, either at home or anywhere else, for reasons best known to myself; so God conduct you."

Abou Hassan was very exact in the observance of this oath, and never looked upon or spoke to the strangers he had once entertained. If he met them afterwards in the streets, the squares, or any public assemblies, he turned away to avoid them, that they might not speak to him, or he have any communication with them. He had acted for a long time in this manner, when, one afternoon, a little before sunset, as he sat upon the bridge according to custom, the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid came by, but so disguised that it was impossible to know him; he was dressed like a merchant of Moussul, and was followed by a tall stout slave.

Abou Hassan, who was looking out for a guest, rose up as he approached, and, after having saluted him with a graceful air, said to him, "Sir, I congratulate you on your happy arrival in Bagdad; I beg you to do me the honor to sup with me, and repose yourself at my house for this night, after the fatigue of your journey;" he then told him his custom of entertaining the first stranger he met with. The caliph found something so odd and singular in Abou Hassan's whim, that he was very desirous to know the cause; and told him that he could not better merit a civility, which he did not expect as a stranger, than by accepting the obliging offer made him: that he had only to lead the way, and he was ready to follow him.

Abou Hassan treated the caliph as his equal, conducted him home, and led him into a room very neatly furnished, where he set him on a sofa, in the most honorable place. Supper was ready, and the cloth laid.

Abou Hassan sat down opposite his guest, and he and the caliph began to eat heartily of what they liked best, without speaking or drinking, according to the custom of the country. When they had done eating, the caliph's slave brought them water to wash their hands; and in the mean time Abou Hassan's mother cleared the table, and brought up a dessert of all the various sorts of fruits then in season, — as grapes, peaches, apples, pears, and various pastes of dried almonds, etc. As soon as it grew dark, wax-candles were lighted, and Abou Hassan, after requesting his mother to take care of the caliph's slave, set down bottles and glasses.

Abou Hassan filled a glass of wine, and holding it in his hand, said to the caliph, "Now, taste this wine, sir; I will warrant you find it good." "I am well persuaded of that," replied the caliph, laughing; "you know how to choose the best." "Oh!" replied Abou Hassan, "one need only look in your face to be assured that you have seen the world, and know what good living is. If," added he in Arabic verse, "my house could think and express its joy, how happy would it be to possess you, and bowing before you, would exclaim, 'How overjoyed am I to see myself honored with the company of so accomplished and polite a personage, and for meeting with a man of your merit!'"

The caliph and Abou Hassan remained together, drinking and talking of indifferent subjects, till the night was pretty far advanced, when the caliph said, — "I beg of you to let me understand how I may serve you, and you shall see I will not be ungrateful. Speak freely and open your mind, for though I am but a merchant, it may be in my power to oblige you myself, or by some friend."

To these offers Abou Hassan replied: "I can only thank you for your obliging offers, and the honor you have done me in partaking of my frugal fare. Yet I must tell you there is one thing gives me uneasiness. The imaun of the mosque situated in the district in which I live, is the greatest of hypocrites. He and four of his friends try to lord it over me and the whole neighborhood. I should like to be caliph but for one day, in the stead of our sovereign lord and master, Haroun Al-Raschid, Commander of the Faithful. I would punish the imaun and his four friends with a hundred strokes each on the soles of their feet, to teach them not to disturb and abuse their neighbors in future."

The caliph was extremely pleased with this thought of Abou Hassan's; and while Abou Hassan was talking, he took the bottle and two glasses, and filling his own first, saying, "Here is a cup of thanks to you," and then filling the other, put into it artfully a little opiate powder which he had about him, and giving it to Abou Hassan, said, — "You have taken the pains to fill for me all night, and it is the least I can do to save you the trouble once; I beg you to take this glass; drink it off for my sake."

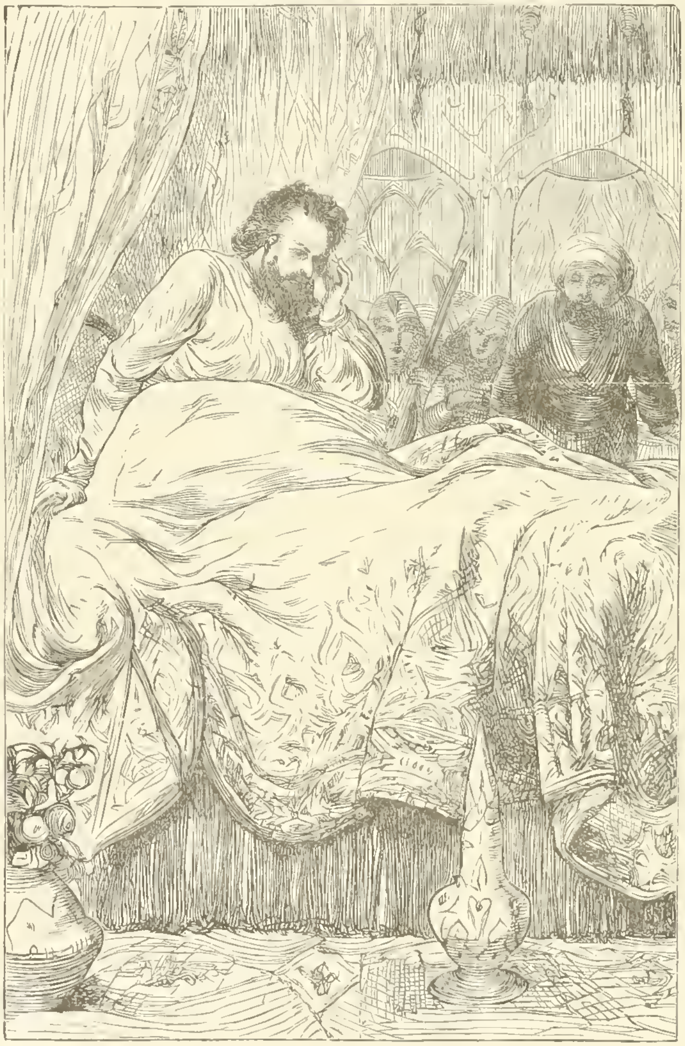
Abou Hassan took the glass, and to show his guest with how much pleasure he received the honor, drank it off at once. Scarcely had he set the glass upon the table, when the powder began to operate, and he fell into a sound sleep. The caliph commanded the slave who waited for him to take Abou Hassan and carry him directly to the palace, and to undress him and put him into his own state bed. This was immediately performed.

The caliph next sent for the grand vizier. "Giafar," said he, "I have sent for you to instruct you, and to prevent your being surprised to-morrow when you come to audience, at seeing this man seated on my throne in the royal robes; accost him with the same reverence and respect as you pay to myself; observe and punctually execute whatever he bids you do, the same as if I commanded you. He will exercise great liberality, and commission you with the distribution of it. Do all he commands, even if his liberality should extend so far as to empty all the coffers in my treasury; and remember to acquaint all my emirs, and officers within the palace, to pay him the same honor at audience as to myself, and to carry on the matter so well that he may not perceive the least thing that may interrupt the diversion which I design myself. Above all, fail not to awaken me before Abou Hassan, because I wish to be present when he awakes."

The vizier failed not to do as the caliph had commanded, and as soon as the caliph had dressed, he went into the room where Abou Hassan lay, and placed himself in a little raised closet, from whence he could see all that passed. All the officers and ladies who were to attend Abou Hassan's levee went in at the same time, and took their posts according to their rank, ready to acquit themselves of their respective duties, as if the caliph himself had been going to rise.

As it was just daybreak, and time to prepare for the morning prayer before sunrise, the officer who stood nearest to the head of the bed put a sponge steeped in vinegar to Abou Hassan's nose, who immediately awoke. When Abou Hassan opened his eyes, he saw by the dawning light a large room, magnificently furnished, with a finely painted ceiling, adorned with vases of gold and silver, and the floor covered with a rich silk tapestry, and many slaves richly clothed, all standing with great modesty and respect. After casting his eyes on the covering of the bed, he perceived it was cloth of gold richly embossed with pearl and diamonds; and near the bed lay, on a cushion, a habit of tissue embroidered with jewels, with a caliph's turban.

At the sight of this splendor, Abou Hassan was in the most inexpressible amazement. He looked upon all he saw as a dream; yet a dream he wished it not to be. "So," said he to himself, "I am caliph! But," added he, recollecting himself, "it is only a dream, the effect of the wish I entertained my guest with last night;" and then he turned himself about and shut his eyes to sleep. At the same time the vizier said, with a prostration to the ground,—"Commander of the Faithful, it is time for your majesty to rise to prayers; the morning begins to advance."



These words very much surprised Abou Hassan. He clapped his hands before his eyes, and lowering his head, said to himself: "What means all this? Where am I? and to whom does this palace belong? What can these viziers, emirs, officers, and musicians mean? How is it possible for me to distinguish whether I am in my right senses or in a dream?"

When he took his hands from his eyes, opened them, and lifted up his head, the sun shone full in at the chamber window; and at that instant Mesrour, the chief of the officers, came in, prostrated himself before Abou Hassan, and said: "Commander of the Faithful, your majesty will excuse me for representing to you, that you used not to rise so late, and that the time of prayer is over. It is time to ascend your throne and hold a council as usual; all the great officers of state wait your presence in the council-hall."

At this discourse, Abou Hassan was persuaded that he was neither asleep nor in a dream; but at the same time was not less embarrassed and confused under his uncertainty what steps to take; at last, looking earnestly at Mesrour, he said to him in a serious tone,—"Whom is it you speak to, and call the Commander of the Faithful? I do not know you, and you must mistake me for somebody else."

"My imperial lord and master," said he, "is not your majesty the Commander of the Faithful, Monarch of the world from east to west, and Vicar on earth to the Prophet sent of God? Mesrour your poor slave has not forgotten you, after so many years that he has had the honor and happiness to serve and pay his respects to your majesty."

Abou Hassan burst out a-laughing at these words, and fell backwards upon the bolster, which pleased the caliph so much that he would have laughed as loud himself, if he had not been afraid of putting a stop too soon to the pleasant scene he had promised himself.

Abou Hassan, when he had tired himself with laughing, sat up again, and suddenly calling the officer that stood nearest to him, — "Come hither," said he, holding out his hand; "bite the end of my finger, that I may feel whether I am asleep or awake."

The slave, who knew the caliph saw all that passed, and being anxious to please him, went with a grave countenance, and putting his finger between his teeth, bit it so hard that he put him to great pain. Snatching his hand quickly back again, he said, "I find I am awake; I feel, and hear, and see, and thus know that I am not asleep. But by what miracle am I become caliph in a night's time!"

Abou Hassan now beginning to rise, the chief of the officers offered him his hand, and helped him to get out of bed. No sooner were his feet set on the floor, than the chamber rang with the repeated salutations of those present, who cried out all together, "Commander of the Faithful, God give your majesty a good day." "O Heaven!" cried Abou Hassan, "what a strange thing this is! Last night I was Abou Hassan, and this morning I am the Commander of the true Believers! I cannot comprehend this sudden and surprising change." Presently some of the officers began to dress him; and when they had done, led him through all the attendants, who were ranged on both sides, quite to the council-chamber door, which was opened by one of the officers. Mesrour walked before him to the foot of the throne, where he stopped, and putting one hand under one arm, while another officer who followed did the same by the other, they helped him to ascend the throne. Abou Hassan sat down amidst the acclamations of the officers, who wished him all happiness and prosperity, and turning to the right and left, he saw the royal guards ranged in order.

The caliph in the mean time came out of the closet, and went into another, which looked into the hall, from whence he could see and hear all that passed in council, where his grand vizier presided in his place. What pleased him highly was to see Abou Hassan fill his throne with almost as much gravity as himself.

As soon as Abou Hassan had seated himself, the grand vizier prostrated himself at the foot of the throne, and rising, said: "Commander of the Faithful, God shower down blessings on your majesty in this life, receive you into His paradise in the other world, and confound your enemies."

Abou Hassan, after all that had happened that morning, at these words of the grand vizier, never doubted but that he was caliph, as he wished to be; and without examining any farther, how or by what adventure, or sudden change of fortune, he had become so, immediately began to exercise his power, and looking very gravely at the vizier, asked him what he had to say. "Commander of the Faithful," replied the grand vizier, "the emirs, viziers, and other officers of your council wait without till your majesty gives them leave to pay their accustomed respects." Abou Hassan ordered the door to be opened, on which the viziers, emirs, and principal officers of the court, all dressed magnificently in their habits of ceremony, went in their order to the foot of the throne, paid their respects to Abou Hassan; and bowing their heads down to the carpet, saluted him with the title of Commander of the Faithful, according to the instructions of the grand vizier, and afterwards took their seats.

When this ceremony was over, there was a profound silence. The grand vizier standing before the throne, began to make his report of affairs. The caliph could not but admire how Abou Hassan acquitted himself in his exalted station, without the least hesitation and embarrassment, and decided well in all matters, as his own good sense suggested. But before the grand vizier had finished his report, Abou Hassan perceived the cadi, whom he knew by sight, sitting in his place: "Stop," said he to the grand vizier, interrupting him; "I have an order of consequence to give to the cadi." The cadi perceiving that Abou Hassan looked at him, and hearing his name mentioned, arose from his seat, and went gravely to the foot of the throne, where he prostrated himself with his face to the ground. "Go immediately," said Abou Hassan, "to such a quarter, where you will find a mosque; seize the imaun and four old men, his friends, and give each of them a hundred bastinadoes. After that, mount them all five, clothed in rags, on camels, with their faces to the tails, and lead them through the whole city, with a crier before them, who shall proclaim with a loud voice, — 'This is the punishment of all those who interfere in other people's affairs.' Make them also leave that quarter, and never set foot on it more. And while your lieutenant is conducting them through the town, return and give me an account of the execution of my orders." The judge of the police laid his hand upon his head, to show his obedience, and prostrating himself a second time, retired to execute the mandate.

Abou Hassan then, addressing himself to the grand vizier, said: "Go to the high treasurer for a purse of a thousand pieces of gold, and carry it to the mother of one Abou Hassan; she lives in the same quarter to which I sent the judge of the police. Go, and return immediately."

The grand vizier, after laying his hand upon his head, and prostrating himself before the throne, went to the high treasurer, who gave him the money, which he ordered a slave to take, and to follow him to Abou Hassan's mother, to whom he gave it, saying only, "The caliph makes you this present." She received it with the greatest surprise imaginable.

During the grand vizier's absence, the judge of the police made the usual report of his office, which lasted till the vizier returned. As soon as he came into the council-chamber, and had assured Abou Hassan that he had executed his orders, he made a sign to the viziers, the emirs, and other officers, that the council was over, and that they might all retire; which they did, by making the same prostration at the foot of the throne as when they entered.

Abou Hassan descended from the caliph's throne, and was conducted with much ceremony into a magnificent hall. In this hall was a table covered with massy gold plates and dishes, which scented the apartment with the spices and amber wherewith the meat was seasoned; and seven young and most beautiful ladies, dressed in the richest habits, stood round his table, each with a fan in her hand, to fan Abou Hassan when at dinner.

If ever mortal was charmed, Abou Hassan was when he entered this stately hall. At every step he took he could not help stopping to contemplate at leisure all the wonders that regaled his eyes, and turned first to one side and then to the other; which gave the caliph, who viewed him with attention, very great pleasure. At last he sat down at the table, and presently all the ladies began to fan the new caliph. He looked first at one, then at another, and admired the grace with which they acquitted themselves. He told them with a smile that he believed one of them was enough to give him all the air he wanted, and would have six of the ladies sit at table with him, three on his right hand and three on his left.

The six ladies obeyed; and Abou Hassan, taking notice that out of respect they did not eat, helped them himself, and invited them to eat in the most pressing and obliging terms. Afterwards he asked their names, which they told him were Alabaster Neck, Coral Lips, Moon Face, Sunshine, Eye's Delight, Heart's Delight, and she who fanned him was Sugar Cane. The many soft things he said upon their names showed him to be a man of sprightly wit, and it is not to be conceived how much it increased the esteem which the caliph (who saw everything) had already conceived for him.

When the ladies observed that Abou Hassan had done eating, one of them said to the slaves who waited, "The Commander of the Faithful will go into the hall where the dessert is laid; bring some water;" upon which they all rose from the table, and taking from the slaves, one a gold basin, another a ewer of the same metal, and a third a towel, knelt before Abou Hassan, and presented them to him to wash his hands. As soon as he had done, he got up and went, preceded by the chief officer, who never left him, into another hall, as large as the former, adorned with paintings by the best artists, and furnished with gold and silver vessels, carpets, and other rich furniture. There the sultan's musicians began a serenade as soon as Abou Hassan appeared. In this hall there were seven large lustres, a table in the middle covered with dried sweetmeats, the choicest and most exquisite fruits of the season, raised in pyramids, in seven gold basins; and seven other beautiful ladies standing round it, each with a fan in her hand.

These new objects raised still greater admiration in Abou Hassan, who, after he had made a full stop, and given the most sensible marks of surprise and astonishment, went directly to the table, where, sitting down, he gazed a considerable time at the seven ladies, with an embarrassment that plainly showed he knew not to which to give the preference. At last he ordered them all to lay aside their fans, and sit down, and eat with him, telling them that it was not so hot but he could spare them that trouble.

When the ladies were all placed about him, the first thing he did was to ask their names, which were different from the other seven, and expressed some perfection of mind or body which distinguished them from one another; upon which he took an opportunity, when he presented them with fruit, etc., to say something gallant. By these sallies Abou Hassan more and more amused the caliph, who was delighted with his words and actions, and pleased to think he had found in him a man who diverted him so agreeably.

By this time, the day beginning to close, Abou Hassan was conducted into a fourth hall, much more superb and magnificently furnished, and lighted with wax in seven gold lustres, which gave a splendid light. Abou Hassan found there what he had not observed in any of the other halls, a beaufet, set out with seven large silver flagons, full of the choicest wines, and by them seven crystal glasses of the finest workmanship.

Hitherto, in the first three halls, Abou Hassan had drunk nothing but water, according to the custom observed at Bagdad, from the highest to the lowest, at the caliph's court, never to drink wine till the evening.

As soon as Abou Hassan entered the fourth hall, he went to the table, sat down, and was a long time in a kind of ecstasy at the sight which surrounded him, and which was much more beautiful than anything he had beheld in the other halls. He was desirous to continue his conversation with the ladies, his fair attendants, and he clapped his hands for the musicians to cease. A profound silence ensued. Taking by the hand the lady who stood on the right next to him, he made her sit down by him, and presenting her with a cake, asked her name. "Commander of the Faithful," said the lady, "I am called Cluster of Pearls." "No name," replied Abou Hassan, "could have more properly expressed your worth; and indeed your teeth exceed the finest pearls. Cluster of Pearls," added he, "since that is your name, oblige me with a glass of wine from your fair hand." The lady went to the beaufet, and brought him a glass of wine, which she presented to him with a pleasant air. Abou Hassan took the glass with a smile, and said, "Cluster of Pearls, I drink your health."

After Abou Hassan had drunk, he made another lady sit down by him, and presenting her with what she chose in the basins, asked her name, which she told him was Morning Star. "Your bright eyes," said he, "shine with greater lustre than that star whose name you bear. Do me the pleasure to bring me some wine." Which she did with the best grace in the world. Then turning to the third lady, whose name was Daylight, he ordered her to do the same, and so on to the seventh, to the extreme satisfaction of the caliph.

When they had all filled him a glass round, Cluster of Pearls, whom he had first addressed, went to the beaufet, poured out a glass of wine, and putting in a pinch of the same powder the caliph had used the night before, presented it to Abou Hassan. "Commander of the Faithful," said she, "I beg of your majesty to take this glass of wine, and before you drink it, do me the favor to hear a song I have composed to-day, and which, I flatter myself, will not displease you."

When the lady had concluded, Abou Hassan drank off his glass, and turned his head towards her, to give her those praises which he thought she merited, but was prevented by the opiate: for, in a moment, dropping his head on the cushions, he slept as profoundly as the day before, when the caliph had given him the powder. One of the ladies stood ready to catch the glass, which fell out of his hand; and then the caliph, who enjoyed greater satisfaction in this scene than he had promised himself, and was all along a spectator of what had passed, came into the hall to them, overjoyed at the success of his plan. He ordered Abou Hassan to be dressed in his own clothes, and carried back to his house, and to be replaced in his usual bed.

Abou Hassan slept till very late the next morning. When the powder was worked off, he awoke, opened his eyes, and finding himself at home, was in the utmost surprise. "Cluster of Pearls, Morning Star, Coral Lips, Moon Face," cried he, calling the ladies of the palace by their names, as he remembered them, "where are you? Come hither."

Abou Hassan called so loud that his mother, who was in her own apartment, heard him, and running to him upon the noise he made, said, "What ails you, son? what has happened to you?" At these words Abou Hassan lifted up his head, and looking haughtily at his mother, said, "Good woman, who is it you call son?" "Why, you," answered his mother, very mildly; "are not you Abou Hassan, my son? It is strange that you have forgotten yourself so soon." "I your son!" replied Abou Hassan. "You know not what you say. I am not Abou Hassan, I tell you, but the Commander of the Faithful; and you shall never persuade me to the contrary!" "Pray, son," said the mother, "let us leave off this discourse. Let us talk of something else. I will tell you what happened yesterday in our quarter to the imaun of the mosque, and the four sheiks, our neighbors. The cadi came and seized them, and gave each of them I know not how many strokes with a bastinado, while a crier proclaimed that such was the punishment of all those who troubled themselves about other people's business. He afterwards led them through all the streets, and ordered them never to come into our quarter again."

Abou Hassan no sooner heard this relation, but he cried out, "Know then that it was by my order the imaun and the four sheiks were punished; and I tell you I am the Commander of the Faithful, and all thy arguments shall not convince me of the contrary."

The mother, who could not imagine why her son so positively maintained himself to be caliph, no longer doubted but that he had lost his senses, and in this thought said: "I pray God, son, to have mercy upon you, and to give you grace to talk more reasonably. What would the world say to hear you rave in this manner?"

These remonstrances only enraged Abou Hassan the more and he was so provoked that he lost all the respect due from a son to his mother. Getting up hastily, and laying hold of a cane, he ran to his mother in great fury, and said, "Tell me directly who I am." "I do not believe, son," replied she, looking at him tenderly and without fear, "that you are so abandoned by God as not to know your mother, who brought you into the world, and to mistake yourself. You are indeed my son Abou Hassan, and are much in the wrong to arrogate to yourself the title which belongs only to our sovereign lord the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid, especially after the noble and generous present of a thousand pieces of gold that he sent us yesterday!"

At these words Abou Hassan grew quite mad. "Well," cried he, "will you be convinced when I tell you that I sent you those thousand pieces of gold, as I was Commander of the Faithful? Why then do you maintain with such obstinacy that I am your son? But you shall not go unpunished." After these words, in the height of his frenzy he beat her with his cane.

The poor mother, who could not understand her son, called out for help so loud that the neighbors ran in to her assistance. Abou Hassan continued to beat her, at every stroke asking her if he was the Commander of the Faithful; to which she always answered tenderly that he was her son.

On hearing her cries for help, the neighbors came in and remonstrated with Abou Hassan on his conduct, and claimed acquaintance with him. He said to them: "Begone! I neither know her nor you. I am not Abou Hassan; I am the Commander of the Faithful, and will make you feel it to your cost."

At this speech, the neighbors, no longer doubting that he was mad, seized him, bound him hand and foot, and conducted him to the hospital for mad people, where he was lodged in a grated cell and beaten with fifty strokes of the bastinado on his shoulders. This punishment was repeated every day, and each time the executioner bade him remember that he was not the Commander of the Faithful.

Abou Hassan's mother went every day to visit her son, and could not forbear weeping at the hardships he endured. These practical proofs that he was not the caliph began to have their effect on Abou Hassan. Sometimes he would say to himself, "If I was caliph and Commander of the Faithful, why should the grand vizier, and all those emirs and governors of provinces, who prostrated themselves at my feet, forsake me? How came I at home dressed in my own robes? Certainly I ought to look upon all as a dream. But yet there are so many things about it that I cannot comprehend, that I will put my trust in God, who knows all things."

Abou Hassan was taken up with these thoughts and reflections when his mother came to see him. "Well, my son," said she, wiping her tears, "how do you do, and how do you find yourself?" "Indeed, mother," replied Abou Hassan, very rationally and calmly, "I acknowledge my error. I have been deceived by a dream; but by so extraordinary a one, and so like to truth, that while I am speaking I can hardly persuade myself but that what befell me was matter of fact. But whatever it was, I am convinced that I am not the caliph and Commander of the Faithful, but Abou Hassan your son." "My son!" cried she, transported with pleasure, "to hear you talk so reasonably gives me as much joy as if I had brought you into the world a second time; but I must tell you my opinion of that adventure. I fear the stranger whom you brought home the evening before your illness to sup with you threw you into the horrible illusion you have been in; therefore, my son, you ought to return God thanks for your deliverance, and beseech Him to keep you from falling again under the enchantments of magic." Upon this his mother went immediately to the keeper, who came, examined, and released him in her presence.

When Abou Hassan came home, he recovered his strength, and within a few days resumed the same plan he had before pursued, of regaling a stranger at night. On the first day on which Abou Hassan renewed his former custom, he had not been long arrived at the bridge, when he perceived the Mussulman merchant, followed by the same slave. Persuaded that all his misfortunes were owing to the merchant, he shuddered at the sight of him. "God preserve me!" said he to himself; "if I am not deceived there is again the magician who enchanted me!" He trembled with agitation, and resolved not to see him till he was past.

The caliph had taken care to inform himself of all that had happened to Abou Hassan, and was glad to learn that he had returned to his usual manner of living. He perceived Abou Hassan at the same time that he saw him, and when he came nigh him, he looked him in the face. "Ho, brother Abou Hassan," said he, "is it you? — I greet you! Give me leave to embrace you?" "Not I," replied Abou Hassan, "I do not greet you; I will have neither your greeting nor your embraces. Go, I say, about your business."

The caliph was not to be diverted from his purpose by this rude behavior. He knew well the law Abou Hassan had imposed on himself, never to have commerce again with a stranger he had once entertained, but pretended to be ignorant of it.

"Ah! brother Abou Hassan," replied the caliph, embracing him, "I do not intend to part with you thus, since I have had the good fortune to meet with you a second time; you must exercise the same hospitality towards me again that you showed me a month ago, when I had the honor to drink with you."

Abou Hassan, notwithstanding his resolution never to admit the same stranger a second time, could not resist the caresses of the caliph, whom he still took for a merchant of Moussul. "I will consent," said he, "on one condition, that you dispense with your good wishes, and that you promise to form none for me. All the mischief that has hitherto befallen me arose from those you expressed for me." "Well," replied the caliph, "since you will have it so, I promise you I will form none." "You give me pleasure by speaking so," said Abou Hassan; "I desire no more; I shall be more than satisfied provided you keep your word, and I shall forgive you all the rest."

As soon as Abou Hassan entered his house, he called for his mother and for candles, desired his guest to sit down upon a sofa, and then placed himself by him. A little time after, supper was brought up, and they both began to eat without ceremony. When they had done, Abou Hassan's mother cleared the table, set on a small dessert of fruit, wine, and glasses by her son, then withdrew, and appeared no more. Abou Hassan first filled out his own glass and then the caliph's; and after they had drunk some time, and talked of indifferent matters, "It is a great pity," said the caliph, "that so gallant a man as you, who owns himself not insensible of love, should lead so solitary a life." "I prefer the easy quiet life I live," replied Abou Hassan, "before the company of a wife, who might not please me. I should require beauty, accomplishments, the art of pleasing, and wit in conversation; but where is such a woman to be found except in the caliph's palace?" "Let me alone," said the disguised merchant in reply; "since you have the same good taste as every other honest man, I warrant you I will find you a wife that shall please you." Then taking Abou Hassan's glass, and putting a pinch of the same powder into it, he filled him up a bumper, and presenting it to him, said, "Come, let us drink beforehand the fair lady's health, who is to make you happy. I am sure you will like her."

Abou Hassan took the glass laughing, and shaking his head, said, "Be it so, since you desire it; I cannot be guilty of so great a piece of incivility, nor disoblige a guest of so much merit in such a trifling matter. I will drink the health of the lady you promise me, though I am very well contented as I am, and do not rely on your keeping your word." No sooner had Abou Hassan drank off his bumper than he fell into as deep a sleep as before; and the caliph ordered the same slave to take him and carry him to the palace.

When they arrived at the palace, the caliph ordered Abou Hassan to be dressed in the same robes in which he had acted as caliph, and to be laid on a sofa in the fourth hall, from whence he had been carried home fast asleep a month before. He then charged all the viziers, officers, ladies, and musicians who were in the hall when he drank the last glass of wine which had put him to sleep, to be there by daybreak, and to take care to act their parts well when he should awake. He then retired to rest, charging Mesrour to awake him first, that he might conceal himself in the closet as before.

Things being thus disposed, and the caliph's powder having had its effect, Abou Hassan began to awake. At that instant the hautboys, fifes, flutes, and other instruments commenced a very agreeable concert. Abou Hassan was in great surprise to hear the delightful harmony; but when he opened his eyes, and saw the ladies and officers about him, and the gorgeous chamber which he had visited in his first dream, his amazement increased.

When the concert ceased, and all the officers of the chamber waited, in profound and respectful silence, Abou Hassan bit his finger, and cried loud enough for the caliph to hear him: "Alas! I am fallen again into the same dream that happened to me a month ago, and must expect again the bastinado and grated cell at the mad-house. He was a wicked man that I entertained at my house last night, who has been the cause of this illusion, and the hardships I must again undergo. Great God! I commit myself into thy hands; preserve me from the temptation of Satan." On saying this he resolved to go to sleep again, and to regard all he saw as a dream. They did not give him time to do this, for one of the officers taking him by one arm, and a second by the other, they lifted him up, and carried him into the middle of the hall, where they seated him, and all taking hands, danced and skipped round him while the music played, and sounded loudly in his ears.

Abou Hassan, having commanded silence, fell into a great perplexity, and inquired whether he were indeed the caliph. On being informed that he had never been out of that hall since the time he fell asleep in it, he then uncovered his shoulders, and showed the ladies the livid weals of the blows he had received. "Look," said he, "and judge whether these strokes could come to me in a dream or when I was asleep. For my part, I can affirm that they were real blows; I feel the smart of them yet, and that is a sure testimony. Now, if I received these strokes in my sleep, in this hall, it is the most extraordinary thing in the world, and surpasses my comprehension."

In this uncertainty, Abou Hassan called to one of the officers that stood near him. "Come hither," said he, "and bite the tip of my ear, that I may know whether I am asleep or awake." The officer obeyed, and bit so hard that he made him cry out loudly with the pain; the music struck up at the same time, and the officers and ladies all began to sing, dance, and skip about Abou Hassan, and made such a noise that he was the more convinced that he was the subject of a pleasantry; and joining in the joke, he threw off his caliph's habit and his turban, jumped up in his shirt and drawers, danced with the rest, jumping and cutting capers, so that the caliph could not contain himself, but burst into violent laughter; and putting his head into the room, cried, "Abou Hassan, Abou Hassan, have you a mind to kill me with laughing?"

As soon as the caliph's voice was heard everybody was silent, and Abou Hassan, turning his head to see from whence the voice came, recognized the Moussul merchant, and knew him to be the caliph. He was not in the least daunted. On the contrary, he saw at once all that had happened to him, and entered into the caliph's humor. "Ha! ha!" said he, looking at him with good assurance, "you pretend to be a merchant of Moussul, and complain that I would kill you. You have made me beat my mother, and to lose my senses, and have been the occasion of all my misfortunes. I beg of you to tell me what you did to disturb my brain in this manner: I would know, that I may perfectly recover my senses."

"You will remember," said the caliph, "the evening that you invited me to supper, in our conversation you told me that the only thing you wished for was to be caliph for four-and-twenty hours. I saw in this desire of yours a fruitful source of diversion to me and to my court, and I determined to procure for you the fulfillment of your wish. By means of a strong opiate which I put, without your knowledge, in the last glass I presented to you, I had you conveyed to my palace. You know the rest. I am sorry that my pastime should have caused you so much suffering, but I will do all I can to make you amends. Thou art my brother; ask what thou wilt and thou shalt have it."

"Commander of the Faithful," replied Abou Hassan, "how great soever my tortures may have been, they are all blotted out of my remembrance, since my sovereign lord and master had a share in them. The only boon I would beg is that I may have access to your person, to enjoy the happiness of admiring, all my lifetime, your virtues."

Upon leaving, the caliph ordered a rich robe to be brought, and assigned him an office in the palace, and directed the treasurer to give him a purse of a thousand gold pieces, and to allow him at all times access to his person.

Abou Hassan made a low prostration, and the caliph left him to go to his divan.

Abou Hassan returned home, and informed his mother of his good fortune, and that his story was not all a dream; for that he had actually been caliph, had acted as such, and received all the honors; and that this had been confirmed by the caliph himself.

Abou Hassan was, as we have seen, a man of a pleasant temper and ready wit, and the caliph often had him at court, and took him to visit his Queen Zobeide, to whom he had related his story. Now Zobeide soon observed that every time he came with the caliph, he had his eyes always fixed upon one of her attendants, called Nouzhatoul-aouadat. "Commander of the Faithful," said she one day, "you do not observe that every time Abou Hassan attends you in your visits to me, he never keeps his eyes off Nouzhatoul-aouadat, and pays her great attention. If you approve of it, we will make a match between them."

"Madam," replied the caliph, "I have already promised Abou Hassan a wife; but it is better that he should choose for himself."

Abou Hassan threw himself at the caliph's and Zobeide's feet, and rising up, said: "I cannot receive a wife from better hands; but dare not hope that Nouzhatoul-aouadat will give her consent." At these words he looked at the princess's slave, who showed by her respectful silence, and the sudden blush that arose in her cheeks, that she was disposed to obey the caliph and her mistress.

The nuptials were celebrated in the palace, with great rejoicings, which lasted several days. Zobeide made her slave considerable presents, and the caliph did the same to Abou Hassan. The bride was conducted to the apartment the caliph had assigned Abou Hassan, who received her with the sound of all sorts of instruments, and musicians of both sexes, who made the air echo with their concert.

Abou Hassan and his spouse were charmed with each other. Indeed, Nouzhatoul-aouadat was just such a wife as he had described to the caliph. After their marriage, they gave costly entertainments, and each vied with the other in sparing no expense for the amusement of their friends, until, at the end of the first year of their marriage, they had expended all the presents given by the sultan and Zobeide, as well as the patrimony inherited by Abou Hassan.

Being in great straits, and willing neither to forego their manner of life nor to ask the sultan or Zobeide for further presents, they took secret counsel together, when Abou Hassan resolved both to put a pleasant trick on the caliph and on Zobeide, and to obtain from them the means of carrying on his usual mode of living. "I will tell you what I propose," said he to Nouzhatoul-aouadat. "I will feign myself to be dead, and you shall place me in the middle of my chamber, with my turban upon my face, my feet towards Mecca, as if ready to be carried out to burial. When you have done this, you must weep, tear your clothes and hair, and go all in tears, with your locks dishevelled. to Zobeide. The princess will of course inquire the cause of your grief; and when you have told her, she will pity you, give you money to defray the expense of my funeral, and a piece of good brocade, in the room of that you will have torn. As soon as you return with the money and the brocade, I will rise, lay you in my place, and go and act the same part with the caliph, who, I dare say, will be as generous to me as Zobeide will have been to you."

Nouzhatoul-aouadat highly approved the project, and having acted upon her husband's suggestion and placed him as he desired, she pulled off her head-dress, and with a dismal cry and lamentation, beating her face and breast with all the marks of the most lively grief, ran across the court to Zobeide's apartments.

The princess, amazed to see her slave in such extraordinary affliction, asked what had happened; but, instead of answering, she continued her sobs; and at last feigning to strive to check them, said, with words interrupted with sighs: "Alas! my most honored mistress, what greater misfortune could have befallen me. Abou Hassan! poor Abou Hassan! whom you honored with your esteem, and gave me for a husband. is no more!"

Zobeide was extremely concerned at this news, and after having expressed her sorrow, commanded her women to fetch a hundred pieces of gold and a rich cloth of gold, and to give them to Nouzhatoul-aouadat, who threw herself again at the princess's feet, and thanked her with great self-satisfaction at finding she had succeeded so well.

As soon as Nouzhatoul-aouadat got out of the princess's presence, she dried up her tears, and returned with joy to Abou Hassan. Unable to contain herself at the success of her artifice, "Come, husband," said she, laughing, "now do you hasten and see if you can manage the caliph as well as I have done Zobeide."

"That is the temper of all women," replied Abou Hassan, "who, we may well say, have always the vanity to believe they can do things better than men, though at the same time what good they do is by their advice. It would be odd indeed, if I, who laid this plot myself, could not carry it on as well as you. But let us lose no time in idle discourse; lie down in my place, and witness if I do not come off with as much applause."

Abou Hassan wrapped up his wife as she had done him, and with his turban unrolled, like a man in the greatest affliction, ran to the caliph. He presented himself at the door, and the officer, knowing he had free access, opened it. He entered holding with one hand his handkerchief before his eyes, to hide the feigned tears, and struck his breast with the other, and uttered exclamations expressing extraordinary grief.

The caliph, always used to see Abou Hassan with a merry countenance, inquired with much concern the cause of his grief. "Commander of the Faithful," answered Abou Hassan, with repeated sighs and sobs, "may you long reign! A greater calamity could not have befallen me than what I now lament. Alas! Nouzhatoul-aouadat! my wife, alas! alas!"

The caliph, who now understood that Abou Hassan came to tell him of the death of his wife, seemed much concerned, and said to him with an air which showed how much he regretted her loss, "God be merciful to her! She was a good slave, and we gave her to you with an intention to make you happy; she deserved a longer life." And having said this, he ordered his treasurer, who was present, to give Abou Hassan a purse of a hundred pieces of gold and a piece of brocade. Abou Hassan immediately cast himself at the caliph's feet, and thanked him for his present. As soon as he had got the purse and piece of brocade, he went home, well pleased with having found out so quick and easy a way of supplying the necessity which had given him so much uneasiness.

Nouzhatoul-aouadat, as soon as she heard the door open, sprang up, ran to her husband, and asked him if he had imposed on the caliph as cleverly as she had done on Zobeide. "You see!" said he, showing her the stuff, and shaking the purse.

The caliph was so impatient to condole with the princess on the death of her slave, that he rose up as soon as Abou Hassan was gone. "Follow me," said he to the vizier, "let us go and share with the princess the grief which the death of her slave Nouzhatoul-aouadat must have occasioned."

Accordingly they went to Zobeide's apartment, whom the caliph found sitting on a sofa, much afflicted, and still in tears. "Madam," said the caliph, "I wish to tell you how much I partake with you in your affliction in your loss of Nouzhatoul-aouadat, your faithful slave." "Commander of the Faithful," replied Zobeide, "I do not lament my slave's death, but that of Abou Hassan, her husband." "Madam," said the caliph, "I tell you that you are deceived; Nouzhatoul-aouadat is dead, and Abou Hassan is alive, and in perfect health."

Zobeide, much piqued at this answer of the caliph, replied, "Permit me to repeat, once more, that it is Abou Hassan who is dead, and that my slave Nouzhatoul-aouadat, his widow, is living. It is not an hour since she went from hence, having told me her affliction. All my women, who wept with me, can bear me witness that I made her a present of a hundred pieces of gold and a piece of brocade; the grief which you found me in was on account of the death of her husband; and just at the instant you entered, I was going to send you a compliment of condolence."

At these words of Zobeide, the caliph cried out in a fit of laughter, "This, madam, is a strange piece of obstinacy; but," continued he, seriously "you may depend upon Nouzhatoul-aouadat's being dead." "I tell you no, sir," replied Zobeide; "it is Abou Hassan that is dead, and you shall never make me believe otherwise."

Upon this the caliph's anger rose in his countenance, and he ordered the vizier to go at once and ascertain the truth and bring him word. No sooner was the vizier gone, than the caliph addressing himself to Zobeide, said, "You will see in a moment which of us is right." "For my part," replied Zobeide, "I know very well that I am in the right, and you will find it to be Abou Hassan." "And for myself," returned the caliph, "I am so sure that it is Nouzhatoul-aouadat, that I will stake my garden of pleasures against your palace of paintings, though the one is worth much more than the other." "I accept the wager," said Zobeide, "and will abide by it." The caliph declared the same intention; and both awaited the vizier's return.

While the caliph and Zobeide were disputing so earnestly, and with so much warmth, Abou Hassan, who foresaw their difference, was very attentive to whatever might happen. As soon as he perceived the vizier through a window, at which he sat talking with his wife, and observed that he was coming directly to their apartment, he guessed his commission, and bade his wife make haste to act the part they had agreed on, without loss of time. They were so pressed that Abou Hassan had much ado to wrap up his wife, and lay the piece of brocade which the caliph had given him upon her, before the vizier reached the the house.

Having ascertained the truth, the vizier hastened back to the caliph and Zobeide.

"Commander of the Faithful," said the vizier, having entered the apartment and made his salutation, "it is Nouzhatoul-aouadat who is dead, for the loss of whom Abou Hassan is as much afflicted as when he appeared before your majesty." The caliph, not giving him time to pursue his story, interrupted him, and addressing himself to Zobeide, "Well, madam," said he, "have you yet anything to say against so certain a truth? Will you still believe that Nouzhatoul-aouadat is alive, and that Abou Hassan is dead? And will you not own that you have lost your wager?"

"How, sir?" replied Zobeide; "I am not blind or mad! With these eyes I saw Nouzhatoul-aouadat in the greatest affliction. I spoke to her myself, and she told me that her husband was dead. My women also heard her cries and saw her affliction. Let me, I pray you, send my nurse, in whom I can place confidence, to Abou Hassan's, to know whether or not I am in error." The caliph consented, and the nurse set out on her inquiry.

In the mean time Abou Hassan, who watched at the window, perceived the nurse at a distance, and guessing that she was sent by Zobeide, called his wife, and told her that the princess's nurse was coming to know the truth. "Therefore," said he, "make haste, and do to me as we have agreed on." Accordingly, Nouzhatoul-aouadat covered him with the brocade Zobeide had given her, and put his turban upon his face. The nurse, eager to acquit herself of her commission, hobbled as fast as age would allow her, and entering the room, perceived Nouzhatoul-aouadat in tears, her hair disheveled, and seated at the head of her husband, beating her breast with all the expressions of violent grief.

As soon as the nurse was gone, Nouzhatoul-aouadat wiped her eyes, and released Abou Hassan. They both went and sat down on a sofa against the window, expecting what would be the end of this stratagem, and to be ready to act according as circumstances might require.

The nurse, in the mean time, made all the haste she could to Zobeide, and gave the caliph and the princess a true account of what she saw, affirming that it was Abou Hassan who was dead. This perplexed the caliph more and more; and he said: "It seems to me a strange series of marvels, and that no one can be believed more than another. Therefore, I propose we go ourselves to examine the truth, for I see no other way to clear these doubts." So saying, the caliph arose, and the princess and her train followed.

Abou Hassan, who saw them coming, apprised his wife of it. "What shall we do?" cried she; "we are ruined." "Not at all; don't be afraid," returned Abou Hassan. "Let us do as we have agreed; and all, you shall see, will turn out well. At the rate they are coming, we shall be ready before they reach the door."

In fact, Abou Hassan and his wife covered themselves as well as they could, and having placed themselves, one beside the other, in the middle of the chamber, each under the piece of brocade, they waited quietly for the arrival of the caliph and Zobeide. On entering the chamber, followed by all their people, they were much surprise and perplexed at the dismal spectacle which presented itself to their view. Zobeide at last broke silence. "Alas!" said she to the caliph, "it is too true my dear slave is dead, as indeed it will appear, for grief at having lost her husband." "Allow rather, madam," replied the caliph, "that Nouzhatoul-aouadat died first, and that the poor Abou Hassan fell under the affliction of seeing his wife, your dear slave, die." "No," replied Zobeide, with a spirit excited by the contradiction of the caliph, "Abou Hassan died first, because my nurse saw his wife alive, and lamenting her husband's death."

At last the caliph, reflecting upon all that had passed, and vexed at not being able to come at the truth, tried to devise some expedient which should determine the wager in his own favor and against Zobeide. "I will give," cried he, "a thousand pieces to the person who shall ascertain which of the two died first."

The caliph had scarcely spoken these words, when he heard a voice, under the brocade which covered Abou Hassan, say, "Commander of the Faithful, I died first; give me the thousand pieces of gold." And at the same time he saw Abou Hassan free himself from the brocade which covered him, and throw himself at his feet. His wife uncovered herself in the same manner, and ran to throw herself at the feet of Zobeide. Zobeide set up a loud cry of fright and alarm. At last recovering herself, she was overjoyed at seeing her dear slave again, almost at the moment she felt inconsolable at having seen her dead.

"So then, Abou Hassan," said the caliph, laughing, "how came it into your head thus to surprise both Zobeide and me in a way we could not possibly be upon our guard against?"

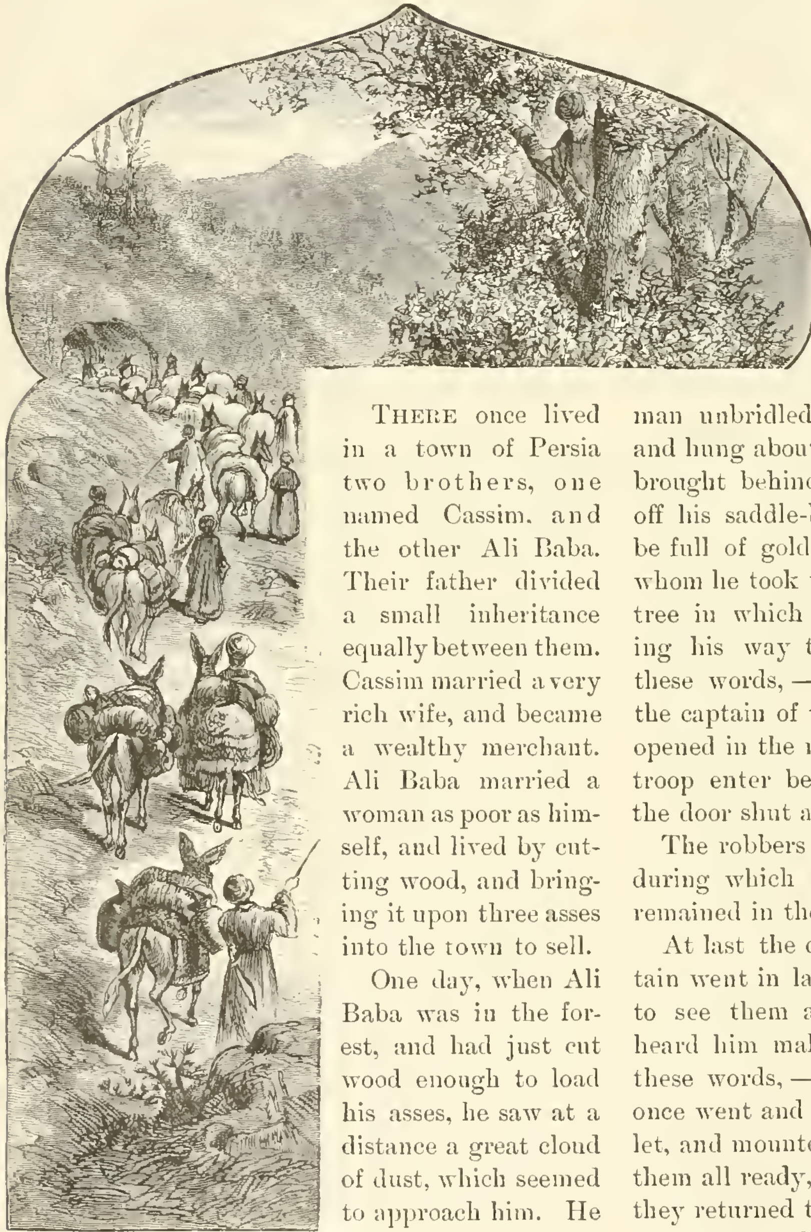
"Commander of the Faithful," replied Abou Hassan, "I will tell you the whole truth. I and the wife you gave me have been too profuse in our entertainments to our friends, and we have expended all the treasures which your royal bounty supplied us with. This morning we found our chest quite empty; and knowing your highnesses' partiality to a pleasant joke, we invented this artifice to supply our need, which we humbly entreat you will have the goodness to forgive."

The caliph and Zobeide were very well satisfied with the sincerity of Abou Hassan, and were disposed to forgive him the deception practiced on them. "Follow me, both of you," said the caliph; "I will give you the thousand pieces of gold that I promised you, for the joy I feel that you are neither of you dead."

"Commander of the Faithful," resumed Zobeide, "content yourself, I beseech you, with causing the thousand pieces of gold to be given to Abou Hassan; you owe them only to him. As to his wife, that is my business." At the same time she gave a thousand pieces of gold to Nouzhatoul-aouadat, in proof of the joy she felt that she was still alive.

Thus did Abou Hassan and Nouzhatoul-aouadat obtain the favor of the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid and of Zobeide, and gained from their bounty enough to supply all their wants.

VI. THE HISTORY OF ALI BABA, AND OF THE FORTY ROBBERS KILLED BY ONE SLAVE.



There once lived in a town of Persia two brothers, one named Cassim, and the other Ali Baba. Their father divided a small inheritance equally between them. Cassim married a very rich wife, and became a wealthy merchant. Ali Baba married a woman as poor as himself, and lived by cutting wood, and bringing it upon three asses into the town to sell.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, and had just cut wood enough to load his asses, he saw at a distance a great cloud of dust, which seemed to approach him. He observed it with attention, and distinguished soon after a body of horsemen whom he suspected might be robbers. He determined to leave his asses to save himself. He climbed up a large tree, planted on a high rock, whose branches were thick enough to conceal him, and yet enabled him to see all that passed without being discovered.

The troop, who were to the number of forty, all well mounted and armed, came to the foot of the rock on which the tree stood, and there dismounted. Every man unbridled his horse, tied him to some shrub, and hung about his neck a bag of corn which they brought behind them. Then each of them took off his saddle-bag, which seemed to Ali Baba to be full of gold and silver from its weight. One, whom he took to be their captain, came under the tree in which Ali Baba was concealed; and making his way through some shrubs, pronounced these words, — "Open, Sesame!"[1] As soon as the captain of the robbers had thus spoken, a door opened in the rock; and after he had made all his troop enter before him, he followed them, when the door shut again of itself.

The robbers stayed some time within the rock, during which Ali Baba, fearful of being caught, remained in the tree.

At last the door opened again, and as the captain went in last, so he came out first, and stood to see them all pass by him; when Ali Baba heard him make the door close by pronouncing these words, — "Shut, Sesame!" Every man at once went and bridled his horse, fastened his wallet, and mounted again. When the captain saw them all ready, he put himself at their head, and they returned the way they had come.

Ali Baba followed them with his eyes as far as he could see them; and afterwards stayed a considerable time before he descended. Remembering the words the captain of the robbers used to cause the door to open and shut, he had the curiosity to try if his pronouncing them would have the same effect. Accordingly, he went among the shrubs, and perceiving the door concealed behind them, stood before it, and said, "Open, Sesame!" The door instantly flew wide open.

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[1] "Sesame," is a small grain.

Ali Baba, who expected a dark, dismal cavern, was surprised to see a well-lighted and spacious chamber, which received the light from an opening at the top of the rock, and in which were all sorts of provisions, rich bales of silk, stuff, brocade, and valuable carpeting, piled upon one another, gold and silver ingots in great heaps, and money in bags. The sight of all these riches made him suppose that this cave must have been occupied for ages by robbers, who had succeeded one another.

Ali Baba went boldly into the cave, and collected as much of the gold coin, which was in bags, as he thought his three asses could carry. When he had loaded them with the bags, he laid wood over them in such a manner that they could not be seen. When he had passed in and out as often as he wished, he stood before the door, and pronouncing the words, "Shut, Sesame!" the door closed of itself. He then made the best of his way to town.

When Ali Baba got home, he drove his asses into a little yard, shut the gates very carefully, threw off the wood that covered the panniers, carried the bags into his house, and ranged them in order before his wife. He then emptied the bags, which raised such a great heap of gold as dazzled his wife's eyes, and then he told her the whole adventure from beginning to end, and, above all, recommended her to keep it secret.

The wife rejoiced greatly at their good fortune, and would count all the gold piece by piece. "Wife," replied Ali Baba, "you do not know what you undertake, when you pretend to count the money; you will never have done. I will dig a hole and bury it. There is no time to be lost." "You are in the right, husband," replied she; "but let us know, as nigh as possible, how much we have. I will borrow a small measure, and measure it, while you dig the hole."

Away the wife ran to her brother-in-law Cassim, who lived just by, and addressing herself to his wife, desired her to lend her a measure for a little while. Her sister-in-law asked her whether she would have a great or a small one. The other asked for a small one. She bade her stay a little, and she would readily fetch one.

The sister-in-law did so, but as she knew Ali Baba's poverty, she was curious to know what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure, and artfully putting some suet at the bottom of the measure, brought it to her, with an excuse that she was sorry that she had made her stay so long, but that she could not find it sooner.

Ali Baba's wife went home, set the measure upon the heap of gold, filled it, and emptied it often upon the sofa, till she had done, when she was very well satisfied to find the number of measures amounted to so many as they did, and went to tell her husband, who had almost finished digging the hole. While Ali Baba was burying the gold, his wife, to show her exactness and diligence to her sister-in-law, carried the measure back again, but without taking notice that a piece of gold had stuck to the bottom. "Sister," said she, giving it to her again, "you see that I have not kept your measure long. I am obliged to you for it, and return it with thanks."

As soon as Ali Baba's wife was gone, Cassim's looked at the bottom of the measure, and was in inexpressible surprise to find a piece of gold sticking to it. Envy immediately possessed her breast. "What!" said she, "has Ali Baba gold so plentiful as to measure it? Whence has he all this wealth?"

Cassim, her husband, was at his counting-house. When he came home his wife said to him: "Cassim, I know you think yourself rich, but Ali Baba is infinitely richer than you. He does not count his money, but measures it." Cassim desired her to explain the riddle, which she did, by telling him the stratagem she had used to make the discovery, and showed him the piece of money, which was so old that they could not tell in what prince's reign it was coined.

Cassim, after he had married the rich widow, had never treated Ali Baba as a brother, but neglected him ; and now, instead of being pleased, he conceived a base envy at his brother's prosperity. He could not sleep all that night, and went to him in the morning before sunrise. "Ali Baba," said he, "I am surprised at you ; you pretend to be miserably poor, and yet you measure gold. My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you borrowed yesterday."

By this discourse, Ali Baba perceived that Cassim and his wife, through his own wife's folly, knew what they had so much reason to conceal ; but what was done could not be undone. Therefore, without showing the least surprise or trouble, he confessed all, and offered his brother part of his treasure to keep the secret.

"I expect as much," replied Cassim, haughtily ; "but I must know exactly where this treasure is, and how I may visit it myself when I choose ; otherwise, I will go and inform against you, and then you will not only get no more, but will lose all you have, and I shall have a share for my information."

Ali Baba told him all he desired, even to the very words he was to use to gain admission into the cave.

Cassim rose the next morning long before the sun, and set out for the forest with ten mules bearing great chests, which he designed to fill, and followed the road which Ali Baba had pointed out to him. He was not long before he reached the rock, and found out the place, by the tree and other marks which his brother had given him. When he reached the entrance of the cavern, he pronounced the words, "Open, Sesame!" The door immediately opened, and when he was in, closed upon him. In examining the cave, he was in great admiration to find much more riches than he had expected from Ali Baba's relation. He quickly laid as many bags of gold as he could carry at the door of the cavern ; but his thoughts were so full of the great riches he should possess, that he could not think of the necessary word to make it open, but instead of "Sesame," said, "Open, Barley!" and was much amazed to find that the door remained fast shut. He named several sorts of grain, but still the door would not open.

Cassim had never expected such an incident, and was so alarmed at the danger he was in, that the more he endeavored to remember the word "Sesame," the more his memory was confounded, and he had as much forgotten it as if he had never heard it mentioned. He threw down the bags he had loaded himself with, and walked distractedly up and down the cave, without having the least regard to the riches that were round him.

About noon the robbers visited their cave. At some distance they saw Cassim's mules straggling about the rock, with great chests on their backs. Alarmed at this, they galloped full speed to the cave. They drove away the mules, who strayed through the forest so far that they were soon out of sight, and went directly, with their naked sabres in their hands, to the door, which, on their captain pronouncing the proper words, immediately opened.

Cassim, who heard the noise of the horses' feet, at once guessed the arrival of the robbers, and resolved to make one effort for his life. He rushed to the door, and no sooner saw the door open, than he ran out and threw the leader down, but could not escape the other robbers, who with their scimitars soon deprived him of life.

The first care of the robbers after this was to examine the cave. They found all the bags which Cassim had brought to the door, to be ready to load his mules, and carried them again to their places, but they did not miss what Ali Baba had taken away before. Then holding a council, and deliberating upon this occurrence, they guessed that Cassim, when he was in, could not get out again, but could not imagine how he had learned the secret words by which alone he could enter. They could not deny the fact of his being there ; and to terrify any person or accomplice who should attempt the same thing, they agreed to cut Cassim's body into four quarters — to hang two on one side, and two on the other, within the door of the cave. They had no sooner taken this resolution than they put it in execution ; and when they had nothing more to detain them, left the place of their hoards well closed. They mounted their horses, went to beat the roads again, and to attack the caravans they might meet.

In the mean time Cassim's wife was very uneasy when night came, and her husband was not returned. She ran to Ali Baba in great alarm, and said: " I believe, brother-in-law, that you know Cassim is gone to the forest, and upon what account; it is now night, and he has not returned ; I am afraid some misfortune has happened to him." Ali Baba told her that she need not frighten herself, for that certainly Cassim would not think it proper to come into the town till the night should be pretty far advanced.

Cassim's wife, considering how much it concerned her husband to keep the business secret, was the more easily persuaded to believe her brother-in-law. She went home again, and waited patiently till midnight. Then her fear redoubled, and her grief was the more sensible because she was forced to keep it to herself. She repented of her foolish curiosity, and cursed her desire of prying into the affairs of her brother and sister-in-law. She spent all the night in weeping; and as soon as it was day, went to them, telling them, by her tears, the cause of her coming.

Ali Baba did not wait for his sister-in-law to desire him to go to see what was become of Cassim, but departed immediately with his three asses, begging of her first to moderate her affliction. He went to the forest, and when he came near the rock, having seen neither his brother nor the mules in his way, was seriously alarmed at finding some blood spilt near the door, which he took for an ill omen; but when he had pronounced the word, and the door had opened, he was struck with horror at the dismal sight of his brother's body. He was not long in determining how he should pay the last dues to his brother; but without adverting to the little fraternal affection he had shown for him, went into the cave, to find something to enshroud his remains; and having loaded one of his asses with them, covered them over with wood. The other two asses he loaded with bags of gold, covering them with wood also as before ; and then bidding the door shut, came away ; but was so cautious as to stop some time at the end of the forest, that he might not go into the town before night. When he came home, he drove the two asses loaded with gold into his little yard, and left the care of unloading them to his wife, while he led the other to his sister-in-law's house.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened by Morgiana, a clever intelligent slave, who was fruitful in inventions to meet the most difficult circumstances. When he came into the court, he unloaded the ass, and taking Morgiana aside, said to her : " You must observe an inviolable secrecy. Your master's body is contained in these two panniers. We must bury him as if he had died a natural death. Go now and tell your mistress. I leave the matter to your wit and skillful devices."

Ali Baba helped to place the body in Cassim's house, again recommended to Morgiana to act her part well, and then returned with his ass.

Morgiana went out early the next morning to a druggist, and asked for a sort of lozenge which was considered efficacious in the most dangerous disorders. The apothecary inquired who was ill? She replied, with a sigh, " Her good master Cassim himself; and that he could neither eat nor speak." In the evening Morgiana went to the same druggist's again, and with tears in her eyes asked for an essence which they used to give to sick people only when at the last extremity. " Alas ! " said she, taking it from the apothecary, " I am afraid this remedy will have no better effect than the lozenges; and that I shall lose my good master."

On the other hand, as Ali Baba and his wife were often seen to go between Cassim's and their own house all that day, and to seem melancholy, nobody was surprised in the evening to hear the lamentable shrieks and cries of Cassim's wife and Morgiana, who gave out everywhere that her master was dead. The next morning, at daybreak, Morgiana went to an old cobbler whom she knew to be always early at his stall, and bidding him good morrow, put a piece of gold into his hand, saying, "Baba Mustapha, you must bring with you your sewing tackle, and come with me; but I must tell you, I shall blindfold you when you come to such a place."

Baba Mustapha seemed to hesitate a little at these words. "Oh! oh!" replied he, "you would have me do something against my conscience, or against my honor?" "God forbid," said Morgiana, putting another piece of gold into his hand, "that I should ask anything that is contrary to your honor! only come along with me, and fear nothing."

Baba Mustapha went with Morgiana, who, after she had bound his eyes with a handkerchief at the place she had mentioned, conveyed him to her deceased master's house, and never unloosed his eyes till he had entered the room where she had put the corpse together. "Baba Mustapha," said she, "you must make haste and sew the parts of this body together; and when you have done, I will give you another piece of gold."

After Baba Mustapha had finished his task, she blindfolded him again, gave him the third piece of gold as she had promised, and recommending secrecy to him, carried him back to the place where she first bound his eyes, pulled off the bandage, and let him go home, but watched him that he returned towards his stall, till he was quite out of sight, for fear he should have the curiosity to return and dog her; she then went home. Morgiana, on her return, warmed some water to wash the body, and at the same time Ali Baba perfumed it with incense, and wrapped it in the burying clothes with the accustomed ceremonies. Not long after, the proper officer brought the bier, and when the attendants of the mosque, whose business it was to wash the dead, offered to perform their duty, she told them that it was done already. Shortly after this the imaun and the other ministers of the mosque arrived. Four neighbors carried the corpse to the burying-ground, following the imaun, who recited some prayers. Ali Baba came after with some neighbors, who often relieved the others in carrying the bier to the burying-ground. Morgiana, a slave to the deceased, followed in the procession, weeping, beating her breast, and tearing her hair. Cassim's wife stayed at home mourning, uttering lamentable cries with the women of the neighborhood, who came, according to custom, during the funeral, and joining their lamentations with hers, filled the quarter far and near with sounds of sorrow.

In this manner Cassim's melancholy death was concealed, and hushed up between Ali Baba, his widow, and Morgiana his slave, with so much contrivance, that nobody in the city had the least knowledge or suspicion of the cause of it. Three or four days after the funeral, Ali Baba removed his few goods openly to his sister-in-law's house, in which it was agreed that he should in future live; but the money he had taken from the robbers he conveyed thither by night. As for Cassim's warehouse, he intrusted it entirely to the management of his eldest son.

While these things were being done, the forty robbers again visited their retreat in the forest. Great, then, was their surprise to find Cassim's body taken away, with some of their bags of gold. "We are certainly discovered," said the captain. "The removal of the body, and the loss of some of our money, plainly shows that the man whom we killed had an accomplice; and for our own lives' sake we must try and find him. What say you, my lads?"

All the robbers unanimously approved of the captain's proposal.

"Well," said the captain, "one of you, the boldest and most skillful among you, must go into the town, disguised as a traveler and a stranger, to try if he can hear any talk of the man whom we have killed, and endeavor to find out who he was and where he lived. This is a matter of the first importance, and for fear of any treachery, I propose that whoever undertakes this business without success, even though the failure arises only from an error of judgment, shall suffer death."

Without waiting for the sentiments of his companions, one of the robbers started up, and said, "I submit to this condition, and think it an honor to expose my life to serve the troop."

After this robber had received great commendations from the captain and his comrades, he disguised himself so that nobody would take him for what he was; and taking his leave of the troop that night, went into the town just at daybreak; and walked up and down, till accidentally he came to Baba Mustapha's stall, which was always open before any of the shops.

Baba Mustapha was seated with an awl in his hand, just going to work. The robber saluted him, bidding him good morrow; and perceiving that he was old, said: "Honest man, you begin to work very early; is it possible that one of your age can see so well? I question, even if it were somewhat lighter, whether you could see to stitch."

"You do not know me," replied Baba Mustapha; "for old as I am, I have extraordinary good eyes; and you will not doubt it when I tell you that I sewed the body of a dead man together in a place where I had not so much light as I have now."

"A dead body!" exclaimed the robber, with affected amazement. "Yes, yes," answered Baba Mustapha, "I see you want to have me speak out, but you shall know no more."

The robber felt sure that he had discovered what he sought. He pulled out a piece of gold, and putting it into Baba Mustapha's hand, said to him: "I do not want to learn your secret, though I can assure you, you might safely trust me with it. The only thing I desire of you is to show me the house where you stitched up the dead body."

"If I were disposed to do you that favor," replied Baba Mustapha, "I assure you I cannot. I was taken to a certain place, whence I was led blindfold to the house, and afterwards brought back again in the same manner; you see, therefore, the impossibility of my doing what you desire."

"Well," replied the robber, "you may, however, remember a little of the way that you were led blindfold. Come, let me blind your eyes at the same place. We will walk together; perhaps you may recognize some part; and as everybody ought to be paid for their trouble, there is another piece of gold for you; gratify me in what I ask you." So saying, he put another piece of gold into his hand.

The two pieces of gold were great temptations to Baba Mustapha. He looked at them a long time in his hand, without saying a word, but at last he pulled out his purse and put them in. "I cannot promise," said he to the robber, "that I can remember the way exactly; but since you desire, I will try what I can do." At these words Baba Mustapha rose up, to the great joy of the robber, and led him to the place where Morgiana had bound his eyes. "It was here," said Baba Mustapha, "I was blindfolded; and I turned this way." The robber tied his handkerchief over his eyes, and walked by him till he stopped directly at Cassim's house, where Ali Baba then lived. The thief, before he pulled off the band, marked the door with a piece of chalk, which he had ready in his hand, and then asked him if he knew whose house that was; to which Baba Mustapha replied, that, as he did not live in that neighborhood, he could not tell.

The robber, finding he could discover no more from Baba Mustapha, thanked him for the trouble he had taken, and left him to go back to his stall, while he returned to the forest, persuaded that he should be very well received.

A little after the robber and Baba Mustapha had parted, Morgiana went out of Ali Baba's house upon some errand, and upon her return, seeing the mark the robber had made, stopped to observe it. "What can be the meaning of this mark?" said she to herself; "somebody intends my master no good; however, with whatever intention it was done, it is advisable to guard against the worst." Accordingly, she fetched a piece of chalk, and marked two or three doors on each side, in the same manner, without saying a word to her master or mistress.

In the mean time, the robber rejoined his troop in the forest, and recounted to them his success; expatiating upon his good fortune in meeting so soon with the only person who could inform him of what he wanted to know. All the robbers listened to him with the utmost satisfaction; when the captain, after commending his diligence, addressing himself to them all, said: "Comrades, we have no time to lose; let us set off well armed, without its appearing who we are; but that we may not excite any suspicion, let only one or two go into the town together, and join at our rendezvous, which shall be the great square. In the mean time, our comrade who brought us the good news and I will go and find out the house, that we may consult what had best be done."

This speech and plan was approved of by all, and they were soon ready. They filed off in parties of two each, after some interval of time, and got into the town without being in the least suspected. The captain and he who had visited the town in the morning as spy came in the last. He led the captain into the street where he had marked Ali Baba's residence; and when they came to the first of the houses which Morgiana had marked, he pointed it out. But the captain observed that the next door was chalked in the same manner, and in the same place; and showing it to his guide, asked him which house it was, that, or the first. The guide was so confounded that he knew not what answer to make; but still more puzzled, when he and the captain saw five or six houses similarly marked. He assured the captain, with an oath, that he had marked but one, and could not tell who had chalked the rest, so that he could not distinguish the house which the cobbler had stopped at.

The captain, finding that their design had proved abortive, went directly to the place of rendezvous, and told his troop that they had lost their labor, and must return to their cave. He himself set them the example, and they all returned as they had come.

When the troop was all got together, the captain told them the reason of their returning; and presently the conductor was declared by all worthy of death. He condemned himself, acknowledging that he ought to have taken better precaution, and prepared to receive the stroke from him who was appointed to cut off his head.

But as the safety of the troop required the discovery of the second intruder into the cave, another of the gang, who promised himself that he should succeed better, presented himself, and his offer being accepted, he went and corrupted Baba Mustapha, as the other had done; and being shown the house, marked it in a place more remote from sight, with red chalk.

Not long after, Morgiana, whose eyes nothing could escape, went out, and seeing the red chalk, and arguing with herself as she had done before, marked the other neighbors' houses in the same place and manner.

The robber, at his return to his company, valued himself much on the precaution he had taken, which he looked upon as an infallible way of distinguishing Ali Baba's house from the others; and the captain and all of them thought it must succeed. They conveyed themselves into the town with the same precaution as before: but when the robber and his captain came to the street, they found the same difficulty: at which the captain was enraged, and the robber in as great confusion as his predecessor.

Thus the captain and his troop were forced to retire a second time, and much more dissatisfied; while the robber, who had been the author of the mistake, underwent the same punishment, which he willingly submitted to.

The captain, having lost two brave fellows of his troop, was afraid of diminishing it too much by pursuing this plan to get information of the residence of their plunderer. He found by their example that their heads were not so good as their hands on such occasions; and therefore resolved to take upon himself the important commission.

Accordingly, he went and addressed himself to Baba Mustapha, who did him the same service he had done to the other robbers. He did not set any particular mark on the house, but examined and observed it so carefully, by passing often before it, that it was impossible for him to mistake it.

The captain, well satisfied with his attempt, and informed of what he wanted to know, returned to the forest; and when he came into the cave, where the troop waited for him, said: "Now, comrades, nothing can prevent our full revenge, as I am certain of the house; and in my way hither I have thought how to put it into execution, but if any one can form a better expedient, let him communicate it." He then told them his contrivance; and as they approved of it, ordered them to go into the villages about, and buy nineteen mules, with thirty-eight large leather jars, one full of oil, and the others empty.

In two or three days' time the robbers had purchased the mules and jars, and as the mouth of the jars were rather too narrow for his purpose, the captain caused them to be widened; and after having put one of his men into each, with the weapons which he thought fit, leaving open the seam which had been undone to leave them room to breathe, he rubbed the jars on the outside with oil from the full vessel.

Things being thus prepared, when the nineteen mules were loaded with thirty-seven robbers in jars, and the jar of oil, the captain, as their driver, set out with them, and reached the town by the dusk of the evening, as he had intended. He led them through the streets till he came to Ali Baba's, at whose door he designed to have knocked; but was prevented by his sitting there after supper to take a little fresh air. He stopped his mules, addressed himself to him, and said: "I have brought some oil a great way, to sell at to-morrow's market; and it is now so late that I do not know where to lodge. If I should not be troublesome to you, do me the favor to let me pass the night with you, and I shall be very much obliged by your hospitality."

Though Ali Baba had seen the captain of the robbers in the forest, and had heard him speak, it was impossible to know him in the disguise of an oil-merchant. He told him he should be welcome, and immediately opened his gates for the mules to go into the yard. At the same time he called to a slave, and ordered him, when the mules were unloaded, to put them into the stable, and to feed them; and then went to Morgiana, to bid her get a good supper for his guest. After they had finished supper, Ali Baba charging Morgiana afresh to take care of his guest, said to her: "To-morrow morning I design to go to the bath before day; take care my bathing linen be ready; give them to Abdalla (which was the slave's name), and make me some good broth against I return." After this he went to bed.

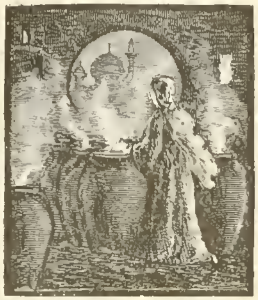
In the mean time the captain of the robbers went into the yard, and took off the lid of each jar, and gave his people orders what to do. Beginning at the first jar, and so on to the last, he said to each man: "As soon as I throw some stones out of the chamber window where I lie, do not fail to come out, and I will immediately join you." After this he returned into the house, when Morgiana, taking up a light, conducted him to his chamber, where she left him; and he, to avoid any suspicion, put the light out soon after, and laid himself down in his clothes, that he might be the more ready to rise.

Morgiana, remembering Ali Baba's orders, got his bathing linen ready, and ordered Abdalla to set on the pot for the broth; but while she was preparing it, the lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house, nor any candles. What to do she did not know, for the broth must be made. Abdalla, seeing her very uneasy, said, "Do not fret and tease yourself, but go into the yard, and take some oil out of one of the jars."

Morgiana thanked Abdalla for his advice, took the oil-pot, and went into the yard; when, as she came nigh the first jar, the robber within said softly, "Is it time?"

Though naturally much surprised at finding a man in the jar instead of the oil she wanted, she immediately felt the importance of keeping silence, as Ali Baba, his family, and herself were in great danger; and collecting herself, without showing the least emotion, she answered, "Not yet, but presently." She went quietly in this manner to all the jars, giving the same answer, till she came to the jar of oil.

By this means Morgiana found that her master Ali Baba had admitted thirty-eight robbers into his house, and that this pretended oil-merchant was their captain. She made what haste she could to fill her oil-pot, and returned into her kitchen, where, as soon as she had lighted her lamp, she took a great kettle, went again to the oil-jar, filled the kettle, set it on a large wood fire, and as soon as it boiled went and poured enough into every jar to stifle and destroy the robber within.



When this action, worthy of the courage of Morgiana, was executed without any noise, as she had projected, she returned into the kitchen with the empty kettle; and having put out the great fire she had made to boil the oil, and leaving just enough to make the broth, put out the lamp also, and remained silent, resolving not to go to rest till she had observed what might follow through a window of the kitchen, which opened into the yard.

She had not waited long before the captain of the robbers got up, opened the window, and finding no light, and hearing no noise, or any one stirring in the house, gave the appointed signal, by throwing little stones, several of which hit the jars, as he doubted not by the sound they gave. He then listened, but not hearing or perceiving anything whereby he could judge that his companions stirred, he began to grow very uneasy, threw stones again a second, and also a third time, and could not comprehend the reason that none of them should answer his signal. Much alarmed, he went softly down into the yard, and going to the first jar, whilst asking the robber, whom he thought alive, if he was in readiness, smelt the hot boiled oil, which sent forth a steam out of the jar. Hence he suspected that his plot to murder Ali Baba, and plunder his house, was discovered. Examining all the jars, one after another, he found that all his gang were dead; and, enraged to despair at having failed in his design, he forced the lock of a door that led from the yard to the garden, and climbing over the walls made his escape.

When Morgiana saw him depart, she went to bed, satisfied and pleased to have succeeded so well in saving her master and family.

Ali Baba rose before day, and followed by his slave, went to the baths, entirely ignorant of the important event which had happened at home.

When he returned from the baths, he was very much surprised to see the oil-jars, and that the merchant was not gone with the mules. He asked Morgiana, who opened the door, the reason of it. "My good master," answered she, "God preserve you and all your family. You will be better informed of what you wish to know when you have seen what I have to show you, if you will follow me."

As soon as Morgiana had shut the door, Ali Baba followed her, when she requested him to look into the first jar, and see if there was any oil. Ali Baba did so, and seeing a man, started back in alarm, and cried out. "Do not be afraid," said Morgiana, "the man you see there can neither do you nor anybody else any harm. He is dead." "Ah, Morgiana," said Ali Baba, "what is it you show me? Explain yourself." "I will," replied Morgiana. "Moderate your astonishment, and do not excite the curiosity of your neighbors; for it is of great importance to keep this affair secret. Look into all the other jars."

Ali Baba examined all the other jars, one after another; and when he came to that which had the oil in it, found it prodigiously sunk, and stood for some time motionless, sometimes looking at the jars, and sometimes at Morgiana, without saying a word, so great was his surprise. At last, when he had recovered himself, he said, "And what is become of the merchant?"

"Merchant!" answered she; "he is as much one as I am. I will tell you who he is, and what is become of him; but you had better hear the story in your own chamber; for it is time for your health that you had your broth after your bathing."

Morgiana then told him all she had done, from the first observing the mark upon the house, to the destruction of the robbers and the flight of their captain.

On hearing of these brave deeds from the lips of Morgiana, Ali Baba said to her, — "God, by your means, has delivered me from the snares these robbers laid for my destruction. I owe, therefore, my life to you; and, for the first token of my acknowledgment, give you your liberty from this moment, till I can complete your recompense as I intend."

Ali Baba's garden was very long, and shaded at the farther end by a great number of large trees. Near these he and the slave Abdalla dug a trench, long and wide enough to hold the bodies of the robbers; and as the earth was light, they were not long in doing it. When this was done, Ali Baba hid the jars and weapons; and as he had no occasion for the mules, he sent them at different times to be sold in the market by his slave.

While Ali Baba took these measures, the captain of the forty robbers returned to the forest with inconceivable mortification. He did not stay long; the loneliness of the gloomy cavern became frightful to him. He determined, however, to avenge the fate of his companions, and to accomplish the death of Ali Baba. For this purpose he returned to the town, and took a lodging in a khan, and disguised himself as a merchant in silks. Under this assumed character, he gradually conveyed a great many sorts of rich stuffs and fine linen to his lodging from the cavern, but with all the necessary precautions to conceal the place whence he brought them. In order to dispose of the merchandise, when he had thus amassed them together, he took a warehouse, which happened to be opposite to Cassim's, which Ali Baba's son had occupied since the death of his uncle.

He took the name of Cogia Houssain, and, as a new-comer, was, according to custom, extremely civil and complaisant to all the merchants his neighbors. Ali Baba's son was, from his vicinity, one of the first to converse with Cogia Houssain, who strove to cultivate his friendship more particularly. Two or three days after he was settled, Ali Baba came to see his son, and the captain of the robbers recognized him at once, and soon learned from his son who he was. After this he increased his assiduities, caressed him in the most engaging manner, made him some small presents, and often asked him to dine and sup with him, when he treated him very handsomely.

Ali Baba's son did not choose to lie under such obligation to Cogia Houssain; but was so much straitened for want of room in his house, that he could not entertain him. He therefore acquainted his father, Ali Baba, with his wish to invite him in return.

Ali Baba with great pleasure took the treat upon himself. "Son," said he, "to-morrow being Friday, which is a day that the shops of such great merchants as Cogia Houssain and yourself are shut, get him to accompany you, and as you pass by my door, call in. I will go and order Morgiana to provide a supper."

The next day Ali Baba's son and Cogia Houssain met by appointment, took their walk, and as they returned, Ali Baba's son led Cogia Houssain through the street where his father lived, and when they came to the house, stopped and knocked at the door. "This, sir," said he, "is my father's house, who, from the account I have given him of your friendship, charged me to procure him the honor of your acquaintance; and I desire you to add this pleasure to those for which I am already indebted to you."

Though it was the sole aim of Cogia Houssain to introduce himself into Ali Baba's house, that he might kill him, without hazarding his own life or making any noise, yet he excused himself, and offered to take his leave; but a slave having opened the door, Ali Baba's son took him obligingly by the hand, and, in a manner forced him in.

Ali Baba received Cogia Houssain with a smiling countenance, and in the most obliging manner he could wish. He thanked him for all the favors he had done his son; adding withal the obligation was the greater as he was a young man, not much acquainted with the world, and that he might contribute to his information.

Cogia Houssain returned the compliment by assuring Ali Baba, that though his son might not have acquired the experience of older men, he had good sense equal to the experience of many others. After a little more conversation on different subjects, he offered again to take his leave, when Ali Baba, stopping him, said: "Where are you going, sir, in so much haste? I beg you would do me the honor to sup with me, though my entertainment may not be worthy your acceptance; such as it is I heartily offer it." "Sir," replied Cogia Houssain, "I am thoroughly persuaded of your good-will; but the truth is, I can eat no victuals that have any salt in them; therefore judge how I should feel at your table." "If that is the only reason," said Ali Baba, "it ought not to deprive me of the honor of your company; for, in the first place, there is no salt ever put into my bread, and as to the meat we shall have to-night, I promise you there shall be none in that. Therefore you must do me the favor to stay. I will return immediately."

Ali Baba went into the kitchen, and ordered Morgiana to put no salt to the meat that was to be dressed that night; and to make quickly two or three ragouts besides what he had ordered, but be sure to put no salt in them.

Morgiana, who was always ready to obey her master, could not help being surprised at his strange order. "Who is this strange man," said she, "who eats no salt with his meat? Your supper will be spoiled, if I keep it back so long." "Do not be angry, Morgiana," replied Ali Baba; "he is an honest man, therefore do as I bid you."

Morgiana obeyed, though with no little reluctance, and had a curiosity to see this man who ate no salt. To this end, when she had finished what she had to do in the kitchen, she helped Abdalla to carry up the dishes; and looking at Cogia Houssain, knew him at first sight, notwithstanding his disguise, to be the captain of the robbers, and examining him very carefully, perceived that he had a dagger under his garment. "I am not in the least amazed," said she to herself, "that this wicked man, who is my master's greatest enemy, would eat no salt with him, since he intends to assassinate him; but I will prevent him."

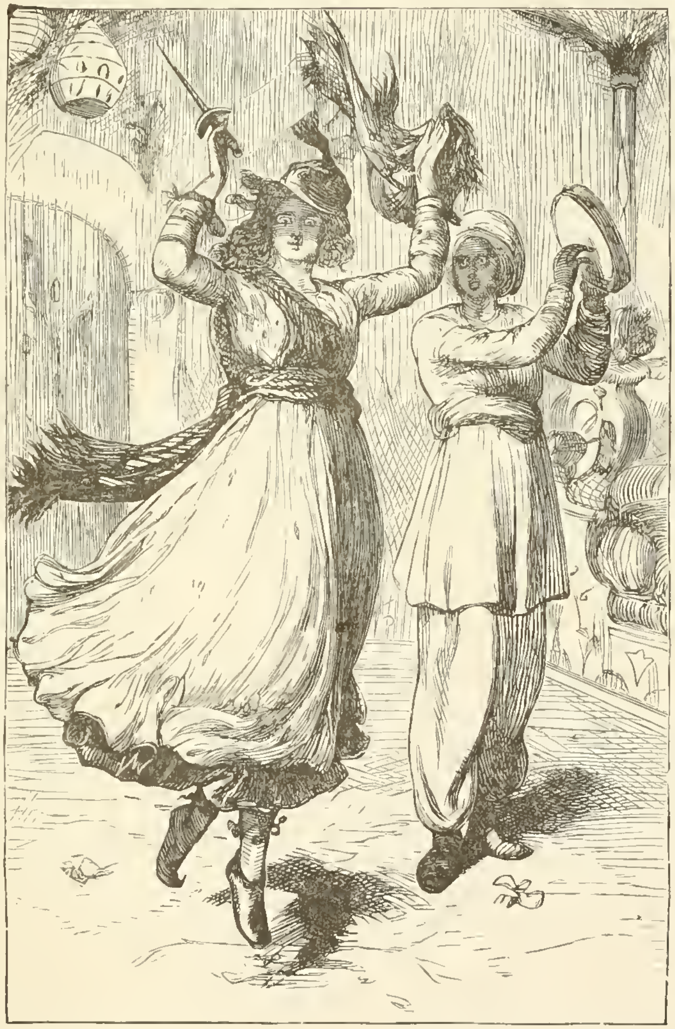
Morgiana, while they were at supper, determined in her own mind to execute one of the boldest acts ever meditated. When Abdalla came for the dessert of fruit, and had put it with the wine and glasses before Ali Baba, Morgiana retired, dressed herself neatly, with a suitable head-dress like a dancer, girded her waist with a silver-gilt girdle, to which there hung a poniard with a hilt and guard of the same metal, and put a handsome mask on her face. When she had thus disguised herself, she said to Abdalla, "Take your tabor, and let us go and divert our master and his son's friend, as we do sometimes when he is alone."

Abdalla took his tabor and played all the way into the hall before Morgiana, who, when she came to the door, made a low obeisance by way of asking leave to exhibit her skill, while Abdalla left off playing. "Come in, Morgiana," said Ali Baba, "and let Cogia Houssain see what you can do, that he may tell us what he thinks of your performance."

Cogia Houssain, who did not expect this diversion after supper, began to fear he should not be able to take advantage of the opportunity he thought he had found, but hoped, if he now missed his aim, to secure it another time, by keeping up a friendly correspondence with the father and son; therefore, though he could have wished Ali Baba would have declined the dance, he pretended to be obliged to him for it, and had the complaisance to express his satisfaction at what he saw, which pleased his host.

As soon as Abdalla saw that Ali Baba and Cogia Houssain had done talking, he began to play on the tabor, and accompanied it with an air, to which Morgiana, who was an excellent performer, danced in such a manner as would have created admiration in any company.

After she had danced several dances with much grace, she drew the poniard, and holding it in her hand, began a dance, in which she outdid herself, by the many different figures, light movements, and the surprising leaps and wonderful exertions with which she accompanied it. Sometimes she presented the poniard to one breast, sometimes to another, and oftentimes seemed to strike her own. At last, she snatched the tabor from Abdalla with her left hand, and holding the dagger in her right, presented the other side of the tabor, after the manner of those who get a livelihood by dancing, and solicit the liberality of the spectators.



Ali Baba put a piece of gold into the tabor, as did also his son; and Cogia Houssain, seeing that she was coming to him, had pulled his purse out of his bosom to make her a present; but while he was putting his hand into it, Morgiana, with a courage and resolution worthy of herself, plunged the poniard into his heart.

Ali Baba and his son, shocked at this action, cried out aloud. “Unhappy woman!” exclaimed Ali Baba, “what have you done to ruin me and my family?” “It was to preserve, not to ruin you,” answered Morgiana; “for see here,” continued she, opening the pretended Cogia Houssain’s garment, and showing the dagger, “what an enemy you had entertained! Look well at him, and you will find him to be both the fictitious oil-merchant and the captain of the gang of forty robbers. Remember, too, that he would eat no salt with you; and what would you have more to persuade you of his wicked design? Before I saw him, I suspected him as soon as you told me you had such a guest. I knew him, and you now find that my suspicion was not groundless.”

Ali Baba, who immediately felt the new obligation he had to Morgiana for saving his life a second time, embraced her; “Morgiana,” said he, “I gave you your liberty, and then promised you that my gratitude should not stop there, but that I would soon give you higher proofs of its sincerity, which I now do by making you my daughter-in-law.” Then addressing himself to his son, he said: “I believe you, son, to be so dutiful a child, that you will not refuse Morgiana for your wife. You see that Cogia Houssain sought your friendship with a treacherous design to take away my life, and if he had succeeded, there is no doubt but he would have sacrificed you also to his revenge. Consider that by marrying Morgiana you marry the preserver of my family and your own."

The son, far from showing any dislike, readily consented to the marriage; not only because he would not disobey his father, but also because it was agreeable to his inclination. After this they thought of burying the captain of the robbers with his comrades, and did it so privately that nobody discovered their bones till many years after, when no one had any concern in the publication of this remarkable history. A few days afterwards Ali Baba celebrated the nuptials of his son and Morgiana with great solemnity, a sumptuous feast, and the usual dancing and spectacles; and had the satisfaction to see that his friends and neighbors, whom he invited, had no knowledge of the true motives of the marriage; but that those who were not unacquainted with Morgiana's good qualities commended his generosity and goodness of heart. Ali Baba did not visit the robber's cave for a year, as he supposed the other two, whom he could get no account of, might be alive.

At the year's end, when he found they had not made any attempt to disturb him, he had the curiosity to make another journey. He mounted his horse, and when he came to the cave he alighted, tied his horse to a tree; then approaching the entrance and pronouncing the words, "Open, Sesame!" the door opened. He entered the cavern, and by the condition he found things in, judged that nobody had been there since the captain had fetched the goods for his shop. From this time he believed he was the only person in the world who had the secret of opening the cave, and that all the treasure was at his sole disposal. He put as much gold into his saddle-bag as his horse would carry, and returned to town. Some years later he carried his son to the cave, and taught him the secret, which he handed down to his posterity, who, using their good fortune with moderation, lived in great honor and splendor.

VII. THE STORY OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

In the reign of the same caliph, Haroun Al-Raschid, of whom we have already heard, there lived at Bagdad a poor porter called Hindbad. One day, when the weather was excessively hot, he was employed to carry a heavy burden from one end of the town to the other. Being much fatigued, he took off his load, and sat upon it, near a large mansion.

He was much pleased that he stopped at this place; for the agreeable smell of wood of aloes and of pastils that came from the house, mixing with the scent of the rose-water, completely perfumed and embalmed the air. Besides, he heard from within a concert of instrumental music, accompanied with the harmonious notes of nightingales and other birds. This charming melody, and the smell of several sorts of savory dishes, made the porter conclude there was a feast, with great rejoicings within. His business seldom leading him that way, he knew not to whom the mansion belonged; but he went to some of the servants, whom he saw standing at the gate in magnificent apparel, and asked the name of the proprietor. "How," replied one of them, "do you live in Bagdad, and know not that this is the house of Sindbad the Sailor, that famous voyager, who has sailed round the world?" The porter lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, loud enough to be heard: "Almighty Creator of all things, consider the difference between Sindbad and me! I am every day exposed to fatigues and calamities, and can scarcely get coarse barley-bread for myself and my family, whilst happy Sindbad profusely expends immense riches, and leads a life of continual pleasure. What has he done to obtain from Thee a lot so agreeable? And what have I done to deserve one so wretched?"

Whilst the porter was thus indulging his melancholy, a servant came out of the house, and taking him by the arm, bade him follow him, for Sindbad, his master, wanted to speak to him.

The servant brought him into a great hall, where a number of people sat round a table, covered with all sorts of savory dishes. At the upper end sat a comely, venerable gentleman, with a long white beard, and behind him stood a number of officers and domestics, all ready to attend his pleasure. This person was Sindbad. Hindbad, whose fear was increased at the sight of so many people, and of a banquet so sumptuous, saluted the company trembling. Sindbad bade him draw near, and seating him at his right hand, served him himself, and gave him excellent wine, of which there was an abundance upon the sideboard.

Now, Sindbad had himself heard the porter complain through the window, and this it was that induced him to have him brought in. When the repast was over, Sindbad addressed his conversation to Hindbad, and inquired his name and employment, and said, "I wish to hear from your own mouth what it was you lately said in the street."

At this request, Hindbad hung down his head in confusion, and replied: "My lord, I confess that my fatigue put me out of humor, and occasioned me to utter some indiscreet words, which I beg you to pardon." "Do not think I am so unjust," resumed Sindbad, "as to resent such a complaint. But I must rectify your error concerning myself. You think, no doubt, that I have acquired without labor and trouble the ease and indulgence which I now enjoy. But do not mistake; I did not attain to this happy condition without enduring for several years more trouble of body and mind than can well be imagined. Yes, gentlemen," he added, speaking to the whole company, "I assure you that my sufferings have been of a nature so extraordinary, as would deprive the greatest miser of his love of riches; and as an opportunity now offers, I will, with your leave, relate the dangers I have encountered, which I think will not be uninteresting to you."

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

My father was a wealthy merchant of much repute. He bequeathed me a large estate, which I wasted in riotous living. I quickly perceived my error, and that I was misspending my time, which is of all things the most valuable. I remembered the saying of the great Solomon, which I had frequently heard from my father, "A good name is better than precious ointment;" and again, "Wisdom is good with an inheritance." Struck with these reflections, I resolved to walk in my father's ways, and I entered into a contract with some merchants, and embarked with them on board a ship we had jointly fitted out.

We set sail, and steered our course towards the Indies, through the Persian Gulf, which is formed by the coasts of Arabia Felix on the right, and by those of Persia on the left. At first I was troubled with sea-sickness, but speedily recovered my health, and was not afterwards subject to that complaint.

In our voyage we touched at several islands, where we sold or exchanged our goods. One day, whilst under sail, we were becalmed near a small island, but little elevated above the level of the water, and resembling a green meadow. The captain ordered his sails to be furled, and permitted such persons as were so inclined to land; of this number I was one.

But while we were enjoying ourselves in eating and drinking, and recovering ourselves from the fatigue of the sea, the island on a sudden trembled and shook us terribly.

The trembling of the island was perceived on board the ship, and we were called upon to reëmbark speedily, or we should all be lost; for what we took for an island proved to be the back of a sea-monster. The nimblest got into the sloop, others betook themselves to swimming; but as for myself, I was still upon the island when it disappeared into the sea, and I had only time to catch hold of a piece of wood that we had brought out of the ship to make a fire. Meanwhile the captain, having received those on board who were in the sloop, and taken up some of those that swam, resolved to improve the favorable gale that had just risen, and hoisting his sails, pursued his voyage, so that it was impossible for me to recover the ship.

Thus was I exposed to the mercy of the waves all the rest of the day and the following night. By this time I found my strength gone, and despaired of saving my life, when happily a wave threw me against an island. The bank was high and rugged; so that I could scarcely have got up had it not been for some roots of trees which I found within reach. When the sun rose, though I was very feeble, both from hard labor and want of food, I crept along to find some herbs fit to eat, and had the good luck not only to procure some, but likewise to discover a spring of excellent water, which contributed much to recover me. After this I advanced farther into the island, and at last reached a fine plain, where I perceived some horses feeding. I went towards them, when I heard the voice of a man, who immediately appeared, and asked me who I was. I related to him my adventure, after which, taking me by the hand, he led me into a cave, where there were several other people, no less amazed to see me than I was to see them.

I partook of some provisions which they offered me. I then asked them what they did in such a desert place; to which they answered, that they were grooms belonging to the Maha-raja, sovereign of the island, and that every year they brought thither the king's horses for pasturage. They added, that they were to return home on the morrow, and had I been one day later, I must have perished, because the inhabited part of the island was a great distance off, and it would have been impossible for me to have got thither without a guide.

Next morning they returned to the capital of the island, took me with them, and presented me to the Maha-raja. He asked me who I was, and by what adventure I had come into his dominions. After I had satisfied him, he told me he was much concerned for my misfortune, and at the same time ordered that I should want for nothing; which commands his officers were so generous and careful as to see exactly fulfilled.

Being a merchant, I frequented men of my own profession, and particularly inquired for those who were strangers, that perchance I might hear news from Bagdad, or find an opportunity to return. For the Maha-raja's capital is situated on the seacoast, and has a fine harbor, where ships arrive daily from the different quarters of the world. I frequented also the society of the learned Indians, and took delight to hear them converse; but withal, I took care to make my court regularly to the Maha-raja, and conversed with the governors and petty kings, his tributaries, that were about him. They put a thousand questions respecting my country; and I being willing to inform myself as to their laws and customs, asked them concerning everything which I thought worth knowing.

There belongs to this king an island named Cassel. They assured me that every night a noise of drums was heard there, whence the mariners fancied that it was the residence of Degial. I determined to visit this wonderful place, and in my way thither saw fishes of 100 and 200 cubits long, that occasion more fear than hurt; for they are so timorous, that they will fly upon the rattling of two sticks or boards. I saw likewise other fish about a cubit in length that had heads like owls.

As I was one day at the port after my return, the ship arrived in which I had embarked at Bussorah. I at once knew the captain, and I went and asked him for my bales. "I am Sindbad," said I, "and those bales marked with his name are mine."

When the captain heard me speak thus, "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "whom can we trust in these times! I saw Sindbad perish with my own eyes, as did also the passengers on board, and yet you tell me you are that Sindbad. What impudence is this! and what a false tale to tell, in order to possess yourself of what does not belong to you!" "Have patience," replied I; "do me the favor to hear what I have to say." The captain was at length persuaded that I was no cheat; for there came people from his ship who knew me, paid me great compliments, and expressed much joy at seeing me alive. At last he recollected me himself, and embracing me, "Heaven be praised," said he "for your happy escape! I cannot express the joy it affords me. There are your goods; take and do with them as you please."

I took out what was most valuable in my bales, and presented them to the Maha-raja, who, knowing my misfortune, asked me how I came by such rarities. I acquainted him with the circumstance of their recovery. He was pleased at my good luck, accepted my present, and in return gave me one much more considerable. Upon this I took leave of him, and went aboard the same ship, after I had exchanged my goods for the commodities of that country. I carried with me wood of aloes, sandals, camphire, nutmegs, cloves, pepper, and ginger. We passed by several islands, and at last arrived at Bussorah, from whence I came to this city, with the value of 100,000 sequins.

Sindbad stopped here, and ordered the musicians to proceed with their concert, which the story had interrupted. When it was evening, Sindbad sent for a purse of 100 sequins, and giving it to the porter, said, "Take this, Hindbad; return to your home, and come back to-morrow to hear more of my adventures." The porter went away, astonished at the honor done him, and the present made him. The account of this adventure proved very agreeable to his wife and children, who did not fail to return thanks for what Providence had sent them by the hand of Sindbad.

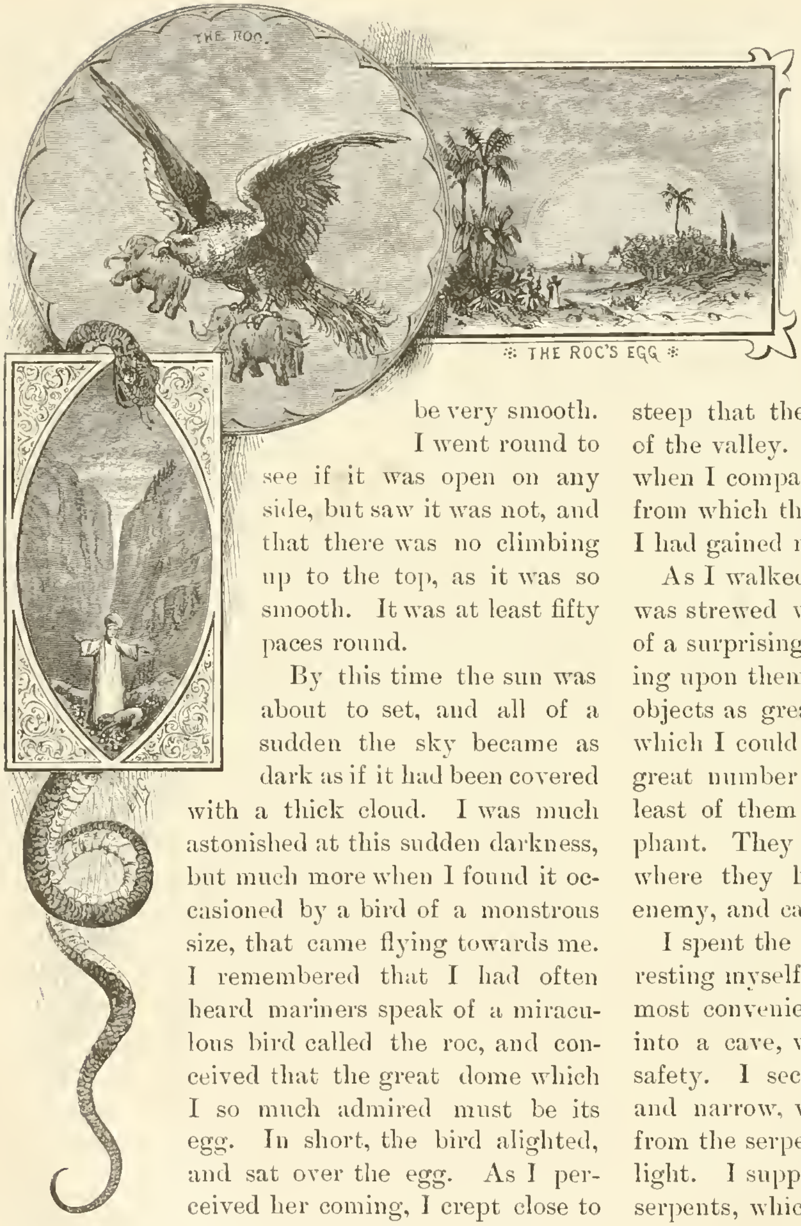
Hindbad put on his best robe next day, and returned to the bountiful traveler, who received him with a pleasant air, and welcomed him heartily. When all the guests had arrived, dinner was served, and continued a long time. When it was ended, Sindbad, addressing himself to the company, said: "Gentlemen, be pleased to listen to the adventures of my second voyage. They deserve your attention even more than those of the first." Upon which every one held his peace, and Sindbad proceeded: —

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

I designed, after my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days at Bagdad, but it was not long ere I grew weary of an indolent life, and I put to sea a second time, with merchants of known probity. We embarked on board a good ship, and after recommending ourselves to God, set sail. We traded from island to island, and exchanged commodities with great profit. One day we landed on an island covered with several sorts of fruit-trees, but we could see neither man nor animal. We walked in the meadows, along the streams that watered them. Whilst some diverted themselves with gathering flowers and others fruits, I took my wine and provisions, and sat down near a stream betwixt two high trees, which formed a thick shade. I made a good meal, and afterwards fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was gone.

In this sad condition, I was ready to die with grief. I cried out in agony, beat my head and breast, and threw myself upon the ground, where I lay some time in despair. I upbraided myself a hundred times for not being content with the produce of my first voyage, that might have sufficed me all my life. But all this was in vain, and my repentance came too late. At last I resigned myself to the will of God. Not knowing what to do, I climbed up to the top of a lofty tree, from whence I looked about on all sides, to see if I could discover anything that could give me hopes. When I gazed towards the sea I could see nothing but sky and water; but looking over the land I beheld something white; and coming down, I took what provision I had left, and went towards it, the distance being so great that I could not distinguish what it was.

As I approached, I thought it to be a white dome, of a prodigious height and extent: and when I came up to it, I touched it, and found it to



⁂ THE ROC'S EGG ⁂

be very smooth. I went round to see if it was open on any side, but saw it was not, and that there was no climbing up to the top, as it was so smooth. It was at least fifty paces round.

By this time the sun was about to set, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was much astonished at this sudden darkness, but much more when I found it occasioned by a bird of a monstrous size, that came flying towards me. I remembered that I had often heard mariners speak of a miraculous bird called the roc, and conceived that the great dome which I so much admired must be its egg. In short, the bird alighted, and sat over the egg. As I perceived her coming, I crept close to the egg, so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, which was as big as the trunk of a tree. I tied myself strongly to it with my turban, in hopes that the roc next morning would carry me with her out of this desert island. After having passed the night in this condition, the bird flew away as soon as it was daylight, and carried me so high, that I could not discern the earth; she afterwards descended with so much rapidity that I lost my senses. But when I found myself on the ground, I speedily untied the knot, and had scarcely done so, when the roc, having taken up a serpent of a monstrous length in her bill, flew away.

The spot where the bird left me was encompassed on all sides by mountains, that seemed to reach above the clouds, and so steep that there was no possibility of getting out of the valley. This was a new perplexity; so that when I compared this place with the desert island from which the roc had brought me, I found that I had gained nothing by the change.

As I walked through this valley, I perceived it was strewed with diamonds, some of which were of a surprising bigness. I took pleasure in looking upon them; but shortly saw at a distance such objects as greatly diminished my satisfaction, and which I could not view without terror, namely, a great number of serpents, so monstrous that the least of them was capable of swallowing an elephant. They retired in the daytime to their dens, where they hid themselves from the roc, their enemy, and came out only in the night.

I spent the day in walking about in the valley, resting myself at times in such places as I thought most convenient. When night came on I went into a cave, where I thought I might repose in safety. I secured the entrance, which was low and narrow, with a great stone, to preserve me from the serpents; but not so far as to exclude the light. I supped on part of my provisions, but the serpents, which began hissing round me, put me into such extreme fear that I did not sleep. When day appeared the serpents retired, and I came out of the cave trembling. I can justly say, that I walked upon diamonds, without feeling any inclination to touch them. At last I sat down, and notwithstanding my apprehensions, not having closed my eyes during the night, fell asleep, after having eaten a little more of my provisions. But I had scarcely shut my eyes when something that fell by me with a great noise awaked me. This was a large piece of raw meat; and at the same time I saw several others fall down from the rocks in different places.

I had always regarded as fabulous what I had heard sailors and others relate of the valley of diamonds, and of the stratagems employed by merchants to obtain jewels from thence; but now I found that they had stated nothing but the truth. For the fact is, that the merchants come to the neighborhood of this valley, when the eagles have young ones, and throwing great joints of meat into the valley, the diamonds, upon whose points they fall, stick to them; the eagles, which are stronger in this country than anywhere else, pounce with great force upon those pieces of meat, and carry them to their nests on the precipices of the rocks to feed their young; the merchants at this time run to their nests, disturb and drive off the eagles by their shouts, and take away the diamonds that stick to the meat.

I perceived in this device the means of my deliverance.

Having collected together the largest diamonds I could find, and put them into the leather bag in which I used to carry my provisions, I took the largest of the pieces of meat, tied it close round me with the cloth of my turban, and then laid myself upon the ground, with my face downwards, the bag of diamonds being made fast to my girdle.

I had scarcely placed myself in this posture when one of the eagles, having taken me up with the piece of meat to which I was fastened, carried me to his nest on the top of the mountain. The merchants immediately began their shouting to frighten the eagles; and when they had obliged them to quit their prey, one of them came to the nest where I was. He was much alarmed when he saw me; but recovering himself, instead of inquiring how I came thither, began to quarrel with me, and asked why I stole his goods? "You will treat me," replied I, "with more civility, when you know me better. Do not be uneasy; I have diamonds enough for you and myself, more than all the other merchants together. Whatever they have they owe to chance; but I selected for myself, in the bottom of the valley, those which you see in this bag."

I had scarcely done speaking, when the other merchants came crowding about us, much astonished to see me; but they were much more surprised when I told them my story.

They conducted me to their encampment; and there having opened my bag, they were surprised at the largeness of my diamonds, and confessed that they had never seen any of such size and perfection. I prayed the merchant who owned the nest to which I had been carried (for every merchant had his own), to take as many for his share as he pleased. He contented himself with one, and that, too, the least of them; and when I pressed him to take more, without fear of doing me any injury, "No," said he, "I am very well satisfied with this, which is valuable enough to save me the trouble of making any more voyages, and will raise as great a fortune as I desire."

I spent the night with the merchants, to whom I related my story a second time, for the satisfaction of those who had not heard it. I could not moderate my joy when I found myself delivered from the danger I have mentioned. I thought myself in a dream, and could scarcely believe myself out of danger.

The merchants had thrown their pieces of meat into the valley for several days; and each of them being satisfied with the diamonds that had fallen to his lot, we left the place the next morning, and traveled near high mountains, where there were serpents of a prodigious length, which we had the good fortune to escape. We took shipping at the first port we reached, and touched at the isle of Roha, where the trees grow that yield camphire. This tree is so large, and its branches so thick, that one hundred men may easily sit under its shade. The juice, of which the camphire is made, exudes from a hole bored in the upper part of the tree, is received in a vessel, where it thickens to a consistency, and becomes what we call camphire. After the juice is thus drawn out, the tree withers and dies.

In this island is also found the rhinoceros, an animal less than the elephant, but larger than the buffalo. It has a horn upon it nose, about a cubit in length; this horn is solid, and cleft through the middle. The rhinoceros fights with the elephant, runs his horns into his belly, and carries him off upon his head: but the blood and the fat of the elephant running into his eyes and making him blind, he falls to the ground; and then, strange to relate, the roc comes and carries them both away in her claws, for food for her young ones.

I pass over many other things peculiar to this island, lest I should weary you. Here I exchanged some of my diamonds for merchandise. From hence we went to other islands, and at last, having touched at several trading towns of the continent, we landed at Bussorah, from whence I proceeded to Bagdad. There I immediately gave large presents to the poor, and lived honorably upon the vast riches I had brought and gained with so much fatigue.

Thus Sindbad ended the relation of the second voyage, gave Hindbad another hundred sequins, and invited him to come the next day to hear the account of the third.

. . . .

THE FIFTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

All the troubles and calamities I had undergone could not cure me of my inclination to make new voyages. I therefore bought goods, departed with them for the best seaport, and there, that I might not be obliged to depend upon a captain, but have a ship at my own command, I remained till one was built on purpose, at my own charge. When the ship was ready I went on board with my goods; but not having enough to load her, I agreed to take with me several merchants of different nations, with their merchandise.

We sailed with the first fair wind, and after a long navigation, the first place we touched at was a desert island, where we found an egg of a roc, equal in size to that I formerly mentioned. There was a young roc in it, just ready to be hatched, and its beak had begun to break the egg.

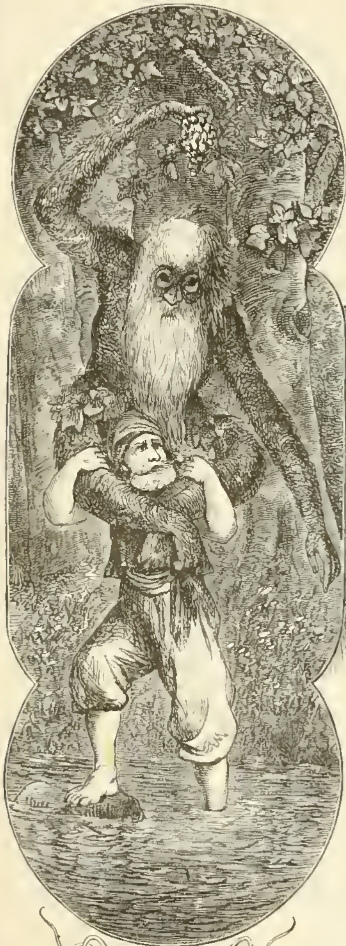
The merchants who landed with me broke the egg with hatchets, and made a hole in it, pulled out the young roc piecemeal, and roasted it. I had in vain entreated them not to meddle with the egg.

Scarcely had they finished their repast, when there appeared in the air, at a considerable distance, two great clouds. The captain of my ship, knowing by experience what they meant, said they were the male and female parents of the roc, and pressed us to reëmbark with all speed, to prevent the misfortune which he saw would otherwise befall us.

The two rocs approached with a frightful noise, which they redoubled when they saw the egg broken and their young one gone. They flew back in the direction they had come, and disappeared for some time, while we made all the sail we could to endeavor to prevent that which unhappily befell us.

They soon returned, and we observed that each of them carried between its talons an enormous rock. When they came directly over my ship, they hovered, and one of them let go his rock; but by the dexterity of the steersman it missed us, and fell into the sea. The other so exactly hit the middle of the ship as to split it into pieces. The mariners and passengers were all crushed to death, or fell into the sea. I myself was of the number of the latter; but, as I came up again, I fortunately caught hold of a piece of the wreck, and swimming, sometimes with one hand and sometimes with the other, but always holding fast the plank, the wind and the tide favoring me, I came to an island, and got safely ashore.

I sat down upon the grass, to recover myself from my fatigue, after which I went into the island to explore it. It seemed to be a delicious garden. I found trees everywhere, some of them bearing green and others ripe fruits, and streams of fresh pure water. I ate of the fruits, which I found excellent; and drank of the water, which was very light and good.



When I was a little advanced into the island I saw an old man, who appeared very weak and infirm. He was sitting on the bank of a stream, and at first I took him to be one who had been shipwrecked like myself. I went towards him and saluted him, but he only slightly bowed his head. I asked him why he sat so still; but instead of answering me, he made a sign for me to take him upon my back, and carry him over the brook.

I believed him really to stand in need of my assistance, took him upon my back, and having carried him over, bade him get down, and for that end stooped, that he might get off with ease; but instead of doing so (which I laugh at every time I think of it), the old man, who to me appeared quite decrepit, threw his legs nimbly about my neck. He sat astride upon my shoulders, and held my throat so tight that I thought he would have strangled me, and I fainted away.

Notwithstanding my fainting, the ill-natured old fellow still kept his seat upon my neck. When I had recovered my breath, he thrust one of his feet against my side, and struck me so rudely with the other, that he forced me to rise up against my will. Having arisen, he made me carry him under the trees, and forced me now and then to stop. that he might gather and eat fruit. He never left his seat all day; and when I lay down to rest at night, he laid himself down with me, holding still fast about my neck. Every morning he pinched me to make me awake, and afterwards obliged me to get up and walk, and spurred me with his feet.

One day I found several dry calabashes that had fallen from a tree. I took a large one, and after cleaning it, pressed into it some juice of grapes, which abounded in the island; having filled the calabash, I put it by in a convenient place, and going thither again some days after, I tasted it, and found the wine so good, that it gave me new vigor, and so exhilarated my spirits, that I began to sing and dance as I carried my burden.

The old man, perceiving the effect which this had upon me, and that I carried him with more ease than before, made me a sign to give him some of it. I handed him the calabash, and the liquor pleasing his palate, he drank it off. There being a considerable quantity of it, he soon began to sing, and to move about from side to side in his seat upon my shoulders, and by degrees to loosen his legs from about me. Finding that he did not press me as before, I threw him upon the ground, where he lay without motion; I then took up a great stone and slew him.

I was extremely glad to be thus freed forever from this troublesome fellow. I now walked towards the beach, where I met the crew of a ship that had cast anchor, to take in water; they were surprised to see me, but more so at hearing the particulars of my adventures. "You fell," said they, "into the hands of the Old Man of the Sea, and are the first who ever escaped strangling by his malicious embraces. He never quitted those he had once made himself master of, till he had destroyed them, and he has made this island notorious by the number of men he has slain." They carried me with them to the captain, who received me with great kindness. He put out again to sea, and after some days' sail we arrived at the harbor of a great city, the houses of which overhung the sea.

One of the merchants who had taken me into his friendship invited me to go along with him. He gave me a large sack, and having recommended me to some people of the town, who used to gather cocoa-nuts, desired them to take me with them. "Go," said he, "follow them, and act as you see them do; but do not separate from them, otherwise you may endanger your life." Having thus spoken, he gave me provisions for the journey, and I went with them.

We came to a thick forest of cocoa-trees, very lofty, with trunks so smooth that it was not possible to climb to the branches that bore the fruit. When we entered the forest we saw a great number of apes of several sizes, who fled as soon as they perceived us, and climbed to the tops of the trees with amazing swiftness.

The merchants with whom I was gathered stones, and threw them at the apes on the trees. I did the same; and the apes, out of revenge, threw cocoa-nuts at us so fast, and with such gestures, as sufficiently testified their anger and resentment. We gathered up the cocoa-nuts, and from time to time threw stones to provoke the apes; so that by this stratagem we filled our bags with cocoa-nuts. I thus gradually collected as many cocoa-nuts as produced me a considerable sum.

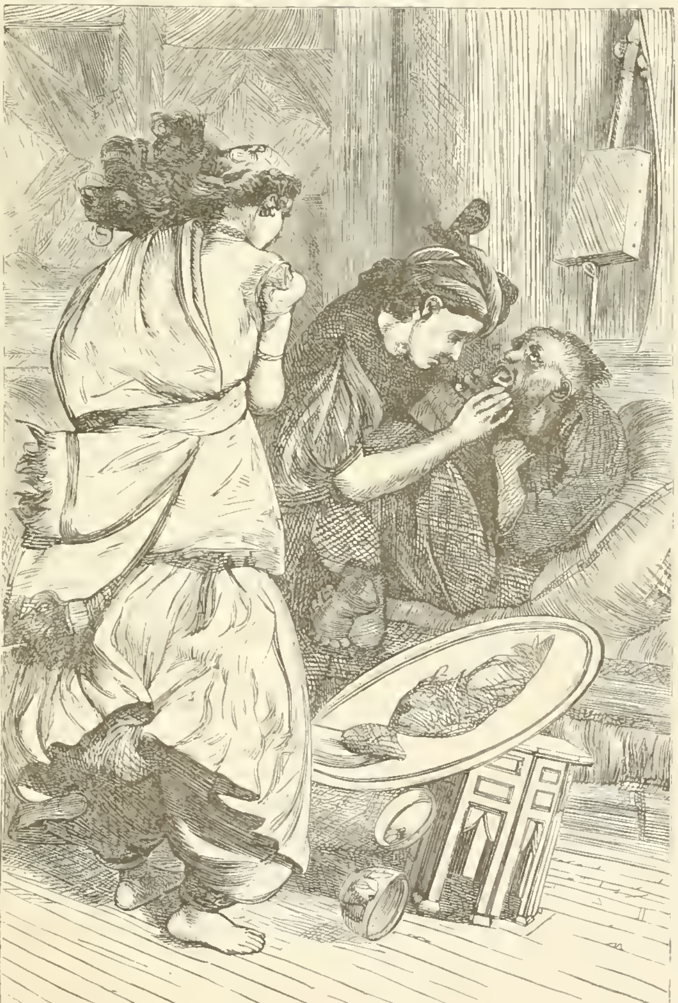
Having laden our vessel with cocoa-nuts, we set sail, and passed by the islands where pepper grows in great plenty. From thence we went to the isle of Comari, where the best species of wood of aloes grows. I exchanged my cocoa in those two islands for pepper and wood of aloes, and went with other merchants a-pearl-fishing. I hired divers, who brought me up some that were very large and pure.

I embarked in a vessel that happily arrived at Bussorah; and from thence I returned to Bagdad, where I realized vast sums from my pepper, wood of aloes, and pearls. I gave the tenth of my gains in alms, as I had done upon my return from my other voyages, and rested from my fatigues.

VIII. THE STORY OF THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK.

There was in former times at Casgar, on the extreme boundaries of Tartary, a tailor, who was married to a wife to whom he was tenderly attached. One day while he was at work, a little hunchback seated himself at the shop door, and began to sing and play upon a tabor. The tailor was pleased with his performance, and resolved to take him to his house to entertain his wife. Immediately after their arrival, the tailor's wife placed before them a dish of fish; but as the little man was eating, he unluckily swallowed a bone, which, notwithstanding all that the tailor and his wife could do, choked him. This accident greatly alarmed them both, lest they should be punished as murderers. Now, it so happened that a doctor, a Jew, lived close by, and the tailor and his wife devised a scheme for placing the body of the dwarf in his house. On their knocking at the door, the servant-maid came down without any light, and asked what they wanted. "Go and tell your master," said the tailor, putting a piece of money in her hand, "we have brought him a man who is ill, and want his advice." While the servant was gone up to inform her master, the tailor and his wife hastily conveyed the body of the hunchback, supposed to be dead, to the head of the stairs, and leaving it there, hurried away.

In the mean time the doctor, transported with joy at being paid beforehand, hastily ran towards the head of the stairs without waiting for a light, and came against the body of the hunchback with so much violence, that he precipitated it to the bottom. "Bring me a light!" cried he to the maid; "quick, quick!" At last she brought a light, and he went down-stairs with her; but when he saw what he had done, "Unhappy man that I am!" said he, "why did I attempt to come without a light? I have killed the poor fellow who was brought to me to be cured; and unless Esdra's ass come to assist me, the authorities will be here, and drag me out of my house for a murderer."



The doctor then called his wife, and consulted with her how to dispose of the dead body during the night. The doctor racked his brain in vain; he could not think of any stratagem to relieve his embarrassment; but his wife, who was more fertile in invention, said: "A thought has just come into my head; carry the dead body to the terrace of our house, and let it down the chimney of our Mussulman neighbor."

This Mussulman was one of the sultan's purveyors for furnishing oil, butter, and articles of a similar nature, and had a magazine in his house, where the rats and mice made prodigious havoc.

The Jewish doctor approving the proposed expedient, his wife and he took the little dwarf up to the roof of the house, and placing ropes under his armpits, let him down the chimney into the purveyor's chamber so dexterously that he stood upright against the wall, as if he had been alive. They were scarcely got back into their own chamber, when the purveyor, who had returned late from a wedding-feast, went into his room, with a lantern in his hand. He was not a little surprised to discover a human figure standing in his chimney; but being a stout fellow, and apprehending him to be a thief, he took up a stick, and, "Ah," said he, "I thought the rats and mice ate my butter and tallow; but it is you who come down the chimney to rob me? However, I think you will have no wish to come here again." Upon this he attacked the hunchback, and struck him several times with his stick. The body fell down flat on the ground, and the purveyor redoubled his blows. But observing that the body did not move, he stood a little time to regard it; and then, fear succeeding his anger, "Wretched man that I am!" said he; "what have I done! I have killed a man! alas, I have carried my revenge too far." He stood pale and thunderstruck, and could not tell what resolution to take, when on a sudden he took up the body supposed to be dead, and carried it to the end of the street, where he placed it in an upright posture against a shop; he then returned without once looking behind him.

A few minutes before daybreak, a wealthy Christian merchant, coming home from a night's festivity, passed by the spot where the sultan's purveyor had put the dead body, which being jostled by him, tumbled upon the merchant's back. The merchant, thinking he was attacked by a robber, knocked it down, and after redoubling his blows, cried out "Thieves!" The outcry alarmed the watch, who came up immediately, and finding a Christian beating a Mussulman, "What reason have you," said he, "to abuse a Mussulman in this manner?" "He would have robbed me," replied the merchant, "and jumped upon my back in order to take me by the throat." "If he did," said the watch, "you have revenged yourself sufficiently; come, get off him." At the same time perceiving the little man to be dead, he said, "Is it thus that a Christian dares to assassinate a Mussulman?" So saying, he laid hold of the Christian, and carried him to the house of the cadi. In the mean time the Christian merchant, reflecting upon his adventure, could not conceive how such slight blows of his fist could have killed the man.

The judge having heard the report of the watch, and viewed the body, which they had brought to his house, interrogated the Christian merchant, who could not deny the death, though he had not caused it. But the judge considering that the little dwarf belonged to the sultan, for he was one of his buffoons, would not put the Christian to death till he knew the sultan's pleasure. For this end he went to the palace, and acquainted the sultan with what had happened; and received this answer, "I have no mercy to show to a Christian who kills a Mussulman." Upon this the cadi ordered a stake to be prepared, and sent criers all over the city to proclaim that they were about to impale a Christian for killing a Mussulman.

At length the merchant was brought to the place of execution; and the executioner was about to fasten him to the stake, when the sultan's purveyor pushed through the crowd, calling to him to stop, for that the Christian had not committed the murder, but he himself had done it, and related how he had attacked him, under the impression that he was a thief. "Let the Christian go," said the cadi to the executioner, "and impale this man in his stead, since it appears by his own confession that he is guilty." Thereupon the executioner released the merchant, and seized the purveyor; but just as he was going to impale him, he heard the voice of the Jewish doctor, earnestly entreating him to suspend the execution, and make room for him to approach, as he was the real criminal, and stating how he had by his hasty imprudence caused his death. The chief justice being now persuaded that the Jewish doctor was the murderer, gave orders to the executioner to seize him and release the purveyor. Accordingly the doctor was just going to be impaled, when the tailor appeared, crying, in his turn, to the executioner to hold his hand, and make room for him, that he might come and make his confession to the cadi, as, after all, he was the person really answerable for the death of the hunchback, and he could not bear that an innocent man should suffer for his crime. The cadi being now fairly perplexed to decide who was the real culprit amongst so many self-accusing criminals, determined to refer the matter to the sultan himself, and proceeded to the palace, accompanied by the tailor, the Jewish doctor, and the Christian merchant, while four of his men carried on a bier the body of the dwarf, supposed to be dead.

When they appeared in the sultan's presence, the cadi prostrated himself at his feet; and on rising, gave him a faithful relation of all he knew of the story of the dwarf, and of the three men who, one after the other, accused themselves of his involuntary murder. The story appeared so extraordinary to the sultan, that he ordered his own historian to write it down with all its circumstances.

IX. THE STORY OF THE BARMECIDE FEAST.

One day as Schacabac passed by a magnificent house, whose high gate showed a very spacious court, where there was a multitude of servants, he went to one of them, and asked him to whom that house belonged. "Good man," replied the servant, "whence do you come that you ask me such a question? Does not all that you behold point out to you that it is the palace of a Barmecide?" Schacabac, who very well knew the liberality and generosity of the Barmecides, addressed himself to one of the gate-keepers (for he had more than one), and prayed him to give him an alms. "Go in," said he, "nobody hinders you, and address yourself to the master of the house; he will send you back satisfied."

Schacabac, who expected no such civility, thanked the porter, and entered the palace. He went on till he came into a hall richly furnished and adorned with painting of gold and azure foliage, where he saw a venerable man, with a long white beard, sitting at the upper end on a sofa, whence he concluded him to be the master of the house; and, in fact, it was the Barmecide himself, who said to him, in a very civil manner, that he was welcome, and asked him what he wanted. "My lord," answered Schacabac, "I am a poor man who stands in need of help. I swear to you I have not eaten one bit to-day." "Is it true," demanded the Barmecide, "that you are fasting till now? Alas! poor man, he is ready to die for hunger! Ho, boy!" cried he, with a loud voice; "bring a basin and water presently, that we may wash our hands." Though no boy appeared, and Schacabac saw neither water nor basin, the Barmecide fell to rubbing his hands as if one had poured water upon them, and bade him come and wash with him. Schacabac judged by this that the Barmecide lord loved to be merry; and he himself understanding raillery, and knowing that the poor must be complaisant to the rich, if they would have anything from them, came forward and did as he was required.

"Come on," said the Barmecide; "bring us something to eat, and do not let us wait." When he had spoken, though nothing appeared, he began to cut, as if something had been brought him upon a plate, and putting his hand to his mouth, began to eat; and said to Schacabac: "Come, friend, eat as freely as if you were at home; you said you were like to die of hunger, but you eat as if you had no appetite!" "Pardon me, my lord," said Schacabac, who perfectly imitated what he did; "you see I lose no time, and that I play my part well enough." "How like you this bread?" said the Barmecide; "do not you find it very good?" "Oh, my lord," replied Schacabac, who saw neither bread nor meat, "I have never eaten anything so white and so fine." "Eat your fill," said the Barmecide. "I assure you the woman who bakes me this good bread cost me five hundred pieces of gold to purchase her."

The Barmecide, after having boasted so much of his bread, which Schacabac ate only in idea, cried, "Boy, bring us another dish;" and though no boy appeared, "Come, my good friend," continued he, "taste this new dish, and tell me if ever you ate better mutton and barley broth than this." "It is admirably good," replied Schacabac, "and therefore you see I eat heartily." "You oblige me highly," resumed the Barmecide. "I conjure you, then, by the satisfaction I have to see you eat so heartily, that you eat all up, since you like it so well." A little while after he called for a goose and sweet sauce. He then called for several others, of which Schacabac, who was ready to die of hunger, pretended to eat; but what he boasted of more than all the rest was a lamb, fed with pistachio nuts, which he ordered to be brought up in the same manner. "I knew you would like it," said the Barmecide. "There is nothing in the world finer," replied Schacabac; "your table is most delicious." "Come, bring the ragout. I fancy you will like that as well as you did the lamb. Well, how do you relish it?"

"Oh, it is wonderful," replied Schacabac; "for here we taste all at once amber, cloves, nutmeg, ginger, pepper, and the most odoriferous herbs, and all these delicacies are so well mixed that one does not prevent our tasting the other." "How pleasant! Honor this ragout," said the Barmecide, "by eating heartily of it. Ho, boy, bring us another ragout." "No, my lord, if it please you," replied Schacabac, "for indeed I can eat no more."

"Come, take it away, then," said the Barmecide, "and bring the fruit." He stayed a moment, as it were to give time for his servants to carry it away; after which he addressed Schacabac, "Taste these almonds, they are good and fresh gathered." Both of them made as if they had peeled the almonds and eaten them; after this the Barmecide invited him to eat something else. "Look," said he, "there are all sorts of fruits, cakes, dry sweetmeats, and conserves. Take what you like." Then stretching out his hand, as if he had reached Schacabac something, he still bade him eat, and said to him: "Methinks you do not eat as if you had been so hungry as you complained you were when you came in." "My lord," replied Schacabac, whose jaws ached with moving and having nothing to eat, "I assure you I am so full that I cannot eat one bit more."

"Well, then, friend," resumed the Barmecide, "we must drink some wine now, after we have eaten so well." "I will drink, then, out of complaisance," said Schacabac, "for I see you will have nothing wanting to make your treat complete; but since I am not accustomed to drink wine, I am afraid I shall act contrary to the respect that is due to you; therefore I pray you to excuse me from drinking any wine. I will be content with water." "No, no," said the Barmecide, "you shall drink wine;" and at the same time he commanded some to be brought, in the same manner as the meat and fruit had been served before. He made as if he poured out wine, and drank first himself, and then pouring out for Schacabac, presented him the glass, saying, "Drink my health, and let us know if you think this wine good." He made as if he took the glass, and looked to see if the color was good, and put it to his nose, to try the flavor. He then made a low salute to the Barmecide, to signify that he took the liberty to drink his health; and, lastly, he appeared to drink with all the signs of a man that drinks with pleasure. "My lord," said he, "this is very excellent wine, but I think it is not strong enough." "If you would have stronger," answered the Barmecide, "you need only speak, for I have several sorts in my cellar. Try how you like this." Upon which he made as if he poured out another glass for himself and one for Schacabac, and did this so often that Schacabac, feigning to be intoxicated with the wine, and acting the part of a drunken man, lifted up his hand, and gave the Barmecide such a box on the ear as made him fall down. He was going to give him another blow; but the Barmecide, holding up his hand to ward it off, cried, "Are you mad?" Then Schacabac, making as if he had come to himself again, said: "My lord, you have been so good as to admit your slave into your house, and give him a treat. You should have been satisfied with making me eat, and not have obliged me to drink wine; for I told you beforehand that it might occasion me to fail in my respect for you. I am very sorry for it, and beg you a thousand pardons."

Scarcely had he finished these words, when the Barmecide, instead of being angry, began to laugh with all his might. "I have been long," said he, "seeking a man of your character. I not only forgive the blow you have given me, but I desire henceforward we should be friends, and that you take my house for your home; you have had the complaisance to accommodate yourself to my humor, and the patience to keep the jest up to the last; we will now eat in good earnest." When he had finished these words, he clapped his hands, and commanded his servants, who then appeared, to cover the table, which was speedily done, and Schacabac was treated with all those dishes in reality which he ate of before in fancy. As last they cleared the table and brought in the wine; and at the same time a number of handsome slaves, richly appareled, came and sung some agreeable airs to their musical instruments. In a word, Schacabac had all the reason in the world to be satisfied with the Barmecide's bounty; for he treated him as his friend, and ordered him a robe of honor from his wardrobe.

The Sultan of the Indies could not but admire the prodigious and inexhaustible memory of the sultaness, his wife, who had entertained him for a thousand and one nights with such a variety of interesting stories.

His temper was softened and his prejudices removed. He was not only convinced of the merit and great wisdom of the Sultaness Scheherazade, but he remembered with what courage she had offered to be his wife, without fearing the death to which she knew she exposed herself, and which so many sultanesses had suffered within her knowledge. These considerations, and the many other good qualities he knew her to possess, induced him at last to forgive her. "I confess lovely Scheherazade," said he, "that you have appeased my anger. I freely renounce the law I had imposed on myself, and I will have you to be regarded as the deliverer of the many damsels I had resolved to sacrifice to my unjust resentment."

The sultaness cast herself at his feet, and embraced them tenderly, with all the marks of the most lively and perfect gratitude.

The grand vizier was the first who learned this agreeable intelligence from the sultan's own mouth. It was instantly carried to the city, towns, and provinces: and gained the sultan, and the lovely Scheherazade his consort, universal applause, and the blessings of all the people of the extensive empire of the Indies.

THE BOOK OF BALLADS.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THERE was three kings into the East,
Three kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plow and plowed him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head well armed wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Showed he began to fail.

His color sickened more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They 've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
And tied him fast upon the cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgeled him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe,
And still, as signs of life appeared,
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crushed him between two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'T will make your courage rise.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN A DALE.

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay;
There did he espy the same young man,
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetched a sigh,
"Alack and a well-a-day!"

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Midge, the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he saw them come.

"Stand off, stand off!" the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
"Oh, hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she soon from me was tane,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me without any fail:"
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allin a Dale."

"What wilt thou give me?" said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile:"
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church,
Where Allin should keep his wedding.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said,
"I prithee now tell unto me:"
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north country."

"Oh welcome, Oh welcome," the bishop he said,
"That music best pleaseth me;"
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and the bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here,
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall choose her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four-and-twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the churchyard,
Marching all on a row,
The very first man was Allin a Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Allin as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he said,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire;
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John;
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I,
And he that takes her from Allin a Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And thus having end of this merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

Some will talk of bold Robin Hood,
And some of barons bold;
But I'll tell you how he served the Bishop of Hereford,
When he robbed him of his gold.

As it befell in merry Barnsdale,
All under the greenwood tree,
The Bishop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.

"Come kill me a ven'son," said bold Robin Hood,
"Come kill me a good fat deer;
The Bishop of Hereford is to dine with me to-day,
And he shall pay well for his cheer.

"We'll kill a fat ven'son," said bold Robin Hood,
"And dress it by the highway side;
And we will watch the bishop narrowly,
Lest some other way he should ride."

Robin Hood dressed himself in shepherd's attire,
With six of his men also;
And, when the Bishop of Hereford came by,
They about the fire did go.

"Oh, what is the matter?" then said the bishop,
"Or for whom do you make this ado?
Or why do you kill the king's ven'son,
When your company is so few?"

"We are shepherds," said bold Robin Hood,
"And we keep sheep all the year,
And we are disposed to be merry this day,
And to kill of the king's fat deer."

"You are brave fellows," said the bishop,
"And the king your doings shall know:
Therefore make haste and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go."

"Oh pardon, oh pardon," said bold Robin Hood,
"Oh pardon, I thee pray!
For it becomes not your lordship's coat
To take so many lives away.

"No pardon, no pardon," said the bishop,
"No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haste and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go."

Then Robin set his back against a tree,
And his foot against a thorn,
And from underneath his shepherd's coat
He pulled out a bugle horn.

He put the little end to his mouth,
And a loud blast did he blow,
Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's men
Came running all on a row.

All making obeisance to bold Robin Hood,
'T was a comely sight for to see.
"What is the matter, master?" said Little John,
"That ye blow so hastily?"

"Oh, here is the Bishop of Hereford,
And no pardon we shall have."
"Cut off his head, master," said Little John,
"And throw him into his grave."

"Oh pardon, oh pardon," said the bishop,
"Oh pardon, I thee pray!
For if I had known it had been you,
"I 'd have gone some other way."

"No pardon, no pardon," said bold Robin Hood,
"No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haste and come along with me,
For to merry Barnsdale you shall go."

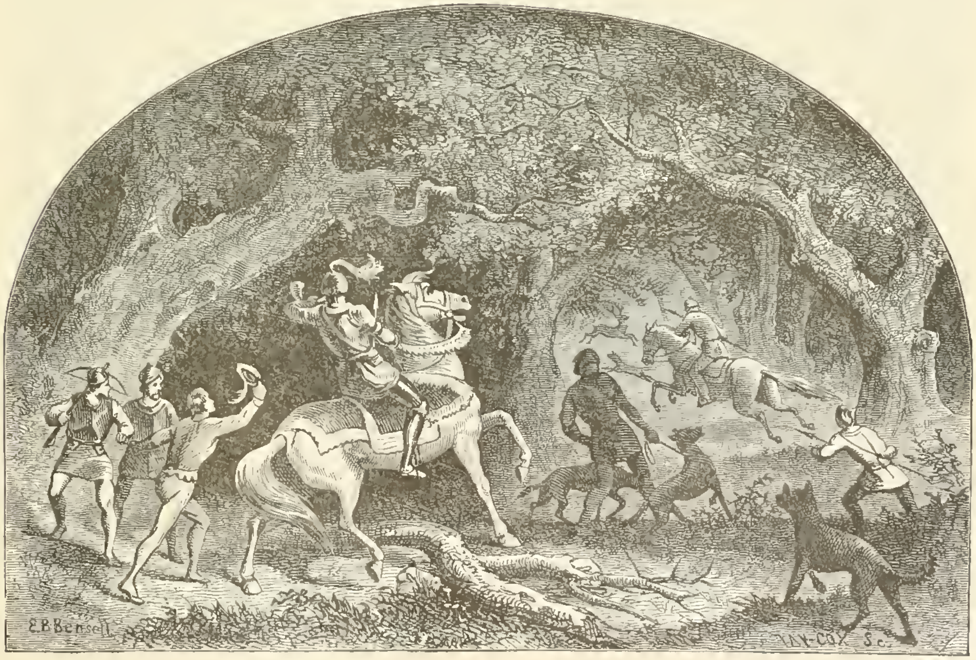
Then Robin he took the bishop by the hand,
And led him to merry Barnsdale;
He made him to stay and sup with him that night,
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.

"Call in a reckoning," said the bishop,
"For methinks it grows wondrous high."
"Lend me your purse, master," said Little John,
"And I 'll tell you by and by."

Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishop's portmantua
He told three hundred pound.

"Here 's money enough, master," said Little John,
"And a comely sight 't is to see;
It makes me in charity with the bishop,
Though he heartily loveth not me."

Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
And he caused the music to play;
And he made the bishop to dance in his boots,
And glad he could so get away.



THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT.

I.

The Percy out of Northumberland
And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
Of Cheviot within days three,
In the maugre of doughty Douglas
And all that ever with him be.

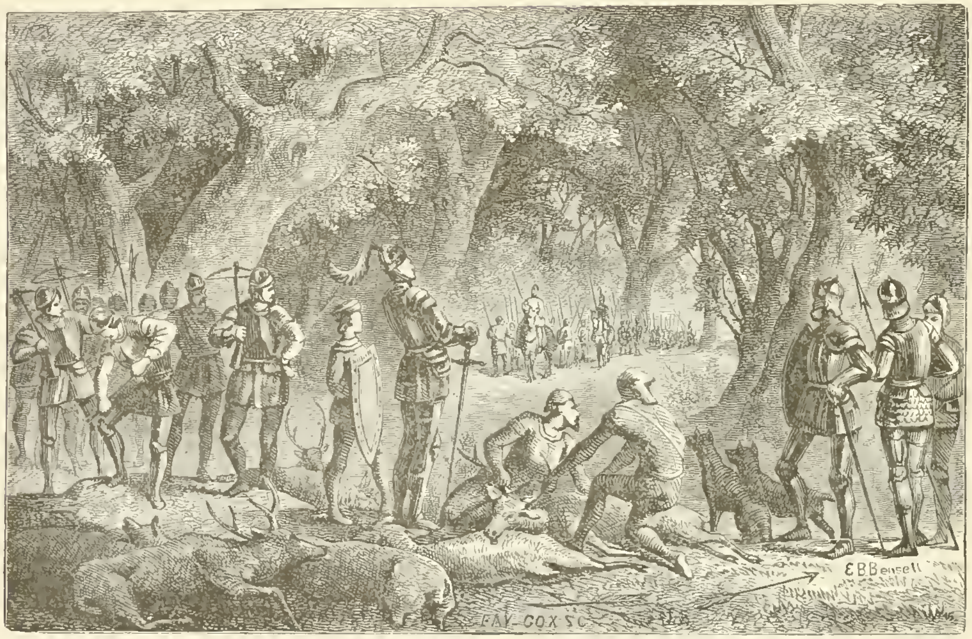
The fattest harts in all Cheviot
He said he would kill and carry them away;
"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
"I will let that hunting if I may."

Then the Percy out of Bamborough came
With him a mighty meany
With fifteen hundred archers bold of blood and bone,
They were chosen out of shires three.

This began on a Monday at morn
In Cheviot the hills so high;
The child may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pity.

The drivers thorough the woodes went,
For to raise the deer;
Bowmen bickered upon the bent
With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild thorough the woodes went
On every side sheer,
Greyhounds thorough the greves glent
For to kill their deer.



They began in Cheviot the hills above,
Early on Monanday;
By that it drew to the hour of noon,
A hundred fat harts dead there lay.

They blew a mort upon the bent,
They 'sembled on sides sheer;
To the quarry then the Percy went
To the brittling of the deer.

He said: "It was the Douglas's promise
This day to meet me here.
But I wist he would fail, verament,"—
A great oath the Percy sware.

At the last a squire of Northumberland
Looked at his hand full nigh;
He was ware of the doughty Douglas coming,
With him a mighty meany.

Both with spear, bill, and brand:
It was a mighty sight to see;
Hardier men, both of heart nor hand,
Were not in Christianity.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
Withouten any fail;
They were born along by the water of Tweed,
I' the bounds of Tivydale.

"Leave off the brittling the deer," he said,
"To your bows look ye take good heed;
For never since ye were on your mothers born
Had ye never so mickle need."

The doughty Douglas on a steed
He rode at his men beforne;
His armor glittered as a glede;
A bolder bairn was never born.

"Tell me who ye are," he says,
"Or whose men that ye be.
Who gave you leave to hunt in this Cheviot Chase,
In the spite of me?"

The first man that ever him an answer made,
It was the good Lord Percy;
"We will not tell thee whose men we are," he says,
"Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this chase
In the spite of thine and of thee.

"The fattest harts in all Cheviot
We have killed and cast to carry them away:"
"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again,
"Therefore the one of us shall die this day."

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the Lord Percy:
"To kill all these guiltless men,
Alas, it were great pity.

"But Percy, thou art a lord of land,
I am an earl called within my country,
Let all our men upon a party stand
And do the battle of thee and of me."

"Now a curse on his crown," said the Lord Percy,
"Whoever thereto says nay;
By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says,
"Thou shalt never see that day.

"Neither in England, Scotland nor France
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But, an fortune be my chance,
I dare meet him, one man for one."

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
Richard Witherington was his name;
"It shall never be told in South England," he says,
"To King Henry the Fourth for shame.

"I wot ye bin great lordes two
I am a poor squire of land;
I will never see my captain fight on a field,
And stand myself and look on,
But while I may my weapon wield
I will not fail both heart and hand."

That day, that day, that dreadful day!
The first fytte here I find.
And you will hear any more o' the Hunting o' the Cheviot,
Yet is there more behind.

II.

The Englishmen had their bows ybent
Their hearts were good enow;
The first of arrows that they shot off,
Seven score spearmen they slew.

Yet bides the Earl Douglas upon the bent.
A captain good enow,
And that was seen, verament
For he wrought them both woo and woe.

The Douglas parted his host in three,
Like a chief chieftain of pride,
With sure spears of mighty tree,
They came in on every side;

Through our English archery
Gave many a wound full wide;
Many a doughty they gar'd to die
Which gainèd them no pride.

The Englishmen let their bows be
And pulled out brands that were bright;
It was a heavy sight to see
Bright swords on basnets light.

Thorough rich mail and maniple
Many stern they stroke down straight;

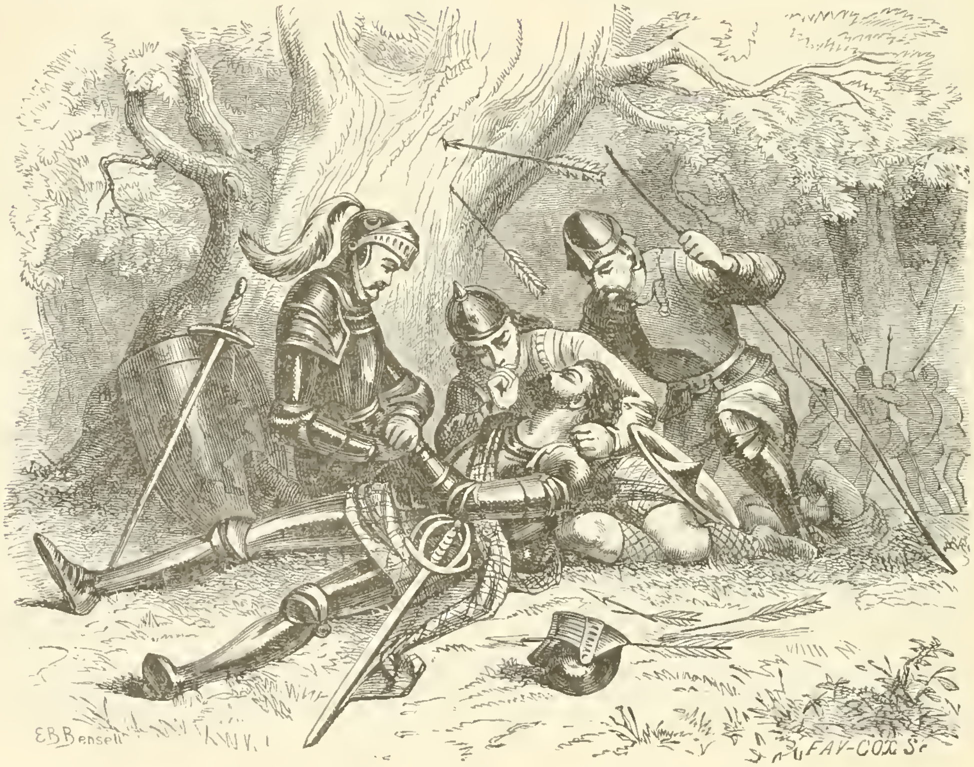
Many a freke that was full free
 There under foot did light.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met,
 Like to captains of might and of main:
They swapt together till they both sweat,
 With swords that were of fine Milan.

These worthy frekes for to fight,
 Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basnets sprent,
 As ever did hail or rain.

"Hold thee, Percy," said the Douglas,
 "And i' faith I shall thee bring,
Where thou shalt have an earl's wages
 Of Jamie our Scottish king.

"Thou shalt have thy ransom free,
 I hight thee here this thing,



For the manfullest man yet art thou
 That ever I conquered in field-fighting."

"Nay," said the Lord Percy,
 "I told it thee beforne
That I would never yielded be
 To no man of a woman born."

With that there came an arrow hastily
 Forth of a mighty wane;
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas
 In at the breast bane.

Thorough liver and lungs baith
 The sharp arrow is gone
That never after in all his live days
 He spake no words but one:
That was, "Fight ye, my merry men, whil
  may,
 For my life days be gone."

The Percy leanèd on his brand
 And saw the Douglas die.
He took the dead man by the hand
 And said, "Woe is me for thee!

"To have saved thy life, I would have parted with
My lands for years three,
For a better man of heart nor of hand
Was not in all the north country."

Of all that saw a Scottish knight
Was called Sir Hugh Montgomery;
He saw the Douglas to the death was dight,
He spended a spear, a trusty tree:

He rode upon a courser
Thorough a hundred archery;
He never stinted, nor never blane,
Till he came to the good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy
A dint that was full sore:
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
Clean through the body he the Percy bore,

At t' other side that a man might see
A large cloth-yard and mair;
Two better captains were not in Christianity,
Than that day slain were there.

An archer of Northumberland
Saw slain was the Lord Percy;
He bare a bend-bow in his hand
Was made of trusty tree.

An arrow that a cloth-yard was long
To the hard steel haled he;
A dint that was both sad and sore
He set on Sir Hugh Montgomery.

The dint it was both sad and sore
That he on Montgomery set;
The swan feathers that his arrow bore
With his heart blood they were wet.

There was never a freke one foot would flee
But still in stour did stand,
Hewing on each other, while they might dree
With many a baleful brand.

This battle began in Cheviot
An hour before the noon,
And when even-song bell was rung
The battle was not half done.

They took on either hand
By the light of the moon;
Many had no strength for to stand
In Cheviot the hills aboon.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England
Went away but fifty and three;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland
But even five and fiftie.

But all were slain Cheviot within;
They had no strength to stand on high;
The child may rue that is unborn
It was the more pitie.

There was slain with the Lord Percy,
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roger, the hynd Hartley,
Sir William, the bold Heron.

Sir George, the worthy Lovel,
A knight of great renown,
Sir Ralph, the rich Rugby,
With dints were beaten down.

For Witherington my heart was woe
That ever he slain should be;
For when both his legs were hewn in two,
Yet he kneeled and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas,
Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Davy Liddall, that worthy was,
His sister's son was he.

Sir Charles o' Murray in that place
That never a foot would flee;
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was,
With the Douglas did he dee.

So on the morrow they made them biers
Of birch and hazel so gray;
Many widows with weeping tears
Came to fetch their mates away.

Tivydale may carp of care
Northumberland may make great moan,
For two such captains as slain were there,
On the March-party shall never be none.

Word has come to Edinborough
To Jamie the Scottish king,
That doughty Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches
He lay slain Cheviot within.

His handes did he weal and wring,
He said, "Alas! and wo is me!
Such an other captain Scotland within,"
He said, "i' faith should never be."

Word is come to lovely London
To the fourth Harry our king,
That Lord Percy, lieutenant of the Marches,
He lay slain, Cheviot within.

"God have mercy on his soul," said King Harry,
"Good Lord if thy will it be!
I have a hundred captains in England," he said,
"As good as ever was he.
But Percy, as I brook my life,
Thy death well quit shall be."

As our noble king made his avow,
Like a noble prince of renown,
For the death of the Lord Percy
He did the battle of Homildown;

Where six and thirty Scottish knights
On a day were beaten down;
Glendale glittered on their armor bright,
Over castle, tower and town.

This was the Hunting of the Cheviot
That tear began this spurn:
Old men that know the ground weel enow
Call it the battle of Otterbourn.

At Otterbourn began this spurn
Upon a Monanday;
There was the doughty Douglas slain,
The Percy never went away.

There was never a time on the March parties
Since the Douglas and Percy met,
But it was marvel, and the red blood ran not
As the rain does in the street.

And now may Heaven amend us all
And to the bliss us bring.
Thus was the Hunting of the Cheviot.
God send us all good ending.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his housekeeping and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

"How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me;
And for thy housekeeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege," quoth the abbot, "I would it were known
I never spend nothing but what is my own;
And I trust your grace will do me no deere
For spending of my own true gotten geere."

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

"And first," quoth the king, "when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

"Secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"Oh these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your Grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three weeks space,
I'll do my endeavor to answer your Grace."

"Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold:
"How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What news do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

"The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

"The second, to tell him without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think."

"Now cheer up, sir abbot, did you never hear yet
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship as ever may be;
And if you will but lend me your gown
There is none shall know us in fair London town."

"Now horses and serving men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the pope."

"Now welcome, sir abbot," the king he did say,
"'T is well thou 'rt come back to keep thy day:
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than he."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
"I did not think I had been worth so little!
Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth again;
And then your Grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
"I did not think it could be gone so soon.
Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"Yea, that I shall do and make your Grace merry;
You think I 'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I 'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass,
"I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"
"Nay, nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alack, I can neither write nor read."

"Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me:
And tell the old abbot, when thou com'st home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

THERE came a ghost to Margaret's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And aye he tirled at the pin,
But answer made she none.

"Is that my father Philip,
Or is 't my brother John?
Or is 't my true love Willy,
From Scotland new come home?"

"'T is not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 't is thy true love Willy,
From Scotland new come home.

"O sweet Margaret, O dear Margaret,
I pray thee speak to me:
Give me my faith and troth, Margaret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou 'lt never get,
Nor yet wilt thou me win,
Till that thou come within my bower
And kiss my cheek and chin."

"If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man:
And should I kiss thy rosy lips
Thy days would not be lang.

"O sweet Margaret, O dear Margaret,
I pray thee speak to me:
Give me my faith and troth, Margaret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou 'lt never get,
Nor yet wilt thou me win,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring."

"My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my spirit, Margaret,
That 's now speaking to thee."

She stretched out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her best:
"Have there your faith and troth, Willy,
God send your soul good rest."

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee;
And all the live-long winter night
The dead corpse followed she.

"Is there any room at your head, Willy,
Or any room at your feet;
Or any room at your side, Willy,
Wherein that I may creep?"

"There 's no room at my head, Margaret,
There 's no room at my feet:
There 's no room at my side, Margaret,
My coffin 's made so meet;

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray;
"'T is time, 't is time, my dear Margaret,
That you were going away."

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine:
"Oh where will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship of mine?"

Oh up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
"'T is thou maun bring her hame!"

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
  Sae loud, loud laughed he,
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
  The tear blindit his e'e.

" Oh wha is this has done this deed,
  And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time of the year,
  To sail upon the sea ?

" Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
  Our ship must sail the faem ;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
  'T is we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
  Wi' a' the speed they may ;
They hae landed in Noroway
  Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
  In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
  Began aloud to say :

" Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd
  And a' our queenè's fee."
" Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud !
  Fu' loud I hear ye lie !

" For I hae brought as much white monie
  As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red gowd
  Out oure the sea wi' me.

" Make ready, make ready, my merry men a' !
  Our gude ship sails the morn."
" Now, ever alake ! my master dear,
  I fear a deadly storm !

" I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
  Wi' the auld moon in her arm ;
And if we gang to sea, master,
  I fear we 'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
  A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
  And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
  It was sic a deadly storm ;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship
  Till a' her sides were torn.

" Oh where will I get a gude sailor
  To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast,
  To see if I can spy land ? "

" Oh here am I, a sailor gude,
  To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast, —
  But I fear you 'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
  A step, but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
  And the salt sea it came in.

" Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
  Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side
  And let na the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
  Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them roun' that gude ship's side,
  But still the sea came in.

Oh laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
  To weet their cork-heeled shoon !
But lang or a' the play was played,
  They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
  That floated on the faem,
And mony was the gude lord's son
  That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrange their fingers white,
  The maidens tore their hair ;
A' for the sake of their true loves,
  For them they 'll see na mair.

Oh lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they 'll see na mair.

Oh forty miles off Aberdeen
'T is fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

I.

Lithe and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will began;
It is of a lord of fair Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead him frae,
And he loved keeping companie.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revel every night,
To card and dice from eve to morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
To always spend and never spare;
I wot, an' it were the king himself
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

So fares the unthrifty Lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his lands so broad,
His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewàrd,
And John o' the Scales was callèd he;
But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has got both gold and fee.

Says, "Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheer;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee here."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent;
My land now take it unto thee:
Give me thy gold, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a gods-pennie;[1]
But for every pound that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board,
He was right glad his land to win;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I 'll be the Lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so broad,
Both hill and holt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight;[2]
"My son, when I am gone," said he,
"Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free.

"But swear me now upon the rood,[3]
That lonesome lodge thou 'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of gold:
"And come with me, my friends," said he,
"Let 's drink, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee."[4]

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxèd thin;
And then his friends they slunk away;
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

---

[1] *Gods-pennie*, earnest money, *i. e.* part of the price paid in advance to bind the contract.

[2] *Hight*, promised.

[3] *Rood*, cross.

[4] *Thee*, thrive.

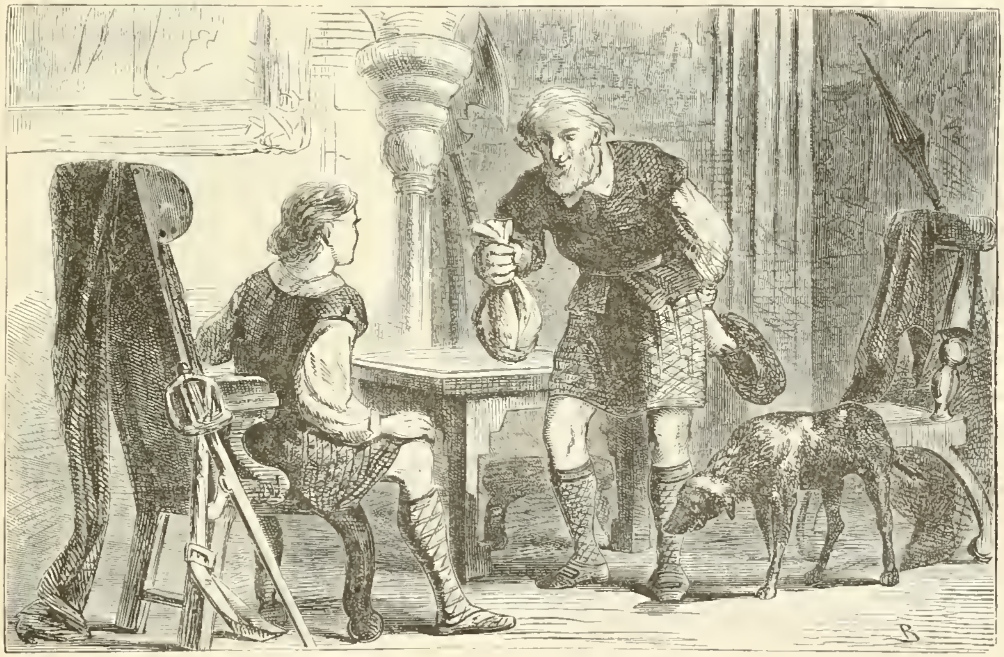
He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,
And another it was white monèy.

"Now well-a-day," said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me,
For when I was the Lord of Linne.
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trusty friend have I,
And why should I feel dole or care?
I'll borrow of them all by turns,
So need I not be never bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had paid his gold away;
Another called him thriftless loon,
And bade him sharply wend his way.

"Now well-a-day, said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-day and woe is me;
For when I had my lands so broad,
On me they lived right merrilee.



"To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a brenning[1] shame;
To rob and steal it were a sin;
To work, my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now I'll away to the lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend:
When all the world should frown on me,
I there should find a trusty friend."

II.

Away then hied the heir of Linne,
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,
Until he came to the lonesome lodge
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He lookèd up, he looked down,
In hope some comfort for to win;
But bare and lothly were the walls:
"Here's sorry cheer," quo' the heir of Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone.
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

---

[1] *Brenning*, burning.

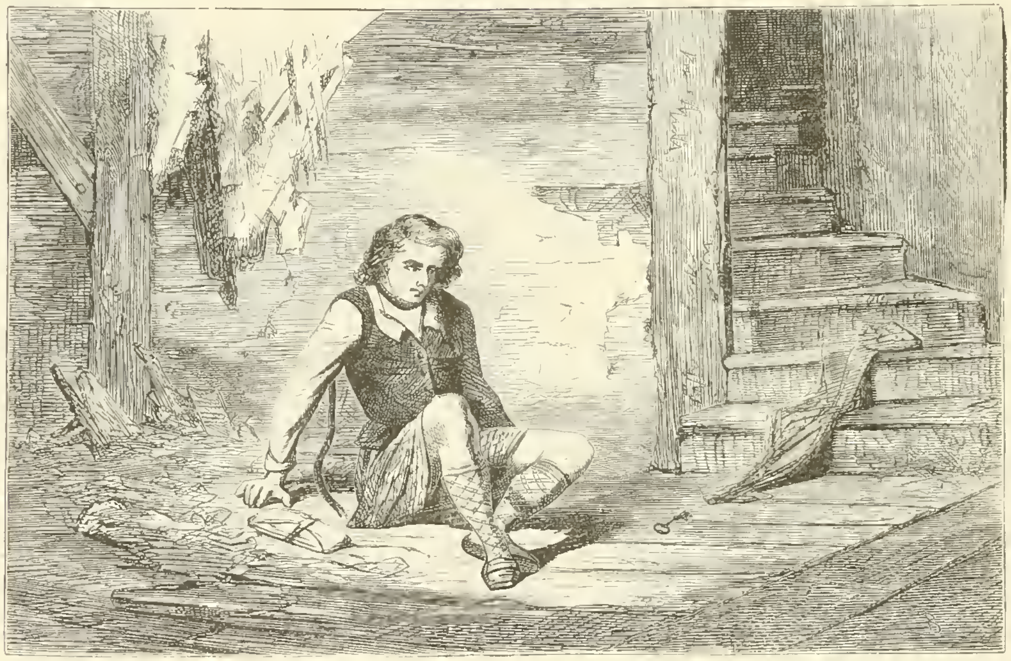
No chair, ne table, he mote spy,
No cheerful hearth, ne welcome bed;
Nought save a rope with renning noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad lètters,
These words were written so plain to see:
"Ah! graceless wretch, hast spent thine all,
And brought thyself to penurie?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend;
Let it now shield thy foul disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent[1] wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heir of Linne;
His heart. I wis, was near to-brást
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,
Never a word spake he but three;
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto me."



Then round his neck the cord he drew,
And sprang aloft with his bodie,
When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonyed lay the heir of Linne,
Ne knew if he were live or dead;
At length he looked, and saw a bill,
And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere.[2]

Two were full of the beaten gold,
The third was full of white monèy;
And over them in broad letters
These words were written so plain to see:

"Once more, my son, I set thee clear;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last."

---

[1] *Shent,* shamed.

[2] *In-fere,* together.

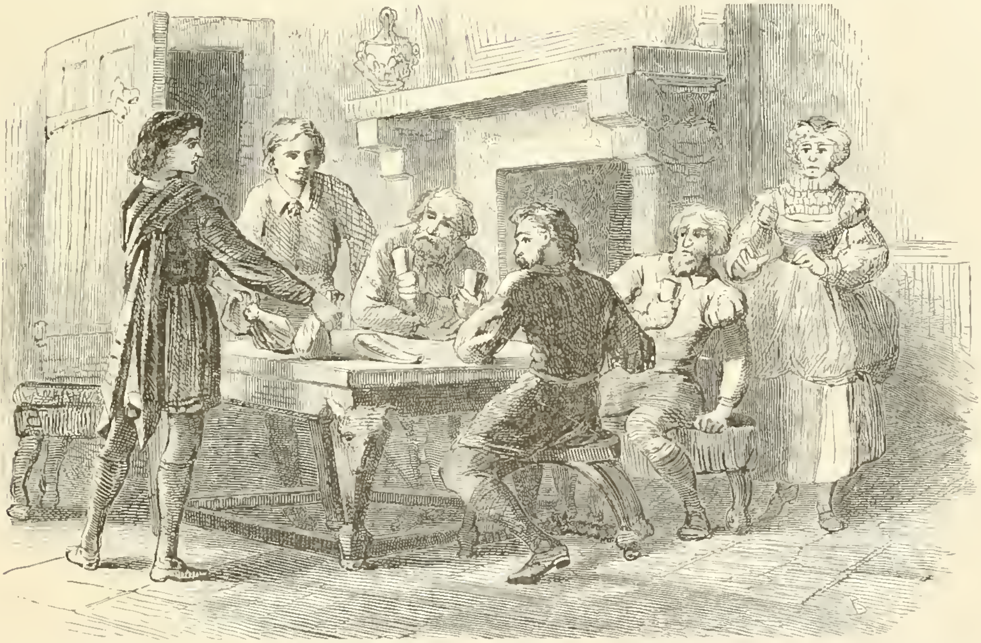
"And let it be," said the heir of Linne,
"And let it be, but if I amend:
For here I will make mine avow,
This reade[1] shall guide me to the end."

Away then went with a merry cheer,
Away then went the heir of Linne;
I wis, he neither ceased ne blanne,[2]
Till John o' the Scales' house he did win.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the speer then lookèd he;
There sat three lords upon a row,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sat at the board-head,
Because now Lord of Linne was he;
"I pray thee," he said, "good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend me."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon;
Away, away, this may not be;
For a curse on my head," he said,
"If ever I trust thee one pennie."



Then bespake the heir of Linne,
To John o' the Scales' wife then spake he:
"Madame, some alms on me bestow,
I pray for sweet Saint Charitie."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon;
I swear thou gettest no alms of me;
For if we should hang any losel here,
The first we would begin with thee."

Then bespake a good fellow,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his board;
Said, "Turn again, thou heir of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord.

"Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore I 'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need be.

"And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie;
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee."

---

[1] *Reade*, advice.

[2] *Blanne*, stopped.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood[1] he answered him again:
"Now a curse on my head," he said,
"But I did lose by that bargain.

"And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
Thou shalt have it back again better cheap
By a hundred marks than I had it of thee.

"I draw you to record, lords," he said;
With that he cast him a gods-pennie:
"Now by my fay," said the heir of Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy money."

And he pulled forth three bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the board;
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
So shent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle din;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I 'm again the Lord of Linne."

Says, "Have thou here, thou good fellow,
Forty pence thou didst lend me:
Now I am again the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

"I 'll make thee keeper of my forest,
Both of the wild deer and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellow, I were to blame."

"Now well-a-day!" saith Joan o' the Scales;
"Now well-a-day, and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
Now I 'm but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare thee well," said the heir of Linne,
"Farewell now, John o' the Scales," said he:
"A curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy."

THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

Old stories tell how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a:
But he had a club, this dragon to drub,
Or he ne'er had done it, I warrant ye:
But More of More-hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tail as long as a flail,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long claws, and in his jaws
Four and forty teeth of iron;
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse
Held seventy men in his belly?
This dragon was not quite so big,
But very near, I 'll tell ye;
Devoured he poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup he ate them up,
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon would eat,
Some say he ate up trees,
And that the forests sure he would
Devour up by degrees:
For houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys;
He ate all and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,
Which on the hills you will find.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt;
Men, women, girls, and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise.
Oh save us all, More of More-hall,
Thou peerless knight of these woods;
Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
We 'll give thee all our goods.

---

[1] *Wood*, frantic.

This being done, he did engage
  To hew the dragon down ;
But first he went new armor to
  Bespeak at Sheffield town ;
With spikes all about, not within but without,
  Of steel so sharp and strong,
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er,
  Some five or six inches long.

Had you but seen him in this dress,
  How fierce he looked, and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
  Some Egyptian porcupig :
He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all,
  Each cow, each horse, and each hog :
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
  Some strange, outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight all people then
  Got up on trees and houses,
On churches some, and chimneys too ;
  But these put on their trousers,
Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,
  To make him strong and mighty,
He drank, by the tale, six pots of ale
  And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,
  For wit doth strength excel ;
Which made our cunning champion
  Creep down into a well,
Where he did think this dragon would drink,
  And so he did in truth ;
And as he stooped low, he rose up and cried, boh !
  And kicked him in the mouth.

Oh, quoth the dragon with a deep sigh,
  And turned six times together,
Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing
  Out of his throat of leather :
More of More-hall, O thou rascal,
  Would I had seen thee never ;
With the thing at thy foot thou hast pricked my throat,
  And I'm quite undone forever.

Murder, murder, the dragon cried,
  Alack, alack, for grief ;
Had you but missed that place, you could
  Have done me no mischief.
Then his head he shaked, trembled and quaked,
  And down he laid and cried ;
First on one knee, then on back tumbled he ;
  So groaned, and kicked, and died.

THE BOOK OF FAMILIAR STORIES.

THE RENOWNED HISTORY OF LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES.

ASCRIBED TO OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

INTRODUCTION.

ALL the world must allow that Two-Shoes was not her real name. No; her father's name was Meanwell; and he was for many years a considerable farmer in the parish where Margery was born; but by the misfortunes which he met with in business, and the wicked persecutions of Sir Timothy Gripe, and an overgrown farmer called Graspall, he was effectually ruined.

The case was thus. The parish of Mouldwell, where they lived, had for many ages been let by the Lord of the Manor in twelve different farms, in which the tenants lived comfortably, brought up large families, and carefully supported the poor people who labored for them, until the estate by marriage and by death came into the hands of Sir Timothy.

This gentleman, who loved himself better than all his neighbors, thought it was less trouble to write one receipt for his rent than twelve, and Farmer Graspall offering to take all the farms as the leases expired, Sir Timothy agreed with him, and in process of time he was possessed of every farm but that occupied by Little Margery's father, which he also wanted; for as Mr. Meanwell was a charitable good man, he stood up for the poor at the parish meetings, and was unwilling to have them oppressed by Sir Timothy and this avaricious farmer. — Judge, O kind, humane, and courteous reader, what a terrible situation the poor must be in, when this covetous man was perpetual overseer, and everything for their maintenance was drawn from his hard heart and cruel hand. But he was not only perpetual overseer, but perpetual church-warden; and judge, O ye Christians, what state the church must be in, when supported by a man without religion or virtue. He was also perpetual surveyor of the highways, and what sort of roads he kept up for the convenience of travelers, those best knew who have had the misfortune to pass through that parish. — Complaints indeed were made, but to what purpose are complaints, when brought against a man who can hunt, drink, and smoke without the Lord of the Manor, who is also the Justice of Peace?

The opposition which Little Margery's father made to this man's tyranny gave offense to Sir Timothy, who endeavored to force him out of his farm; and, to oblige him to throw up the lease, ordered both a brick kiln and a dog kennel to be erected in the farmer's orchard. This was contrary to law, and a suit was commenced, in which Margery's father got the better. The same offense was again committed three different times, and as many actions brought, in all of which the farmer had a verdict, and costs paid him; but notwithstanding these advantages, the law was so expensive, that he was ruined in the contest, and obliged to give up all he had to his creditors;

which effectually answered the purpose of Sir Timothy, who erected those nuisances in the farmer's orchard with that intention. Ah, my dear reader, we brag of liberty, and boast of our laws; but the blessings of the one, and the protection of the other, seldom fall to the lot of the poor; and especially when a rich man is their adversary. How, in the name of goodness, can a poor wretch obtain redress, when thirty pounds are insufficient to try his cause? Where is he to find money to fee counsel, or how can he plead his cause himself (even if he was permitted) when our laws are so obscure and so multiplied, that an abridgment of them cannot be contained in fifty volumes folio?

As soon as Mr. Meanwell had called together his creditors, Sir Timothy seized for a year's rent, and turned the farmer, his wife, Little Margery, and her brother out of doors, without any of the necessaries of life to support them.

This elated the heart of Mr. Graspall, this crowned his hopes, and filled the measure of his iniquity; for, besides gratifying his revenge, this man's overthrow gave him the sole dominion over the poor, whom he depressed and abused in a manner too horrible to mention.

Margery's father flew into another parish for succor, and all those who were able to move left their dwellings and sought employment elsewhere, as they found it would be impossible to live under the tyranny of two such people. The very old, the very lame, and the blind, were obliged to stay behind, and whether they were starved, or what became of them, history does not say, but the character of the great Sir Timothy, and avaricious tenant, were so infamous, that nobody would work for them by the day, and servants were afraid to engage themselves by the year, lest any unforeseen accident should leave them parishioners in a place where they knew they must perish miserably; so that great part of the land lay untilled for some years; which was deemed a just reward for such diabolical proceedings.

But what, says the reader, can occasion all this? do you intend this for children? Permit me to inform you, that this is not the book, sir, mentioned in the title, but an introduction to that book; and it is intended, sir, not for that sort of children, but for children of six feet high, of which, as my friend has justly observed, there are many millions in the kingdom; and these reflections, sir, have been rendered necessary by the unaccountable and diabolical scheme which many gentlemen now give into, of laying a number of farms into one, and very often a whole parish into one farm: which in the end must reduce the common people to a stage of vassalage, worse than that under the barons of old, or of the clans in Scotland, and will in time depopulate the kingdom? but as you are tired of the subject I shall take myself away, and you may visit Little Margery.

CHAPTER I.

HOW AND ABOUT LITTLE MARGERY AND HER BROTHER.

Care and discontent shortened the days of Little Margery's father. He was forced from his family, and seized with a violent fever in a place where Dr. James's powder was not to be had, and where he died miserably. Margery's poor mother survived the loss of her husband but a few days, and died of a broken heart, leaving Margery and her little brother to the wide world; but, poor woman, it would have melted your heart to have seen how frequently she heaved her head, while she lay speechless, to survey with languishing looks her little orphans, as much as to say, "Do Tommy, do Margery, come with me." They cried, poor things, and she sighed away her soul; and I hope is happy.

It would both have excited your pity, and have done your heart good, to have seen how these two little ones were so fond of each other, and how hand in hand they trotted about.

They were both very ragged, and Tommy had no shoes, and Margery had but one. They had nothing, poor things, to support them (not being in their own parish) but what they picked from the hedges, or got from the poor people, and they lay every night in a barn. Their relations took no notice of them; no, they were rich, and ashamed to own such a poor little ragged girl as Margery, and such a dirty little curly pated boy as Tommy. Our relations and friends seldom take notice of us when we are poor; but as we grow rich they grow fond. And this will always be the case, while people love money better than they do God Almighty. But such wicked folks who love nothing but money and are proud and despise the poor, never come to any good in the end, as we shall see by and by.

CHAPTER II.

HOW AND ABOUT MR. SMITH.

Mr. Smith was a very worthy clergyman, who lived in the parish where Little Margery and Tommy were born; and having a relation come to see him, who was a charitable good man, he sent for these children to him. The gentleman ordered Little Margery a new pair of shoes, gave Mr. Smith some money to buy her clothes; and said he would take Tommy and make him a little sailor.

After some days the gentleman intended to go to London, and take little Tommy with him, of whom you will know more by and by, for we shall at a proper time present you with his history, his travels, and adventures.

The parting between these little children was very affecting. Tommy cried, and they kissed each other an hundred times: at last Tommy thus wiped off her tears with the end of his jacket, and bid her cry no more, for that he would come to her again when he returned from sea.

CHAPTER III.

HOW LITTLE MARGERY OBTAINED THE NAME OF GOODY TWO-SHOES, AND WHAT HAPPENED IN THE PARISH.

As soon as Little Margery got up in the morning, which was very early, she ran all round the village, crying for her brother; and after some time returned greatly distressed.

However, at this instant, the shoemaker very opportunely came in with the new shoes, for which she had been measured by the gentleman's order.

Nothing could have supported Little Margery under the affliction she was in for the loss of her brother, but the pleasure she took in her Two-shoes. She ran out to Mrs. Smith as soon as they were put on, and stroking down her ragged apron thus cried out, "Two-Shoes. Ma'am, see Two-Shoes." And so she behaved to all the people she met, and by that means obtained the name of Goody Two-Shoes.

Little Margery was very happy in being with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who were very charitable and good to her, and had agreed to bring her up with their family; but as soon as that tyrant of the parish, that Graspall, heard of her being there, he applied first to Mr. Smith, and threatened to reduce his tithes if he kept her; and after that he spoke to Sir Timothy, who sent Mr. Smith a peremptory message by his servant, that he should send back Meanwell's girl to be kept by her relations, and not harbor her in the parish. This so distressed Mr. Smith, that he shed tears, and cried, "Lord have mercy on the poor!"

The prayers of the righteous fly upwards, and reach unto the throne of heaven, as will be seen by the sequel.

Mrs. Smith was also greatly concerned at being thus obliged to discard poor Little Margery. She kissed her, and cried, as did also Mr. Smith, but they were obliged to send her away, for the people who had ruined her father could at any time have ruined them.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW LITTLE MARGERY LEARNED TO READ, AND BY DEGREES TAUGHT OTHERS.

Little Margery saw how good and how wise Mr. Smith was, and concluded that this was owing to his great learning, therefore she wanted of all things to learn to read. For this purpose she used to meet the little boys as they came from school, borrow their books, and sit down and read till they returned. By this means she got more learning than any of her playmates, and laid the following scheme for instructing those who were more ignorant than herself. She found that only the following letters were required to spell all the words; but as some of these letters are large, and some small, she with her knife cut out of several pieces of wood ten sets of each of these: —

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

And having got an old spelling book, she made her companions set up all the words they wanted to spell, and after that she taught them to compose sentences. "You know what a sentence is, my dear; 'I will be good,' is a sentence; and is made up, as you see, of several words."

I once went her rounds with her, and was highly diverted, as you may see, if you please to look into the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

HOW LITTLE TWO-SHOES BECAME A TROTTING TUTORESS, AND HOW SHE TAUGHT HER YOUNG PUPILS.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when we set out on this important business, and the first house we came to was Farmer Wilson's. Here Margery stopped, and ran up to the door, tap, tap, tap. "Who 's there?" "Only Little Goody Two-Shoes," answered Margery, "come to teach Billy." "Oh! Little Goody," says Mrs. Wilson, with pleasure in her face, "I am glad to see you. Billy wants you sadly, for he has learned his lesson." Then out came the little boy. "How do, Doody Two-Shoes," says he, not able to speak plain. Yet this little boy had learned all his letters; for she threw down this alphabet mixed together thus: —

b d f h k m o q s u w y x f a c e g i l n p r t v z j,

and he picked them up, called them by their right names, and put them all in order thus: —

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

The next place we came to was Farmer Simpson's.

"Bow, wow, wow," says the dog at the door. "Sirrah," says his mistress, "what do you bark at Little Two-Shoes; come in Madge; here, Sally wants you sadly, she has learned all her lesson." "Yes, that 's what I have," replied the little one, in the country manner: and immediately taking the letters she set up these syllables: —

ba be bi bo bu, ca ce ci co cu,
da de di do du, fa fe fi fo fu,

and gave them their exact sounds as she composed them.

After this, Little Two-Shoes taught her to spell words of one syllable, and she soon set up pear, plumb, top, ball, pin, puss, dog, hog, fawn, buck, doe, lamb, sheep, ram, cow, bull, cock, hen, and many more.

The next place we came to was Gaffer Cook's cottage. Here a number of poor children were met to learn, who all came round Little Margery at once, and having pulled out her letters, asked the little boy next her, what he had for dinner? Who answered, "Bread" (the poor children in many places live very hard). "Well then," says she, "set up the first letter." He put up the B, to which the next added r, and the next e, the next a, the next d, and it stood thus, Bread.

And what had you, Polly Comb, for your dinner? "Apple Pie," answered the little girl: upon which the next in turn set up a great A, the two next a p each, and so on, till the two words Apple and Pie were united and stood thus, Apple Pie.

The next had potatoes, the next beef and turnips, which were spelled, with many others, till the game of spelling was finished. She then set them another task, and we proceeded.

The next place we came to was Farmer Thomson's, where there was a great many little ones waiting for her.

"So, Little Mrs. Goody Two-Shoes," says one of them, "where have you been so long?" "I have been teaching," says she, "longer than I intended, and am, I am afraid, come too soon for you now." "No, but indeed you are not," replied the other: "for I have got my lesson, and so has Sally Dawson, and so has Harry Wilson, and so have we all;" and they capered about as if they were overjoyed to see her. "Why then," says she, "you are all very good, and God Almighty will love you; so let us begin our lessons." They all huddled round her, and though at the other place they were employed about words and syllables, here we had people of much greater understanding who dealt only in sentences.

The letters being brought upon the table, one of the little ones set up the following sentence.

"The Lord have mercy upon me, and grant that I may be always good, and say my prayers, and love the Lord my God with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my strength; and honor the king and all good men in authority under him."

Then the next took the letters, and composed this sentence.

"Lord have mercy upon me, and grant that I may love my neighbor as myself, and do unto all men as I would have them do unto me, and tell no lies! but be honest and just in all my dealings."

Lesson for the Conduct of Life.

He that would thrive,
Must rise by five.

He that hath thriven,
May lay till seven.

Truth may be blamed
But can't be shamed.

Tell me with whom you go,
And I'll tell what you do.

A friend in your need,
Is a friend indeed.

They never can be wise,
Who good counsel despise.

As we were returning home, we saw a gentleman, who was very ill, sitting under a shady tree at the corner of the rookery. Though ill, he began to joke with Little Margery, and said, laughing, "So, Goody Two-Shoes, they tell me you are a cunning little baggage; pray can you tell me what I shall do to get well?" "Yes, sir," says she, "go to bed when your rooks do, and get up with them in the morning: earn, as they do, every day what you eat, and eat and drink no more than you earn: and you'll get health and keep it. What should induce the rooks to frequent gentlemen's houses, only but to tell them how to lead a prudent life? they never build under cottages or farm-houses, because they see that these people know how to live without their admonition.

Thus wealth and wit you may improve,
Taught by tenants of the grove."

The gentleman, laughing, gave Margery sixpence, and told her she was a sensible hussy.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW THE WHOLE PARISH WAS FRIGHTENED.

Who does not know Lady Ducklington, or who does not know that she was buried at this parish church? Well, I never saw a grander funeral in all my life: but the money they squandered away, would have been better laid out in little books for children, or in meat, drink, and clothes for the poor.

All the country round came to see the burying, and it was late before the corpse was interred. After which, in the night, or rather about two o'clock in the morning, the bells were heard to jingle in the steeple, which frightened the people prodigiously, who all thought it was Lady Ducklington's ghost dancing among the bell ropes. The people flocked to Will Dobbins, the clerk, and wanted him to go to see what it was: but William said he was sure it was a ghost, and that he would not offer to open the door. At length Mr. Long, the rector, hearing such an uproar in the village, went to the clerk, to know why he did not go into the church, and see who was there. "I go, sir?" says William, "why the ghost would frighten me out of my wits." Mrs. Dobbins too cried, and laying hold of her husband, said, he should not be eat up by the ghost. "A ghost, you blockhead," says Mr. Long in a pet, "did either of you ever see a ghost in a church, or know anybody that did?" "Yes," says the clerk, "my father did once in the shape of a windmill, and it walked all around the church in a trice, with jack boots on, and had a gun by its side, instead of a sword." "A fine picture of a ghost, truly," says Mr. Long;

"give me the key of the church, you monkey; for I tell you there is no such thing now, whatever may have been formerly." Then taking the key, he went to the church, all the people following him. As soon as he had opened the door, what sort of a ghost do you think appeared? Why, Little Two-Shoes, who being weary had fallen asleep in one of the pews during the funeral service, and was shut in all night. She immediately asked Mr. Long's pardon for the trouble she had given him, told him she had been locked into the church, and said she should not have rung the bells, but that she was very cold, and hearing Farmer Boult's man go whistling by with his horses, she was in hopes he would have gone to the clerk for the key to let her out.

CHAPTER VII.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF ALL THE SPIRITS OR THINGS SHE SAW IN THE CHURCH.

THE people were ashamed to ask Little Madge any questions before Mr. Long, but as soon as he was gone, they all got round her to satisfy their curiosity, and desired she would give them a particular account of all that she had heard or seen.

Her Tale.

"I went to the church, said she, as most of you did last night, to see the burying, and, being very weary, I sat me down in Mr. Johns's pew, and fell fast asleep. At eleven of the clock I awoke; which I believe was in some measure occasioned by the clock's striking, for I heard it. I started up, and could not at first tell where I was; but after some time I recollected the funeral, and soon found that I was shut in the church. It was dismal dark, and I could see nothing; but while I was standing in the pew, something jumped up upon me behind, and laid, as I thought, its hands over my shoulders. I own I was a little afraid at first; however, I considered that I had always been constant at prayers, and at church, and that I had done nobody any harm, but had endeavored to do what good I could; and then thought I, what have I to fear? Yet I kneeled down to say my prayers. As soon as I was on my knees, something very cold, as cold as marble, aye, as cold as ice, touched my neck, which made me start; however, I continued my prayers, and having begged protection from Almighty God, I found my spirits come, and I was sensible I had nothing to fear; for God Almighty protects not only all those that are good, but also all those who endeavor to be good, — nothing can withstand the power, and exceed the goodness of God Almighty. Armed with the confidence of his protection, I walked down the church aisle, when I heard something pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat, come after me, and something touched my hand, which seemed as cold as a marble monument. I could not think what this was, yet I knew that it could not hurt me, and therefore I made myself easy; but being very cold, and the church being paved with stones, which were very damp, I felt my way, as well as I could, to the pulpit; in doing which something rushed by me and almost threw me down. However, I was not frightened, for I knew that God Almighty would suffer nothing to hurt me.

"At last I found out the pulpit, and having shut the door, I laid me down on the mat and cushion to sleep; when something thrust and pulled the door, as I thought, for admittance, which prevented my going to sleep. At last it cries, "Bow, wow, wow;" and I concluded it must be Mr. Saunderson's dog, which had followed me from their house to church; so I opened the door, and called Snip, Snip, and the dog jumped upon me immediately. After this, Snip and I lay down together, and had a comfortable nap; for when I awoke again it was almost light. I then walked up and down all the aisles of the church to keep myself warm; and though I went into the vaults, and trod on Lady Ducklington's coffin, I saw nothing, and I believe it was owing to the reason Mr. Long has given you, namely, that there is no such thing to be seen. As to my part, I would as soon lie all night in a church as in any other place; and I am sure that any little boy or girl, who is good and loves God Almighty, and keeps his commandments, may as safely lie in the church, or the churchyard, as anywhere else, if they take care not to get cold, for I am sure there are no things either to hurt or to frighten them; though any one possessed of fear might have taken Neighbor Saunderson's dog with his cold nose for a ghost; and if they had not been undeceived, as I was, would never have thought otherwise." All the company acknowledged the justness of the observation, and thanked Little Two-Shoes for her advice.

Reflection.

After this, my dear children, I hope you will not believe any foolish stories that ignorant, weak, or designing people may tell you about ghosts, for the tales of ghosts, witches, and fairies are the frolics of a distempered brain. No wise man ever saw either of them. Little Margery was not afraid; no, she had good sense, and a good conscience, which is a cure for all these imaginary evils.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF SOMETHING WHICH HAPPENED TO LITTLE MARGERY TWO-SHOES IN A BARN, MORE DREADFUL THAN THE GHOST IN THE CHURCH; AND HOW SHE RETURNED GOOD FOR EVIL TO HER ENEMY SIR TIMOTHY.

SOME days after this, a more dreadful accident befell Little Madge. She happened to be coming late from teaching, when it rained, thundered, and lightened, and therefore she took shelter in a farmer's barn at a distance from the village. Soon after, the tempest drove in four thieves, who not seeing such a little creep-mouse girl as Two-Shoes, lay down on the hay next to her, and began to talk over their exploits, and to settle plans for future robberies. Little Margery, on hearing them, covered herself with straw. To be sure she was frightened, but her good sense taught her that the only security she had was in keeping herself concealed; therefore she lay very still, and breathed very softly. About four o'clock these wicked people came to a resolution to break both Sir William Dove's house and Sir Timothy Gripe's, and by force of arms to carry off all their money, plate, and jewels; but as it was thought then too late, they all agreed to defer it till the next night. After laying this scheme, they all set out upon their pranks, which greatly rejoiced Margery, as it would any other little girl in her situation. Early in the morning she went to Sir William, and told him the whole of their conversation. Upon which he asked her name, then gave her something, and bid her call at his house the day following. She also went to Sir Timothy, notwithstanding he had used her so ill, for she knew it was her duty to do good for evil. As soon as he was informed who she was, he took no notice of her; upon which she desired to speak to Lady Gripe, and having informed her ladyship of the affair, she went away. This lady had more sense than her husband, which indeed is not a singular case; for instead of despising Little Margery and her information, she privately set people to guard the house. The robbers divided themselves, and went about the time mentioned to both houses, and were surprised by the guards and taken. Upon examining these wretches (one of which turned evidence), both Sir William and Sir Timothy found that they owed their lives to the discovery made by Little Margery; and the first took great notice of her, and would no longer let her lie in a barn; but Sir Timothy only said, that he was ashamed to owe his life to the daughter of one who was his enemy; so true it is, "That a proud man seldom forgives those he has injured."

CHAPTER IX.

HOW LITTLE MARGERY WAS MADE PRINCIPAL OF A COUNTRY COLLEGE.

MRS. WILLIAMS, who kept a college for instructing little gentlemen and ladies in the science of A, B, C, was at this time very old and infirm and wanted to decline this important trust. This being told to Sir Wiliam Dove, who lived in the parish, he sent for Mrs. Williams, and desired she would examine Little Two-Shoes, and see whether she was qualified for the office. This was done, and Mrs. Williams made the following report in her favor, namely, that Little Margery was the best scholar, and had the best head and the best heart of any one she had examined. All the country had a great opinion of Mrs. Williams, and this character gave them also a great opinion of Mrs. Margery, for so we must now call her.

This Mrs. Margery thought the happiest period of her life; but more happiness was in store for her. God Almighty heaps up blessings for all those who love Him, and though for a time He may suffer them to be poor, and distressed, and hide his good purposes from human sight, yet in the end they are generally crowned with happiness here, and no one can doubt their being so hereafter.

THE RENOWNED HISTORY OF MRS. MARGERY TWO-SHOES.

PART II.

In the first part of this work the young student has read, and I hope with pleasure and improvement, the history of this Lady, while she was known and distinguished by the name of Little Two-Shoes; we are now come to a period of her life when that name was discarded, and a more eminent one bestowed upon her, I mean that of Mrs. Margery Two-Shoes: for as she was now president of the A, B, C college, it became necessary to exalt her in title as in place.

No sooner was she settled in this office, but she laid every possible scheme to promote the welfare and happiness of all her neighbors, and especially of her little ones, in whom she took great delight; and all those whose parents could not afford to pay for their education, she taught for nothing but the pleasure she had in their company; for you are to observe that they were very good, or were soon made so by her good management.

CHAPTER I.

OF HER SCHOOL, HER USHERS, OR ASSISTANTS, AND HER MANNER OF TEACHING.

We have already informed the reader, that the school where she taught was that which was before kept by Mrs. Williams. The room was very large and spacious, and as she knew that nature intended children should be always in action, she placed her different letters, or alphabets, all round the school, so that every one was obliged to get up and fetch a letter, or to spell a word when it came to their turn; which not only kept them in health, but fixed the letters and points firmly in their minds.

CHAPTER II.

A SCENE OF DISTRESS IN A SCHOOL.

It happened one day, when Mrs. Two-Shoes was diverting the children after dinner, as she usually did, with some innocent games, or entertaining and instructive stories, that a man arrived with the melancholy news of Sally Jones's father being thrown from his horse, and thought past all recovery; nay, the messenger said, that he was seemingly dying when he came away. Poor Sally was greatly distressed, as indeed were all in the school, for she dearly loved her father and Mrs. Two-Shoes, and all her children dearly loved her.

At this instant something was heard to flap at the window, at which the children were surprised; but Mrs. Margery knowing what it was, opened the casement, and drew in a pigeon with a letter.

As soon as he was placed upon the table, he walked up to little Sally, and dropping the letter, cried "Co, co, coo;" as much as to say, "There, read it."

"My dear Sally, — God Almighty has been very merciful and restored your papa to us again, who is now so well as to be able to sit up. I hear you are a good girl, my dear, and I hope you will never forget to praise the Lord for that his great goodness and mercy to us. What a sad thing it would have been it your father had died, and left both you and me, and little Tommy in distress, and without a friend. Your father sends his blessing with mine. Be good, my dear child, and

God Almighty will also bless you, whose blessing is above all things.

"I am, my dear Sally,
"Your affectionate mother,
"MARTHA JONES."

CHAPTER III.

OF THE AMAZING SAGACITY AND INSTINCT OF A LITTLE DOG.

SOON after this, a very dreadful accident happened in the school. It was on a Thursday morning, I very well remember, when the children having learned their lessons soon, she had given them leave to play, and they were all running about the school, and diverting themselves with the birds and the lamb; at this time the dog, all of a sudden, laid hold of his mistress's apron, and endeavored to pull her out of the school. She was at first surprised; however, she followed him, to see what he intended. No sooner had he led her back into the garden, but he ran back, and pulled out one of the children in the same manner; upon which she ordered them all to leave the school immediately, and they had not been out five minutes before the top of the house fell in. What a miraculous deliverance was here! How gracious! How good was God Almighty to save all these children from destruction, and to make use of such an instrument as a little sagacious animal to accomplish his divine will! I should have observed that, as soon as they were all in the garden, the dog came leaping round them to express his joy, and when the house was fallen, laid himself down quietly by his mistress.

Some of the neighbors who saw the school fall, and who were in great pain for Margery and her little ones, soon spread the news through the village, and all the parents, terrified for their children, came crowding in abundance: they had, however, the satisfaction to find them all safe, and upon their knees with their mistress, giving God thanks for their happy deliverance.

You are not to wonder, my dear reader, that this little dog should have more sense than you, or your father, or your grandfather.

Though God Almighty has made man the lord of the creation, and endowed him with reason, yet in many respects, He has been altogether as bountiful to other creatures of his forming. Some of the senses of other animals are more acute than ours, as we find by daily experience.

The downfall of the school was a great misfortune to Mrs. Margery; for she not only lost all her books, but was destitute of a place to teach in; but Sir William Dove, being informed of this, ordered it to be built at his own expense, and till that could be done, Farmer Grove was so kind as to let her have his large hall to teach in.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT HAPPENED AT FARMER GROVE'S AND HOW SHE GRATIFIED HIM FOR THE USE OF HIS ROOM.

WHILE at Mr. Grove's, which was in the heart of the village, she not only taught the children in the daytime, but the farmer's servants and all the neighbors to read and write in the evening; and it was a constant practice, before they went away, to make them all go to prayers and sing psalms. By this means the people grew extremely regular, his servants were always at home instead of being at the alehouse, and he had more work done than ever. This gave not only Mr. Grove, but all the neighbors, a high opinion of her good sense and prudent behavior; and she was so much esteemed, that the most of the differences in the parish were left to her decision; and if a man and wife quarreled (which sometimes happened in that part of the kingdom), both parties certainly came to her for advice. Everybody knows that Martha Wilson was a passionate, scolding jade, and that John her husband was a surly, ill-tempered fellow. These were one day brought by the neighbors for Margery to talk to them, when they talked before her, and were going to blows; but she, stepping between them, thus addressed the husband: "John," says she, "you are a man, and ought to have more sense than to fly in a passion at every word that is said amiss by your wife: and Martha," says she, "you ought to know your duty better than to say anything to aggravate your husband's resentment. These frequent quarrels arise from the indulgence of your violent passions; for I know you both love each other, notwithstanding what has passed between you. Now, pray tell me, John, and tell me, Martha, when you have had a quarrel over night, are you not both sorry for it the next day?" They both declared that they were. "Why, then," says she, "I'll tell you how to prevent this for the future, if you promise to take my advice." They both promised her. "You know," says she, "that a small spark will set fire to tinder, and that tinder properly placed will set fire to a house: an angry word is with you as that spark, for you are both as touchy as tinder, and very often make your own house too hot to hold you. To prevent this, therefore, and to live happily for the future, you must solemnly agree, that if one speaks an angry word, the other will not answer, till he or she has distinctly called over the alphabet, and the other not reply till he has told twenty; by this means your passions will be stifled, and reason will have time to take the rule."

This is the best recipe that was ever given for a married couple to live in peace. Though John and his wife frequently attempted to quarrel afterwards, they never could get their passions to a considerable height, for there was something so droll in thus carrying on the dispute, that, before they got to the end of the argument, they saw the absurdity of it, laughed, kissed, and were friends.

CHAPTER V.

THE CASE OF MRS. MARGERY.

MRS. MARGERY was always doing good, and thought she could never sufficiently gratify those who had done anything to serve her. These generous sentiments naturally led her to consult the interest of Mr. Grove, and the rest of her neighbors; and as most of their lands were meadow, and they depended much on their hay, which had been for many years greatly damaged by the wet weather, she contrived an instrument to direct them when to mow their grass with safety, and prevent their hay being spoiled. They all came to her for advice, and by that means got in their hay without damage, whilst most of that in the neighboring village was spoiled.

This occasioned a very great noise in the country, and so greatly provoked were the people who resided in the other parishes, that they absolutely sent old Gaffer Goosecap (a busy fellow in other people's concerns) to find out evidence against her. The wiseacre happened to come to her to school, when she was walking about with a raven on one shoulder, a pigeon on the other, a lark on her hand, and a lamb and a dog by her side; which indeed made a droll figure, and so surprised the man that he cried out, "A witch! a witch! a witch!"

Upon this she, laughing, answered, "A conjurer! a conjurer! a conjurer!" and so they parted; but it did not end thus, for a warrant was issued out against Mrs. Margery, and she was carried to a meeting of the justices.

At the meeting, one of the justices who knew little of life, and less of the law, behaved very idly; and, though nobody was able to prove anything against her, asked who she could bring to her character. "Who can you bring against my character, sir?" says she. "There are people enough who would appear in my defense, were it necessary: but I never supposed that any one here could be so weak as to believe there was any such thing as a witch. If I am a witch, this is my charm, and" (laying a barometer or weather glass on the table) "it is with this," says she, "that I have taught my neighbors to know the state of the weather." All the company laughed; and Sir William Dove, who was on the bench, asked her accusers how they could be such fools as to think there was any such thing as a witch?

After this, Sir William inveighed against the absurd and foolish notions which the country people had imbibed concerning witches and witchcraft, and having proved that there was no such thing, but that all were the effects of folly and ignorance, he gave the court such an account of Mrs. Margery, and her virtue, good sense, and prudent behavior, that the gentlemen present were enamored with her, and returned her public thanks for the great service she had done the country. One gentleman in particular, I mean Sir Charles Jones, had conceived such a high opinion of her that he offered her a considerable sum to take care of his family, and the education of his daughter, which, however, she refused; but this gentleman sending for her afterwards, when he had a dangerous fit of illness, she went, and behaved so prudently in the family, and so tenderly to him and his daughter, that he would not permit her to leave his house, but soon after made her proposals of marriage. She was truly sensible of the honor he intended her, but, though poor, she would not consent to be made a lady till he had effectually provided for his daughter; for she told him, that power was a dangerous thing to be trusted with, and that a good man or woman would never throw themselves into the road of temptation.

All things being settled, and the day fixed, the neighbors came in crowds to see the wedding; for they were all glad that one who had been such a good little girl, and was become such a virtuous and good woman, was going to be made a lady; but just as the clergyman had opened his book, a gentleman richly dressed ran into the church and cried, "Stop! stop!" This greatly alarmed the congregation, particularly the intended bride and bridegroom, whom he first accosted and desired to speak with them apart. After they had been talking some little time, the people were greatly surprised to see Sir Charles stand motionless, and his bride cry and faint away in the stranger's arms. This seeming grief, however, was only a prelude to a flood of joy which immediately succeeded; for you must know, gentle reader, that this gentleman, so richly dressed, was that identical little boy, whom you before saw in the sailor's habit; in short, it was Mrs. Margery's brother, who was just come from sea, where he had, after a desperate engagement, taken a rich prize, and hearing, as soon as he landed, of his sister's intended wedding, had rode post to see that a proper settlement was made on her, which she was now entitled to, as he himself was both able and willing to give her an ample fortune. They soon returned to the communion table, and were married in tears, but they were tears of joy.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRUE USE OF RICHES.

About this time she heard that Mr. Smith was oppressed by Sir Timothy Gripe and his friend Graspall; upon which she, in conjunction with her brother, defended him in Westminster Hall, where Mr. Smith gained a verdict. As a justice of the peace he was struck off the list, and no longer permitted to act in that capacity. A relation of his who had a right to the Mouldwell estate, finding that it was possible to get the better at law of a rich man, laid claim to it, brought his action, and recovered the whole manor of Mouldwell; and being afterwards inclined to sell it, he in consideration of the aid Lady Margery had lent him during his distress, made her the first offer, and she purchased the whole. This mortified Sir Timothy and his friend Graspall, who experienced nothing but misfortunes, and was in a few years so dispossessed of his ill-gotten wealth, that his family were reduced to seek subsistence from the parish, at which those who had felt the weight of his iron-hand rejoiced; but Lady Margery desired that his children might be treated with care and tenderness; "for they" (says she) "are no ways accountable for the actions of their father."

At her first coming into power, she took care to gratify her old friends, especially Mr. and Mrs. Smith, whose family she made happy.

EYES, AND NO EYES; OR, THE ART OF SEEING.

BY JOHN AIKIN.

WELL, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon? (said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.)

R. I have been, sir, to Broom-heath, and so round by the windmill upon Campmount, and home through the meadows by the river side.

Mr. A. Well, that 's a pleasant round.

R. I thought it very dull, sir; I scarcely met with a single person. I had rather by half have gone along the turnpike road.

Mr. A. Why, if seeing men and horses is your object, you would, indeed, be better entertained on the high-road. But did you see William?

R. We set out together, but he lagged behind in the lane; so I walked on and left him.

Mr. A. That was a pity. He would have been company for you.

R. Oh, he is so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that! I had rather walk alone. I dare say he is not got home yet.

Mr. A. Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?

W. Oh, sir, the pleasantest walk! I went all over Broom-heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the hill, and then down among the green meadows by the side of the river.

Mr. A. Why, that is just the round Robert has been taking, and he complains of its dullness, and prefers the high-road.

W. I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me; and I have brought my handkerchief full of curiosities home.

Mr. A. Suppose, then, you give us some account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

W. I will, sir. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy, so I did not mind it much, but made the best of my way. However, I spied a curious thing enough in the hedge. It was an old crab-tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Mr. A. Ah! this is mistletoe, a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids of old in their religious rites and incantations. It bears a very slimy white berry, of which bird-lime may be made, whence its Latin name of *Viscus*. It is one of those plants which do not grow in the ground by a root of their own, but fix themselves upon other plants; whence they have been humorously styled *parasitical*, as being hangers-on or dependents. It was the mistletoe of the oak that the Druids particularly honored.

W. A little farther on I saw a green woodpecker fly to a tree, and run up the trunk like a cat.

Mr. A. That was to seek for insects in the bark, on which they live. They bore holes with their strong bills for that purpose, and do much damage to the trees by it.

W. What beautiful birds they are!

Mr. A. Yes; they have been called, from their color and size, the English parrot.

W. When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was! The air seemed so fresh, and the prospect on every side so free and unbounded! Then it was all covered with gay flowers, many of which I had never observed before. There were at least three kinds of heath (I have got them in my handkerchief here), and gorse, and broom, and bell-flower, and many others of all colors, that I will beg you presently to tell me the names of.

Mr. A. That I will, readily.

W. I saw, too, several birds that were new to me. There was a pretty grayish one, of the size of a lark, that was hopping about some great stones; and when he flew, he showed a great deal of white above his tail.

Mr. A. That was a wheatear. They are reckoned very delicious birds to eat, and frequent the open downs in Sussex, and some other counties, in great numbers.

W. There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath, that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round just over my head, and crying *pewit* so distinctly, one might almost fancy they spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings was broken, and often tumbled close to the ground; but as I came near, he always made a shift to get away.

Mr. A. Ha, ha! you were finely taken in then! This was all an artifice of the bird to entice you away from its nest: for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be observed, did they not draw off the attention of intruders by their loud cries and counterfeit lameness.

W. I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, often over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel, and I had a good deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price it sells at. They gave me, too, a creature I never saw before — a young viper, which they had just killed, together with its dam. I have seen several common snakes, but this is thicker in proportion, and of a darker color than they are.

Mr. A. True. Vipers frequent those turfy, boggy grounds pretty much, and I have known several turf-cutters bitten by them.

W. They are very venomous, are they not?

Mr. A. Enough so to make their wounds painful and dangerous, though they seldom prove fatal.

W. Well — I then took my course up to the windmill on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill in order to get a better view of the country round. What an extensive prospect! I counted fifteen church steeples; and I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations: and I could trace the windings of the river all along the low grounds, till it was lost behind a ridge of hills. But I'll tell you what I mean to do, sir, if you will give me leave.

Mr. A. What is that?

W. I will go again, and take with me Carey's county map, by which I shall probably be able to make out most of the places.

Mr. A. You shall have it, and I will go with you, and take my pocket spying-glass.

W. I shall be very glad of that. Well — a thought struck me that as the hill is called *Camp-mount*, there might probably be some remains of ditches and mounds with which I have read that camps were surrounded. And I really believe I discovered something of that sort running round one side of the mount.

Mr. A. Very likely you might. I know antiquaries have described such remains as existing there, which some suppose to be Roman, others Danish. We will examine them further when we go.

W. From the hill I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked on the side of a brook that runs into the river. It was all bordered with reeds and flags, and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I had seen on the heath. As I was getting down the bank to reach one of them, I heard something plunge into the water near me. It was a large water rat, and I saw it swim over to the other side, and go into its hole. There were a great many large dragon flies all about the stream. I caught one of the finest, and have got him here in a leaf. But how I longed to catch a bird that I saw hovering over the water, and every now and then darting down into it! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with some orange color. It was somewhat less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.

Mr. A. I can tell you what that bird was, — a kingfisher, the celebrated halcyon of the ancients, about which so many tales are told. It lives on fish, which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds in holes in the banks, is a shy, retiring bird, never to be seen far from the stream where it inhabits.

W. I must try to get another sight of him, for I never saw a bird that pleased me so much. Well — I followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank. On the opposite side I observed several little birds running along the shore, and making a piping noise. They were brown and white, and about as big as a snipe.

Mr. A. I suppose they were sandpipers, one of the numerous family of birds that get their living by wading among the shallows, and picking up worms and insects.

W. There were a great many swallows, too, sporting upon the surface of the water, that entertained me with their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream: sometimes they pursued one another so quick, that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a high, steep sand bank rose directly above the river, I observed many of them go in and out of holes with which the bank was bored full.

Mr. A. Those were sandmartins, the smallest of our four species of swallows. They are of a mouse color above, and white beneath. They make their nests and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great depth, and by their situation are secure from all plunderers.

W. A little farther I saw a man in a boat, who was catching eels in an odd way. He had a long pole with broad iron prongs at the end, just like Neptune's trident, only there were five instead of three. This he pushed straight down among the mud in the deepest parts of the river, and fetched up the eels sticking between the prongs.

Mr. A. I have seen this method. It is called spearing of eels.

W. While I was looking at him, a heron came flying over my head, with his large flagging wings. He lit at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently he darted his long bill as quick as lightning into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he settled.

Mr. A. Probably his nest was there, for herons build upon the loftiest trees they can find, and sometimes live in society together, like rooks. Formerly, when these birds were valued for the amusement of hawking, many gentlemen had their *heronries*, and a few are still remaining.

W. I think they are the largest wild birds we have.

Mr. A. They are of a great length and spread of wing, but their bodies are comparatively small.

W. I then turned homeward across the meadows, where I stopped a while to look at a large flock of starlings, which kept flying about at no great distance. I could not tell at first what to make of them; for they rose all together from the ground as thick as a swarm of bees, and formed themselves into a kind of black cloud, hovering over the field. After taking a short round, they settled again, and presently rose again in the same manner. I dare say there were hundreds of them.

Mr. A. Perhaps so; for in the fenny countries their flocks are so numerous as to break down whole acres of reeds by settling on them. This disposition of starlings to fly in close swarms was remarked even by Homer, who compares the foe flying from one of his heroes, to a *cloud* of stares retiring dismayed at the approach of the hawk.

W. After I had left the meadows, I crossed the corn-fields in the way to our house, and passed by a deep marle pit. Looking into it, I saw in one of the sides a cluster of what I took to be shells; and upon going down, I picked up a clod of marle, which was quite full of them; but how sea shells could get there, I cannot imagine.

Mr. A. I do not wonder at your surprise, since many philosophers have been much perplexed to account for the same appearance. It is not uncommon to find great quantities of shells and relics of marine animals even in the bowels of high mountains, very remote from the sea. They are certainly proofs that the earth was once in a very different state from what it is at present; but in what manner, and how long ago these changes took place, can only be guessed at.

W. I got to the high field next our house just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite lost. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged purple and crimson and yellow, of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is over head.

Mr. A. It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent enlargement of the moon at its rising.

W. I have; but pray what is the reason of this?

Mr. A. It is an optical deception, depending upon principles which I cannot well explain to you till you know more of that branch of science. But what a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has afforded you! I do not wonder that you found it amusing; it has been very instructive too. Did *you* see nothing of all these sights, *Robert?*

R. I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them.

Mr. A. Why not?

R. I don't know. I did not care about them, and I made the best of my way home.

Mr. A. That would have been right, if you had been sent on a message; but as you only walked for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is — one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses they frequented in different parts, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the channel without making some observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant thoughtless youth is whirled throughout Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind finds matter of improvement and delight in every ramble in town or country. Do *you* then, *William*, continue to make use of your eyes; and *you*, *Robert*, learn that eyes were given you to use.

THE BOY WITHOUT A GENIUS.

BY JOHN AIKIN.

Mr. Wiseman, the school-master, at the end of his summer vacation, received a new scholar with the following letter.

Sir, — This will be delivered to you by my son Samuel, whom I beg leave to commit to your care, hoping that by your well-known skill and attention you will be able to make something of him; which, I am sorry to say, none of his masters have hitherto done. He is now eleven, and yet can do nothing but read his mother tongue, and that indifferently. We sent him at seven to a grammar school in our neighborhood; but his master soon found that his genius was not turned to learning languages. He was then put to writing, but he set about it so awkwardly that he made nothing of it. He was tried at accounts, but it appeared that he had no genius for that either. He could do nothing in geography for want of memory. In short, if he has any genius at all, it does not yet show itself. But I trust to your experience in cases of this nature to discover what he is fit for, and to instruct him accordingly. I beg to be favored shortly with your opinion about him, and remain, sir,

Your most obedient servant,
HUMPHRY ACRES.

When Mr. Wiseman had read this letter, he shook his head, and said to his assistant, A pretty subject they have sent us here! a lad that has a great genius for nothing at all. But perhaps my friend Mr. Acres expects that a boy should show a genius for a thing before he knows anything about it — no uncommon error! Let us see, however, what the youth looks like. I suppose he is a human creature at least.

Master Samuel Acres was now called in. He came hanging down his head, and looking as if he was going to be flogged.

Come hither, my dear! said Mr. Wiseman. Stand by me, and do not be afraid. Nobody will hurt you. How old are you?

Eleven last May, sir.

A well-grown boy of your age, indeed. You love play, I dare say.

Yes, sir.

What, are you a good hand at marbles?

Pretty good, sir.

And can spin a top, and drive a hoop, I suppose?

Yes, sir.

Then you have the full use of your hands and fingers?

Yes, sir.

Can you write, Samuel?

I learned a little, sir, but I left it off again.

And why so?

Because I could not make the letters.

No! Why how do you think other boys do? — have they more fingers than you?

No, sir.

Are you not able to hold a pen as well as a marble?

Samuel was silent.

Let me look at your hand.

Samuel held out both his paws, like a dancing bear.

I see nothing here to hinder you from writing as well as any boy in the school. You can read, I suppose.

Yes, sir.

Tell me, then, what is written over the school-room door.

Samuel with some hesitation read, —

WHATEVER MAN HAS DONE, MAN MAY DO.

Pray, how did you learn to read? — Was it not with taking pains?

Yes, sir.

Well — taking more pains will enable you to read better. Do you know anything of the Latin grammar?

No, sir.

Have you never learned it?

I tried, sir, but I could not get it by heart.

Why, you can say some things by heart. I dare say you can tell me the names of the week in their order.

Yes, sir, I know them.

And the months in the year, perhaps.

Yes, sir.

And you could probably repeat the names of your brothers and sisters, and all your father's servants, and half the people in the village besides.

I believe I could, sir.

Well — and is *hic, hæc, hoc,* more difficult to remember than these?

Samuel was silent.

Have you learned anything of accounts?

I went into addition, sir, but I did not go on with it.

Why so?

I could not do it, sir.

How many marbles can you buy for a penny?

Twelve new ones, sir.

And how many for a half-penny?

Six.

And how many for two pence?

Twenty-four.

If you were to have a penny a day, what would that make in a week?

Seven pence.

But if you paid two pence out of that, what would you have left?

Samuel studied a while and then said, five pence.

Right. Why here you have been practicing the four great rules of arithmetic, addition, substraction, multiplication, and division. Learning accounts is no more than this. Well, Samuel, I see what you are fit for. I shall set you about nothing but what you are able to do; but observe, you *must* do it. We have no *I can't* here. Now go among your school-fellows.

Samuel went away, glad that his examination was over, and with more confidence in his powers than he had felt before.

The next day he began business. A boy less than himself was called out to set him a copy of letters, and another was appointed to hear him grammar. He read a few sentences in English that he could perfectly understand, to the master himself. Thus by going on steadily and slowly, he made a sensible progress. He had already joined his letters, got all the declensions perfectly, and half the multiplication table, when Mr. Wiseman thought it time to answer his father's letter; which he did as follows: —

Sir, — I now think it right to give you some information concerning your son. You perhaps expected it sooner, but I always wish to avoid hasty judgments. You mentioned in your letter that it had not yet been discovered which way his genius pointed. If by *genius* you meant such a decided bent of mind to any one pursuit as will lead to excel with little or no labor, or instruction, I must say that I have not met with such a quality in more than three or four boys in my life, and your son is certainly not among the number. But if you mean only the *ability* to do some of those things which the greater part of mankind can do when properly taught, I can affirm that I find in him no peculiar deficiency; and whether you choose to bring him up to a trade or to some practical profession, I see no reason to doubt that he may in time become sufficiently qualified for it. It is my favorite maxim, sir, that everything most valuable in this life may generally be acquired by taking pains for it. Your son has already lost much time in the fruitless expectation of finding out what he would take up of his own accord. Believe me, sir, few boys will take up anything of their own accord but a top or a marble. I will take care while he is with me that he loses no more time this way, but is employed about things that are fit for him, not doubting that we shall find him fit for them.

I am, sir, yours, etc.
Solon Wiseman.

Though the doctrine of this letter did not perfectly agree with Mr. Acre's notions, yet being convinced that Mr. Wiseman was more likely to make something of his son than any of his former preceptors, he continued him at this school for some years, and had the satisfaction to find him going on in a steady course of gradual improvement. In due time a profession was chosen for him, which seemed to suit his temper and talents, but for which he had no *particular turn*, having never thought at all about it. He made a respectable figure in it, and went through the world with credit and usefulness, though *without a genius.*

A TALE OF POTTED SPRATS.

BY AMELIA OPIE.

Most mistresses of families have a family receipt-book; and are apt to believe that no receipts are so good as their own.

With one of these notable ladies a young housekeeper went to pass a few days, both at her town and country-house. The hostess was skilled, not only in culinary lore, but in economy; and was in the habit of setting on her table, even when not alone, whatever her taste or carefulness had led her to pot, pickle, or preserve, for occasional use.

Before a meagre family dinner was quite over, a dish of POTTED SPRATS was set before the lady of the house, who, expatiating on their excellence, derived from a family receipt of a century old, pressed her still unsatisfied guest to partake of them.

The dish was as good as much salt and little spice could make it; but it had one peculiarity — it had a strong flavor of garlic, and to garlic the poor guest had a great dislike.

But she was a timid woman; and good-breeding, and what she called benvolence, said, "persevere a swallow," though her palate said, "no." "Is it not excellent?" said the hostess. "Very," faltered out the half-suffocated guest; — and this was lie the first. "Did you ever eat anything like it before?" "Never," replied the other more firmly; for *then* she knew that she spoke the truth, and *longing* to add, "and I hope I never shall eat anything like it again." "I will give you the receipt," said the lady, kindly; "it will be of use to you as a young housekeeper: for it is economical, as well as good, and serves to make out, when we have a scrap-dinner. My servants often dine on it." "I wonder you can get any servants to live with you," thought the guest; "but I dare say you do not get any one to stay long!" "You do not, however, *eat* as if you liked it." "Oh, yes, *indeed* I do, very much," (lie the second) she replied, "but you forget I have already eaten a *good dinner:*" (lie the third. Alas! what had benevolence, *so called*, to answer for this occasion!)

"Well, I am delighted to find that you like my sprats," said the flattered hostess, while the cloth was removing: adding, "John! do not let those sprats be eaten in the kitchen!" an order which the guest heard with indescribable alarm.

The next day they were to set off for the country-house, or cottage. When they were seated in the carriage, a large box was put in, and the guest fancied she smelt *garlic;* but

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise."

She therefore asked no questions; but tried to enjoy the present, regardless of the future. At a certain distance they stopped to bait the horses. There the guest expected that they should get out, and take some refreshment; but her economical companion, with a shrewd wink of the eye, observed, "I always sit in the carriage on these occasions. If one gets out, the people at the inn expect one to order a luncheon. I therefore take mine with me." So saying, John was summoned to drag the carriage out of sight of the inn windows. He then unpacked the box, took out of it knives and forks, plates, etc., and also a *jar*, which, impregnating the air with its effluvia, even before it was opened, disclosed to the alarmed guest that its contents were the dreaded sprats!

"Alas!" thought she, "Pandora's box was nothing to this! for in that, Hope remained behind; but, at the bottom of this is Despair!" In vain did the unhappy lady declare (lie the fourth) that "she had no appetite, and (lie the fifth) that she never ate in the morning." Her hostess would take no denial. However, she contrived to get a piece of sprat down, enveloped in bread; and the rest she threw out of the window, when her companion was looking another way — who, on turning round, exclaimed, "so, you have soon dispatched the fish! let me give you another; do not refuse, because you think they are nearly finished; I assure you there are several left; and (delightful information!) we shall have a fresh supply to-morrow!" However, this time she was allowed to know when she had eaten enough; and the travelers proceeded to their journey's end.

This day, the sprats did not appear at dinner; — but, there being only a few left, they were kept for a *bonne bouche*, and reserved for supper! a meal of which, this evening, on account of indisposition, the hostess did not partake, and was therefore at liberty to attend entirely to the wants of her guest, who would fain have declined eating also, but it was impossible; she had just declared that she was quite well, and had often owned that she enjoyed a piece of supper after an *early dinner*. There was therefore no retreat from the maze in which her insincerity had involved her; and eat she must: but, when she again smelled on her plate the nauseous composition, which being near the bottom of the pot was more disagreeable than ever, human patience and human infirmity could bear no more; the scarcely tasted morsel fell from her lips, and she rushed precipitately into the open air, almost disposed to execrate, in her heart, potted sprats, the good breeding of her officious hostess, and even Benevolence itself.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT: OR, TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

BY MARIA EDGEWORTH.

Mr. Gresham, a Bristol merchant, who had, by honorable industry and economy, accumulated a considerable fortune, retired from business to a new house which he had built upon the Downs, near Clifton. Mr. Gresham, however, did not imagine that a new house alone could make him happy. He did not propose to live in idleness and extravagance; for such a life would have been equally incompatible with his habits and his principles. He was fond of children; and as he had no sons, he determined to adopt one of his relations. He had two nephews, and he invited both of them to his house, that he might have an opportunity of judging of their dispositions, and of the habits which they had acquired.

Hal and Benjamin, Mr. Gresham's nephews, were about ten years old. They had been educated very differently. Hal was the son of the elder branch of the family. His father was a gentleman, who spent rather more than he could afford; and Hal, from the example of the servants in his father's family, with whom he had passed the first years of his childhood, learned to waste more of everything than he used. He had been told, that "gentlemen should be above being careful and saving;" and he had unfortunately imbibed a notion that extravagance was the sign of a generous disposition, and economy of an avaricious one.

Benjamin, on the contrary, had been taught habits of care and foresight. His father had but a very small fortune, and was anxious that his son should early learn that economy insures independence, and sometimes puts in the power of those who are not very rich to be very generous.

The morning after these two boys arrived at their uncle's, they were eager to see all the rooms in the house. Mr. Gresham accompanied them, and attended to their remarks and exclamations.

"Oh! what an excellent motto!" exclaimed Ben, when he read the following words, which were written in large characters over the chimney-piece, in his uncle's spacious kitchen, —

"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT."

"Waste not, want not!" repeated his cousin Hal, in rather a contemptuous tone; "I think it looks stingy to servants; and no gentleman's servants, cooks especially, would like to have such a mean motto always staring them in the face." Ben, who was not so conversant as his cousin in the ways of cooks and gentlemen's servants, made no reply to these observations.

Mr. Gresham was called away whilst his nephews were looking at the other rooms in the house. Some time afterwards he heard their voices in the hall.

"Boys," said he, "what are you doing there?" "Nothing, sir," said Hal; "you were called away from us, and we did not know which way to go." "And have you nothing to do?" said Mr. Gresham. "No, sir, nothing," answered Hal, in a careless tone, like one who was well content with the state of habitual idleness. "No, sir, nothing!"

replied Ben, in a voice of lamentation. "Come," said Mr. Gresham, "if you have nothing to do lads, will you unpack these two parcels for me?"

The two parcels were exactly alike, both of them well tied up with good whip-cord. Ben took his parcel to a table, and, after breaking off the sealing-wax, began carefully to examine the knot, and then to untie it. Hal stood still, exactly in the spot where the parcel was put into his hands, and tried first at one corner, and then at another, to pull the string off by force.

"I wish these people would n't tie up their parcels so tight, as if they were never to be undone," cried he, as he tugged at the cord; and he pulled the knot closer instead of loosening it.

"Ben! why, how did you get yours undone, man? — what's in your parcel? — I wonder what is in mine. I wish I could get this string off— I must cut it."

"Oh, no," said Ben, who now had undone the last knot of his parcel, and who drew out the length of string with exultation, "don't cut it, Hal. Look what a nice cord this is, and yours is the same: it 's a pity to cut it; '*Waste not, want not!*' you know."

"Pooh! said Hal, "what signifies a bit of packthread?" "It is whip-cord," said Ben. "Well, whip-cord! what signifies a bit of whip-cord! you can get a bit of whip-cord twice as long as that for two pence; and who cares for two pence! Not I, for one! so here it goes," cried Hal, drawing out his knife; and he cut the cord, precipitately, in sundry places.

"Lads! have you undone the parcels for me?" said Mr. Gresham, opening the parlor-door as he spoke. "Yes, sir," cried Hal; and he dragged off his half-cut, half-entangled string, — "here 's the parcel." "And here 's my parcel, uncle; and here 's the string," said Ben. "You may keep the string for your pains," said Mr. Gresham. "Thank you, sir," said Ben; "what an excellent whip-cord it is!" "And you, Hal," continued Mr. Gresham, "you may keep your string too, if it will be of any use to you." "It will be of no use to me, thank you sir," said Hal. "No, I am afraid not, if this be it," said his uncle, taking up the jagged, knotted remains of Hal's cord.

A few days after this, Mr. Gresham gave to each of his nephews a new top.

"But how 's this?" said Hal; "these tops have no strings: what shall we do for strings?" "I have a string that will do very well for mine," said Ben; and he pulled out of his pocket the fine, long, smooth string which had tied up the parcel. With this he soon set up his top, which spun admirably well.

"Oh how I wish I had but a string!" said Hal; "what shall I do for a string? I 'll tell you what; I can use the string that goes round my hat!" "But then," said Ben, "what will you do for a hat-band?" "I 'll manage to do without one," said Hal; and he took the string off his hat for his top. It soon was worn through; and he split his top by driving the peg too tightly into it. His cousin Ben let him set up his the next day; but Hal was not more fortunate or more careful when he meddled with other people's things than when he managed his own. He had scarcely played half an hour before he split it, by driving in the peg too violently.

Ben bore this misfortune with good humor. "Come," said he, "it can't be helped: but give me the string, because *that* may still be of use for something else.

It happened some time afterwards that a lady, who had been intimately acquainted with Hal's mother at Bath, — that is to say, who had frequently met her at the card-table during the winter, — now arrived at Clifton. She was informed by his mother that Hal was at Mr. Gresham's; and her sons who were *friends* of his, came to see him, and invited him to spend the next day with them.

Hal joyfully accepted the invitation. He was always glad to go out to dine, because it gave him something to do, something to think of, or at least something to say. Besides this, he had been educated to think it was a fine thing to visit fine people; and Lady Diana Sweepstakes (for that was the name of his mother's acquaintance) was a very fine lady, and her two sons intended to be very *great* gentlemen. He was in a prodigious hurry when these young gentlemen knocked at his uncle's door the next day; but just as he got to the hall door, little Patty called to him from the top of the stairs, and told him that he had dropped his pocket-handkerchief.

"Pick it up, then, and bring it to me, quick, can't you, child?" cried Hal, "for Lady Di's sons are waiting for me."

Little Patty did not know anything about Lady Di's sons; but as she was very good-natured, and saw that her cousin Hal was, for some reason or other, in a desperate hurry, she ran down-stairs as fast as she possibly could, towards the landing-place, where the handkerchief lay; but, alas! before she reached the handkerchief, she fell, rolling down a whole flight of stairs, and when her fall was at last stopped by the landing-place, she did not cry, but she writhed as if she was in great pain.

"Where are you hurt, my love?" said Mr. Gresham, who came instantly, on hearing the noise of some one falling down-stairs. "Where are you hurt, my dear?"

"Here, papa," said the little girl, touching her ankle, which she had decently covered with her gown: "I believe I am hurt here, but not much," added she, trying to rise; "only it hurts me when I move." "I 'll carry you; don't move then," said her father; and he took her up in his arms. "My shoe; I 've lost one of my shoes," said she.

Ben looked for it upon the stairs, and he found it sticking in a loop of whip-cord, which was entangled round one of the banisters. When this cord was drawn forth, it appeared that it was the very same jagged entangled piece which Hal had pulled off his parcel. He had diverted himself with running up and down stairs, whipping the banisters with it, as he thought he could convert it to no better use; and, with his usual carelessness, he at last left it hanging just where he happened to throw it when the dinner-bell rang. Poor little Patty's ankle was terribly sprained, and Hal reproached himself for his folly, and would have reproached himself longer, perhaps, if Lady Di Sweepstakes' sons had not hurried him away.

In the evening, Patty could not run about as she used to do; but she sat upon the sofa, and she said that she did not feel the pain in her ankle *so much*, whilst Ben was so good as to play at *jack-straws* with her.

"That 's right, Ben; never be ashamed of being good-natured to those who are younger and weaker than yourself," said his uncle, smiling at seeing him produce his whip-cord, to indulge his little cousin with a game at her favorite cat's-cradle. "I shall not think you one bit less manly, because I see you playing at cat's-cradle with a little child of six years old."

Hal, however, was not precisely of his uncle's opinion; for when he returned in the evening, and saw Ben playing with his little cousin, he could not help smiling contemptuously, and asked if he had been playing at cat's-cradle all night. In a heedless manner he made some inquiries after Patty's sprained ankle, and then he ran on to tell all the news he had heard at Lady Diana Sweepstakes', — news which he thought would make him appear a person of vast importance.

"Do you know, uncle, — do you know, Ben," said he, — "there 's to be the most *famous* doings that ever were heard of upon the Downs here, the first day of next month, which will be in a fortnight, — thank my stars! I wish the fortnight was over; I shall think of nothing else, I know, till that happy day comes!"

Mr. Gresham inquired why the first of September was to be so much happier than any other day in the year. "Why," replied Hal, "Lady Diana Sweepstakes, you know, is a *famous* rider and archer, and *all that*." "Very likely," said Mr. Gresham, soberly; "but what then?"

"Dear uncle!" cried Hal, "but you shall hear. There 's to be a race upon the Downs the first of September, and after the race there 's to be an archery meeting for the ladies, and Lady Diana Sweepstakes is to be one of *them*. And after the ladies have done shooting, — now, Ben, comes the best part of it! — we boys are to have our turn, and Lady Di is to give a prize to the best marksman amongst us, of a very handsome bow and arrow! Do you know, I 've been practicing already, and I 'll show you to-morrow, as soon as it comes home, the *famous* bow and arrow that Lady Diana has given me; but, perhaps," added he, with a scornful laugh, "you like a cat's-cradle better than a bow and arrow."

Ben made no reply to this taunt at the moment; but the next day, when Hal's new bow and arrow came home, he convinced him that he knew how to use it very well.

"Ben," said his uncle, "you seem to be a good marksman, though you have not boasted of yourself. I 'll give you a bow and arrow, and, perhaps if you practice, you may make yourself an archer before the first of September; and, in the mean time, you will not wish the fortnight to be over, for you will have something to do."

"Oh, sir," interrupted Hal, "but if you mean that Ben should put in for the prize, he must have a uniform." "Why *must* he?" said Mr. Gresham. "Why, sir, because everybody has — I mean everybody that 's anybody; and Lady Diana was talking about the uniform all dinner-time, and it 's settled all about it, except the buttons; the young Sweepstakes are to get theirs made first for patterns: they are to be white, faced with green; and they 'll look very handsome, I 'm sure; and I shall write to mamma to-night, as Lady Diana bid me, about mine; and I shall tell her to be sure to answer my letter, without fail, by return of the post; and then if mamma makes no objection, which I know she won't, because she never thinks much about expense, and *all that*, — then I shall bespeak my uniform, and get it made by the same tailor that makes for Lady Diana and the young Sweepstakes."

"Mercy upon us!" said Mr. Gresham, who was almost stunned by the rapid vociferation with which this long speech about a uniform was pronounced. "I don't pretend to understand these things," added he, with an air of simplicity; "but we will inquire, Ben, into the necessity of the case; and if it is necessary — or if you think it necessary that you shall have a uniform, — why, I 'll give you one."

"*You*, uncle! Will you, *indeed?*" exclaimed Hal, with amazement painted in his countenance. "Well, that 's the last thing in the world I should have expected! You are not at all the sort of person I should have thought would care about a uniform; and now I should have supposed you 'd have thought it extravagant to have a coat on purpose only for one day; and I 'm sure Lady Diana Sweepstakes thought as I do; for when I told her of that motto over your kitchen-chimney, 'WASTE NOT, WANT NOT,' she laughed, and said that I had better not talk to you about uniforms, and that my mother was the proper person to write to about my uniform: but I 'll tell Lady Diana, uncle, how good you are, and how much she was mistaken."

"Take care how you do that," said Mr. Gresham: "for perhaps the lady was not mistaken." "Nay, did not you say, just now, you would give poor Ben a uniform?" "I said I would, if he thought it necessary to have one." "Oh, I 'll answer for it, he 'll think it necessary," said Hal, laughing, "because it is necessary." "Allow him, at least, to judge for himself," said Mr. Gresham. "My dear uncle, but I assure you," said Hal, earnestly, "there 's no judging about the matter, because really, upon my word, Lady Diana said distinctly, that her sons were to have uniforms, white faced with green, and a green and white cockade in their hats." "May be so," said Mr. Gresham, still with the same look of calm simplicity; "put on your hats, boys, and come with me. I know a gentleman whose sons are to be at this archery meeting, and we will inquire into all the particulars from him. Then, after we have seen him (it is not eleven o'clock yet), we shall have time enough to walk on to Bristol, and choose the cloth for Ben's uniform, if it is necessary."

"I cannot tell what to make of all he says," whispered Hal as he reached down his hat; "do you think, Ben, he means to give you this uniform or not?" "I think," said Ben, "that he means to give me one, if it is necessary, or, as he said, if I think it is necessary."

"And that to be sure you will; won't you? or else you'll be a great fool, I know, after all I've told you. How can any one in the world know so much about the matter as I, who have dined with Lady Diana Sweepstakes but yesterday, and heard all about it from beginning to end? And as for this gentleman that we are going to, I'm sure, if he knows anything about the matter, he'll say exactly the same as I do." "We shall hear," said Ben, with a degree of composure which Hal could by no means comprehend when a uniform was in question.

The gentleman upon whom Mr. Gresham called had three sons, who were all to be at this archery meeting; and they unanimously assured him, in the presence of Hal and Ben, that they had never thought of buying uniforms for this grand occasion, and that, amongst the number of their acquaintance, they knew of but three boys whose friends intended to be at such an *unnecessary* expense. Hal stood amazed.

"Such are the varieties of opinion upon all the grand affairs of life," said Mr. Gresham, looking at his nephews. "What amongst one set of people you hear asserted to be absolutely necessary, you will hear from another set of people is quite unnecessary. All that can be done, my dear boys, in these difficult cases, is to judge for yourselves, which opinions, and which people, are the most reasonable."

Hal, who had been more accustomed to think of what was fashionable than of what was reasonable, without at all considering the good sense of what his uncle said to him, replied, with childish petulance, "Indeed, sir, I don't know what other people think; but I only know what Lady Diana Sweepstakes said." The name of Lady Diana Sweepstakes, Hal thought, must impress all present with respect: he was highly astonished when, as he looked round, he saw a smile of contempt upon every one's countenance; and he was yet further bewildered when he heard her spoken of as a very silly, extravagant, ridiculous woman, whose opinion no prudent person would ask upon any subject, and whose example was to be shunned, instead of being imitated. "Aye, my dear Hal," said his uncle, smiling at his look of amazement, "these are some of the things that young people must learn from experience. All the world do not agree in opinion about characters: you will hear the same person admired in one company, and blamed in another; so that we must still come round to the same point, *Judge for yourself.*"

Hal's thoughts were, however, at present, too full of the uniform to allow his judgment to act with perfect impartiality. As soon as their visit was over, and all the time they walked down the hill from Prince's Buildings towards Bristol, he continued to repeat nearly the same arguments which he had formerly used, respecting necessity, the uniform, and Lady Diana Sweepstakes. To all this Mr. Gresham made no reply; and longer had the young gentleman expatiated upon the subject, which had so strongly seized upon his imagination, had not his senses been forcibly assailed at this instant by the delicious odors and tempting sight of certain cakes and jellies in a pastry-cook's shop. "O uncle," said he, as his uncle was going to turn the corner to pursue the road to Bristol, "look at those jellies!" pointing to a confectioner's shop. "I must buy some of those good things, for I have got some half-pence in my pocket." "Your having half-pence in your pocket is an excellent reason for eating," said Mr. Gresham, smiling. "But I really am hungry," said Hal; "you know, uncle, it is a good while since breakfast."

His uncle, who was desirous to see his nephews act without restraint, that he might judge their characters, bid them do as they pleased.

"Come, then, Ben, if you've any half-pence in your pocket." "I'm not hungry," said Ben. "I suppose *that* means that you've no half-pence," said Hal, laughing, with the look of superiority which he had been taught to think *the rich* might assume towards those who were convicted either of poverty or economy. "Waste not, want not," said Ben to himself. Contrary to his cousin's surmisc, he happened to have twopenny-worth of half-pence actually in his pocket.

At the very moment Hal stepped into the pastry-cook's shop, a poor, industrious man, with a wooden leg, who usually sweeps the dirty corner of the walk, which turns at this spot to the Wells, held his hat to Ben, who, after glancing his eye at the petitioner's well-worn broom, instantly produced his two-pence. "I wish I had more halfpence for you, my good man," said he; "but I 've only two-pence."

Hal came out of Mr. Millar's, the confectioner's shop, with a hatful of cakes in his hand. Mr. Millar's dog was sitting on the flags before the door; and he looked up, with a wistful, begging eye, at Hal, who was eating a queen-cake. Hal, who was wasteful even in his good-nature, threw a whole queen-cake to the dog, who swallowed it for a single mouthful.

"There goes two-pence in the form of a queen-cake," said Mr. Gresham.

Hal next offered some of his cakes to his uncle and cousin; but they thanked him and refused to eat any, because, they said, they were not hungry; so he ate and ate, as he walked along, till at last he stopped, and said, "This bun tastes so bad after the queen-cakes, I can't bear it!" and he was going to fling it from him into the river. "Oh, it is a pity to waste that good bun; we may be glad of it yet," said Ben; "give it to me, rather than throw it away." "Why, I thought you said you were not hungry," said Hal. "True, I am not hungry now; but that is no reason why I should never be hungry again." "Well, there is the cake for you; take it; for it has made me sick; and I don't care what becomes of it."

Ben folded the refuse bit of his cousin's bun in a piece of paper, and put it into his pocket.

"I 'm beginning to be exceedingly tired, or sick, or something," said Hal; "and as there is a stand of coaches somewhere hereabouts, had not we better take a coach, instead of walking all the way to Bristol?"

"For a stout archer," said Mr. Gresham, "you are more easily tired than one might have expected. However, with all my heart; let us take a coach, for Ben asked me to show him the cathedral yesterday; and I believe I should find it rather too much for me to walk so far, though I am not sick with eating good things."

"*The cathedral!*" said Hal, after he had been seated in the coach about a quarter of an hour, and had somewhat recovered from his sickness, — "the cathedral! Why, are we only going to Bristol to see the cathedral? I thought we came out to see about a uniform."

There was a dullness and melancholy kind of stupidity in Hal's countenance as he pronounced these words, like one wakening from a dream, which made both his uncle and cousin burst out a-laughing.

"Why," said Hal, who was now piqued, "I 'm sure you *did* say, uncle, you would go to Mr. Hall's to choose the cloth for the uniform." "Very true, and so I will," said Mr. Gresham; "but we need not make a whole morning's work, need we, of looking at a piece of cloth? Cannot we see a uniform and a cathedral both in one morning?"

They went first to the cathedral. Hal's head was too full of the uniform to take any notice of the painted window, which immediately caught Ben's unembarrassed attention. He looked at the large stained figures on the Gothic window, and he observed their colored shadows on the floor and walls.

Mr. Gresham, who perceived that he was eager on all subjects to gain information, took this opportunity of telling him several things about the lost art of painting on glass, Gothic arches, etc., which Hal thought extremely tiresome.

"Come! come! we shall be late indeed," said Hal; "surely you've looked long enough, Ben, at this blue and red window." "I 'm only thinking about these colored shadows," said Ben. "I can show you, when we go home, Ben," said his uncle, "an entertaining paper upon such shadows." [1] "Hark!" cried Ben, "did you hear that noise?" They all listened; and they heard a bird singing in the cathedral. "It's our old robin, sir," said the lad who had opened the cathedral-door for them.

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[1] *Vide* Priestley's *History of Vision,* chapter on Colored Shadows.

"Yes," said Mr. Gresham, "there he is, boys, look, — perched upon the organ; he often sits there, and sings, whilst the organ is playing." "And," continued the lad who showed the cathedral, "he has lived here these many, many winters. They say he is fifteen years old; and he is so tame, poor fellow, that if I had a bit of bread he'd come down and feed in my hand." "I've a bit of a bun here," cried Ben, joyfully, producing the remains of the bun which Hal but an hour before would have thrown away. "Pray, let us see the poor robin eat out of your hand."

The lad crumbled the bun, and called to the robin, who fluttered and chirped, and seemed rejoiced at the sight of the bread; but yet he did not come down from his pinnacle on the organ.

"He is afraid of *us*," said Ben; "he is not used to eat before strangers, I suppose."

"Ah, no, sir," said the young man, with a deep sigh, "that is not the thing. He is used enough to eat afore company. Time was he'd have come down for me before ever so many fine folks, and have ate his crumbs out of my hand at my first call; but, poor fellow, it's not his fault now. He does not know me now, sir, since my accident, because of this great black patch." The young man put his hand to his right eye, which was covered with a huge black patch. Ben asked what *accident* he meant; and the lad told him that, but a few weeks ago, he had lost the sight of his eye by the stroke of a stone, which reached him as he was passing under the rocks at Clifton unluckily when the workmen were blasting. "I don't mind so much for myself, sir," said the lad; "but I can't work so well now, as I used to do before my accident for my old mother, who has had *a stroke* of the palsy; and I've a many little brothers and sisters not well able yet to get their own livelihood, though they be as willing as willing can be."

"Where does your mother live?" said Mr. Gresham. "Hard by, sir, just close to the church here: it was *her* that always had the showing of it to strangers, till she lost the use of her poor limbs."

"Shall we, may we, uncle, go that way? This is the house; is not it?" said Ben, when they went out of the cathedral.

They went into the house: it was rather a hovel than a house; but poor as it was, it was as neat as misery could make it. The old woman was sitting up in her wretched bed winding worsted; four meagre, ill-clothed, pale children were all busy, some of them sticking pins in paper for the pin-maker, and others sorting rags for the paper-maker.

"What a horrid place it is!" said Hal, sighing; "I did not know there were such shocking places in the world. I've often seen terrible-looking, tumble-down places, as we drove through the town in mamma's carriage; but then I did not know who lived in them; and I never saw the inside of any of them. It is very dreadful, indeed, to think that people are forced to live in this way. I wish mamma would send me some more pocket-money, that I might do something for them. I had half-a-crown; but," continued he, feeling in his pockets, "I'm afraid I spent the last shilling of it this morning upon those cakes that made me sick. I wish I had my shilling now, I'd give it to *these poor people*."

Ben, though he was all this time silent, was as sorry as his talkative cousin for all these poor people. But there was some difference between the sorrow of these two boys.

Hal, after he was again seated in the hackney-coach, and had rattled through the busy streets of Bristol for a few minutes, quite forgot the spectacle of misery which he had seen; and the gay shops in Wine Street and the idea of his green and white uniform wholly occupied his imagination.

"Now for our uniforms!" cried he, as he jumped eagerly out of the coach, when his uncle stopped at the woolen-draper's door.

"Uncle," said Ben, stopping Mr. Gresham before he got out of the carriage, "I don't think a uniform is at all necessary for me. I 'm very much obliged to you; but I would rather not have one. I have a very good coat; and I think it would be waste."

"Well, let me get out of the carriage, and we will see about it," said Mr. Gresham; "perhaps the sight of the beautiful green and white cloth, and the epaulet (have you ever considered the epaulets?) may tempt you to change your mind." "Oh no," said Ben, laughing: "I shall not change my mind."

The green cloth, and the white cloth, and the epaulets were produced, to Hal's infinite satisfaction. His uncle took up a pen, and calculated for a few minutes; then, showing the back of the letter, upon which he was writing, to his nephews, "Cast up these sums, boys," said he, "and tell me whether I am right." "Ben, do you do it," said Hal, a little embarrassed; "I am not quick at figures." Ben *was*, and he went over his uncle's calculation very expeditiously.

"It is right, is it?" said Mr. Gresham. "Yes, sir, quite right." "Then by this calculation, I find I could, for less than half the money your uniforms would cost, purchase for each of you boys a warm great-coat, which you will want, I have a notion, this winter upon the Downs."

"Oh, sir," said Hal, with an alarmed look; "but it is not winter *yet;* it is not cold weather *yet*. We shan't want great-coats *yet*."

"Don't you remember how cold we were, Hal, the day before yesterday, in that sharp wind, when we were flying our kite upon the Downs? and winter will come, though it is not come yet. I am sure, I should like to have a good warm great-coat very much."

Mr. Gresham took six guineas out of his purse; and he placed three of them before Hall and three before Ben. "Young gentlemen," said he, "I believe your uniforms would come to about three guineas apiece. Now I will lay out this money for you just as you please. Hal, what say you?" Why, sir," said Hal, "a great-coat is a good thing, to be sure; and then, after the great-coat, as you said it would only cost half as much as the uniform, there would be some money to spare, would not there?" "Yes, my dear, about five-and-twenty shillings." "Five-and-twenty shillings? I could buy and do a great many things, to be sure, with five-and-twenty shillings; but then, *the thing is*, I must go without the uniform, if I have the great-coat." "Certainly," said his uncle. "Ah!" said Hal, sighing, as he looked at the epaulet, "uncle, if you would not be displeased if I choose the uniform"— "I shall not be displeased at your choosing whatever you like best," said Mr. Gresham.

"Well, then, thank you, sir," said Hal; "I think I had better have the uniform, because, if I have not the uniform now directly, it will be of no use to me, as the archery meeting is the week after next, you know; and as to the great-coat, perhaps between this time and the *very* cold weather, which, perhaps, won't be till Christmas, papa will buy a great-coat for me; and I'll ask mamma to give me some pocket-money to give away, and she will, perhaps." To all this conclusive, conditional reasoning, which depended upon *perhaps*, three times repeated, Mr. Gresham made no reply; but he immediately bought the uniform for Hal, and desired that it should be sent to Lady Diana Sweepstakes' son's tailor, to be made up. The measure of Hal's happiness was now complete.

"And how am I to lay out the three guineas for you, Ben?" said Mr. Gresham; "speak, what do you wish for first?" "A great-coat, uncle, if you please." Mr. Gresham bought the coat; and, after it was paid for, five-and-twenty shillings of Ben's three guineas remained. "What next, my boy?" said his uncle. "Arrows, uncle, if you please: three arrows." "My dear, I promised you a bow and arrows." "No, uncle, you only said a bow." "Well, I meant a bow and arrows. I'm glad you are so exact, however. It is better to claim less than more of what is promised. The three arrows you shall have. But, go on; how shall I dispose of these five-and-twenty shillings for you?" "In clothes, if you will be so good, uncle, for that poor boy who has the great black patch on his eye."

"I always believed," said Mr. Gresham, shaking hands with Ben, "that economy and generosity were the best friends, instead of being enemies, as some silly, extravagant people would have us think them. Choose the poor blind boy's coat, my dear nephew, and pay for it. There 's no occasion for my praising you about the matter. Your best reward is in your own mind, child; and you want no other, or I 'm mistaken. Now jump into the coach, boys, and let 's be off. We shall be late, I 'm afraid," continued he, as the coach drove on; "but I must let you stop, Ben, with your goods, at the poor boy's door."

When they came to the house, Mr. Gresham opened the coach-door, and Ben jumped out with his parcel under his arm.

"Stay, stay! You must take me with you," said his pleased uncle; "I like to see people made happy, as well as you do." "And so do I too!" said Hal; "let me come with you. I almost wish my uniform was not gone to the tailor's, so I do." And when he saw the look of delight and gratitude with which the poor boy received the clothes which Ben gave him, and when he heard the mother and children thank him, Hal sighed, and said, "Well, I hope mamma will give me some more pocket-money soon."

Upon his return home, however, the sight of the *famous* bow and arrow, which Lady Diana Sweepstakes had sent him, recalled to his imagination all the joys of his green and white uniform; and he no longer wished that it had not been sent to the tailor's. "But I don't understand, cousin Hal," said little Patty, "why you call this bow a *famous* bow. You say *famous* very often; and I don't know exactly what it means; a *famous* uniform—*famous* doings. I remember you said there are to be *famous* doings, the first of September, upon the Downs. What does *famous* mean?" "Oh, why, *famous* means. Now don't you know what *famous* means? It means—it is a word that people say—it is the fashion to say it—it means—it means *famous*." Patty laughed, and said, "*This* does not explain it to me."

"No," said Hal, "nor can it be explained: if you don't understand it, that 's not my fault; everybody but little children, I suppose, understands it; but there 's no explaining *those sort* of words, if you don't *take them* at once. There 's to be *famous* doings upon the Downs, the first of September; that is, grand, fine. In short, what does it signify talking any longer, Patty, about the matter? Give me my bow, for I must go out upon the Downs and practice."

Ben accompanied him with the bow and the three arrows which his uncle had now given to him; and every day these two boys went out upon the Downs and practiced shooting with indefatigable perseverance. Where equal pains are taken, success is usually found to be pretty nearly equal. Our two archers, by constant practice, became expert marksmen; and before the day of trial they were so exactly matched in point of dexterity, that it was scarcely possible to decide which was superior.

The long-expected first of September at length arrived. "What sort of a day is it?" was the first question that was asked by Hal and Ben the moment that they wakened. The sun shone bright! but there was a sharp and high wind. "Ha!" said Ben, "I shall be glad of my good great-coat to-day; for I 've a notion it will be rather cold upon the Downs, especially when we are standing still, as we must, whilst all the people are shooting." "Oh, never mind! I don't think I shall feel it cold at all," said Hal, as he dressed himself in his new green and white uniform; and he viewed himself with much complacency.

"Good-morning to you, uncle; how do you do?" said he, in a voice of exultation, when he entered the breakfast-room. How do you do? seemed rather to mean: How do you like me in my uniform? And his uncle's cool, "Very well, I thank you, Hal," disappointed him, as it seemed only to say, "Your uniform makes no difference in my opinion of you."

Even little Patty went on eating her breakfast much as usual, and talked of the pleasure of walking with her father to the Downs, and of all the little things which interested her; so that Hal's epaulets were not the principal object in any one's imagination but his own.

"Papa," said Patty, "as we go up the hill where there is so much red mud, I must take care to pick my way nicely; and I must hold up my frock, as you desired me; and perhaps you will be so good, if I am not troublesome, to lift me over the very bad places where there are no stepping-stones. My ankle is entirely well, and I 'm glad of that, or else I should not be able to walk so far as the Downs. How good you were to me, Ben, when I was in pain, the day I sprained my ankle! you played at jack-straws, and at cat's-cradle, with me. Oh, that puts me in mind — here are your gloves, which I asked you that night to let me mend. I 've been a great while about them; but are not they very neatly mended, papa? — look at the sewing."

"I am not a very good judge of sewing, my dear little girl," said Mr. Gresham, examining the work with a close and scrupulous eye; "but, in my opinion, here is one stitch that is rather too long. The white teeth are not quite even." "Oh, papa, I 'll take out that long tooth in a minute," said Patty, laughing: "I did not think that you would have observed it so soon."

"I would not have you trust to my blindness," said her father, stroking her head fondly; "I observe everything. I observe, for instance, that you are a grateful little girl, and that you are glad to be of use to those who have been kind to you; and for this I forgive you the long stitch." "But it 's out, it 's out, papa," said Patty; "and the next time your gloves want mending, Ben, I 'll mend them better."

"They are very nice, I think," said Ben, drawing them on; "and I am much obliged to you. I was just wishing I had a pair of gloves to keep my fingers warm to-day, for I never can shoot well when my hands are benumbed. Look, Hal, you know how ragged these gloves were; you said they were good for nothing but to throw away; now look, there 's not a hole in them," said he, spreading his fingers.

"Now, is it not very extraordinary," said Hal to himself, "that they should go on so long talking about an old pair of gloves, without saying scarcely a word about my new uniform? Well, the young Sweepstakes and Lady Diana will talk enough about it; that 's one comfort. Is not it time to think of setting out, sir?" said Hal to his uncle. The company, you know, are to meet at the Ostrich at twelve, and the race is to begin at one, and Lady Diana's horses, I know, were ordered to be at the door at ten."

Mr. Stephen, the butler, here interrupted the hurrying young gentleman in his calculations. "There 's a poor lad, sir, below, with a great black patch on his right eye, who is come from Bristol, and wants to speak a word with the young gentlemen, if you please. I told him they were just going out with you; but he says he won't detain them more than half a minute."

"Show him up, show him up," said Mr. Gresham.

"But, I suppose," said Hal, with a sigh, "that Stephen mistook when he said the young *gentlemen;* he only wants to see Ben, I dare say; I 'm sure he has no reason to want to see me."

"Here he comes. O Ben, he is dressed in the new coat you gave him," whispered Hal, who was really a good-natured boy, though extravagant. "How much better he looks than he did in the ragged coat! Ah! he looked at you first, Ben — and well he may!"

The boy bowed, without any cringing civility, but with an open, decent freedom in his manner, which expressed that he had been obliged, but that he knew his young benefactor was not thinking of the obligation. He made as little distinction as possible between his bows to the two cousins.

"As I was sent with a message, by the clerk of our parish, to Redland chapel out on the Downs, to-day, sir," said he to Mr. Gresham, "knowing your house lay in my way, my mother, sir, bid me call and make bold to offer the young gentlemen two little worsted balls that she has worked for them," continued the lad, pulling out of his pocket two worsted balls worked in green and orange-colored stripes. "They are but poor things, sir, she bid me say, to look at; but, considering she has but one hand to work with, and *that* her left hand, you 'll not despise 'em, we hopes." He held the balls to Ben and Hal. "They are both alike, gentlemen," said he. "If you 'll be pleased to take 'em, they 're better than they look, for they bound higher than your head. I cut the cork round for the inside myself, which was all I could do."

"They are nice balls, indeed; we are much obliged to you," said the boys as they received them; and they proved them immediately. The balls struck the floor with a delightful sound, and rebounded higher than Mr. Gresham's head. Little Patty clapped her hands joyfully. But now a thundering double rap at the door was heard.

"The Master Sweepstakes, sir," said Stephen, "are come for Master Hal. They say that all the young gentlemen who have archery uniforms are to walk together, in a body, I think they say, sir; and they are to parade along the Well Walk, they desired me to say, sir, with a drum and fife, and so up the hill by Prince's Place, and all to go upon the Downs together, to the place of meeting. I am not sure I 'm right, sir; for both the young gentlemen spoke at once, and the wind is very high at the street-door, so that I could not well make out all they said; but I believe this is the sense of it."

"Yes, yes," said Hal, eagerly, "it 's all right. I know that is just what was settled the day I dined at Lady Diana's; and Lady Diana and a great party of gentlemen are to ride" —

"Well, that is nothing to the purpose," interrupted Mr. Gresham. "Don't keep these Master Sweepstakes waiting. Decide: do you choose to go with them or with us?" "Sir — uncle — sir, you know, since all the *uniforms* agreed to go together" — "Off with you, then, Mr. Uniform, if you mean to go," said Mr. Gresham.

Hal ran down-stairs in such a hurry that he forgot his bow and arrows. Ben discovered this when he went to fetch his own; and the lad from Bristol, who had been ordered by Mr. Gresham to eat his breakfast before he proceeded to Redland chapel, heard Ben talking about his cousin's bow and arrows. "I know," said Ben, "he will be sorry not to have his bow with him, because here are the green knots tied to it, to match his cockade; and he said that the boys were all to carry their bows, as part of the show."

"If you 'll give me leave, sir," said the poor Bristol lad, "I shall have plenty of time; and I 'll run down to the Well Walk after the young gentleman, and take him his bow and arrows."

"Will you? I shall be much obliged to you," said Ben; and away went the boy with the bow that was ornamented with green ribbons.

The public walk leading to the Wells was full of company. The windows of all the houses in St. Vincent's Parade were crowded with well-dressed ladies, who were looking out in expectation of the archery procession. Parties of gentlemen and ladies, and a motley crowd of spectators, were seen moving backwards and forwards, under the rocks, on the opposite side of the water. A barge, with colored streamers flying, was waiting to take up a party who were going upon the water. The bargemen rested upon their oars, and gazed with broad faces of curiosity upon the busy scene that appeared upon the public walk.

The archers and archeresses were now drawn up on the flags, under the semicircular piazza just before Mrs. Yearsley's library. A little band of children, who had been mustered by Lady Diana Sweepstakes' *spirited exertions*, closed the procession. They were now all in readiness. The drummer only waited for her ladyship's signal; and the archers' corps only waited for her ladyship's word of command to march.

"Where are your bow and arrows, my little man?" said her ladyship to Hal, as she reviewed her Lilliputian regiment. "You can't march, man, without your arms!"

Hal had dispatched a messenger for his forgotten bow, but the messenger returned not. He looked from side to side in great distress. "Oh, there 's my bow coming, I declare!" cried he: —

"look, I see the bow and the ribbons. Look now, between the trees, Charles Sweepstakes, on the Hortwell Walk; — it is coming!" "But you 've kept us all waiting a confounded time," said his impatient friend. "It is that good-natured poor fellow from Bristol, I protest, that has brought it me; I 'm sure I don't deserve it from him," said Hal to himself, when he saw the lad with the black patch on his eye running, quite out of breath, towards him with his bow and arrows.

"Fall back, my good friend; fall back," said the military lady, as soon as he had delivered the bow to Hal; "I mean, stand out of the way, for your great patch cuts no figure amongst us. Don't follow so close, now, as if you belonged to us, pray."

The poor boy had no ambition to partake of the triumph; he *fell back* as soon as he understood the meaning of the lady's words. The drum beat, the fife played, the archers marched, the spectators admired. Hal stepped proudly, and felt as if the eyes of the whole universe were upon his epaulettes, or upon the facings of his uniform; whilst all the time he was considered only as part of a show.

The walk appeared much shorter than usual, and he was extremely sorry that Lady Diana, when they were half-way up the hill leading to Prince's Place, mounted her horse, because the road was dirty, and all the gentlemen and ladies who accompanied her followed her example.

"We can leave the children to walk, you know," said she to the gentleman who helped her to mount her horse. "I must call to some of them, though, and leave orders where they are to *join.*

She beckoned; and Hal, who was foremost, and proud to show his alacrity, ran on to receive her ladyship's orders. Now, as we have before observed, it was a sharp and windy day; and though Lady Diana Sweepstakes was actually speaking to him, and looking at him, he could not prevent his nose from wanting to be blowed: he pulled out his handkerchief, and out rolled the new ball which had been given to him just before he left home, and which, according to his usual careless habits, he had stuffed into his pocket in his hurry. "Oh, my new ball!" cried he, as he ran after it. As he stooped to pick it up, he let go his hat, which he had hitherto held on with anxious care; for the hat, though it had a fine green and white cockade, had no band or string round it. The string, as we may recollect, our wasteful hero had used in spinning his top. The hat was too large for his head without this band; a sudden gust of wind blew it off. Lady Diana's horse started and reared. She was a *famous* horsewoman, and sat him to the admiration of all beholders; but there was a puddle of red clay and water in this spot, and her ladyship's uniform-habit was a sufferer by the accident. "Careless brat!" said she, "why can't he keep his hat upon his head?" In the mean time the wind blew the hat down the hill, and Hal ran after it, amidst the laughter of his kind friends, the young Sweepstakes, and the rest of the little regiment. The hat was lodged, at length, upon a bank. Hal pursued it; he thought this bank was hard, but, alas! the moment he set his foot upon it the foot sank. He tried to draw it back; his other foot slipped, and he fell prostrate, in his green and white uniform, into the treacherous bed of red mud. His companions, who had halted upon the top of the hill, stood laughing spectators of his misfortune.

It happened that the poor boy with the black patch upon his eye, who had been ordered by Lady Diana to "*fall back,*" and to "*keep at a distance,*" was now coming up the hill; and the moment he saw our fallen hero he hastened to his assistance. He dragged poor Hal, who was a deplorable spectacle, out of the red mud. The obliging mistress of a lodging-house, as soon as she understood that the young gentleman was nephew to Mr. Gresham, to whom she had formerly let her house, received Hal, covered as he was with dirt.

The poor Bristol lad hastened to Mr. Gresham's for clean stockings and shoes for Hal. He was unwilling to give up his uniform; it was rubbed and rubbed, and a spot here and there was washed out; and he kept continually repeating, — "When it 's dry it will all brush off — when it 's dry it will all brush off, won't it ?" But soon the fear of being too late at the archery-meeting began to balance the dread of appearing in his stained habiliments ; and he now as anxiously repeated, whilst the woman held the wet coat to the fire, "Oh, I shall be too late : indeed, I shall be too late ; make haste ; it will never dry ; hold it nearer — nearer to the fire. I shall lose my turn to shoot ; oh, give me the coat ; I don't mind how it is, if I can but get it on."

Holding it nearer and nearer to the fire dried it quickly, to be sure ; but it shrunk it also, so that it was no easy matter to get the coat on again. However, Hal, who did not see the red splashes, which, in spite of all these operations, were too visible upon his shoulders and upon the skirts of his white coat behind, was pretty well satisfied to observe that there was not one spot upon the facings. "Nobody," said he, "will take notice of my coat behind, I dare say. I think it looks as smart almost as ever !" — and under this persuasion our young archer resumed his bow, — his bow with green ribbons, now no more ! — and he pursued his way to the Downs.

All his companions were far out of sight. "I suppose," said he to his friend with the black patch, — "I suppose my uncle and Ben had left home before you went for the shoes and stockings for me ?" "Oh yes, sir ; the butler said they had been gone to the Downs a matter of a good half-hour or more."

Hal trudged on as fast as he possibly could. When he got upon the Downs, he saw numbers of carriages, and crowds of people, all going towards the place of meeting at the Ostrich. He pressed forward. He was at first so much afraid of being late, that he did not take notice of the mirth his motley appearance excited in all beholders. At length he reached the appointed spot. There was a great crowd of people. In the midst he heard Lady Diana's loud voice betting upon some one who was just going to shoot at the mark.

"So then the shooting is begun, is it ?" said Hal. "Oh, let me in ! pray let me into the circle ! I 'm one of the archers — I am, indeed ; don't you see my green and white uniform ?"

"Your red and white uniform, you mean," said the man to whom he addressed himself ; and the people, as they opened a passage for him, could not refrain from laughing at the mixture of dirt and finery which it exhibited. In vain, when he got into the midst of the formidable circle, he looked to his friends, the young Sweepstakes, for their countenance and support. They were amongst the most unmerciful of the laughers. Lady Diana also seemed more to enjoy than to pity his confusion.

"Why could not you keep your hat upon your head, man ?" said she, in her masculine tone. "You have been almost the ruin of my poor uniform-habit ; but I 've escaped rather better than you have. Don't stand there, in the middle of the circle, or you 'll have an arrow in your eyes just now, I 've a notion."

Hal looked round in search of better friends. "Oh, where 's my uncle ? — where 's Ben ?" said he. He was in such confusion that, amongst the number of faces, he could scarcely distinguish one from another ; but he felt somebody at this moment pull his elbow, and, to his great relief, he heard the friendly voice, and saw the good-natured face of his cousin Ben.

"Come back ; come behind these people," said Ben ; "and put on my great-coat ; here it is for you."

Right glad was Hal to cover his disgraced uniform with the rough great-coat which he had formerly despised. He pulled the stained, drooping cockade out of his unfortunate hat ; and he was now sufficiently recovered from his vexation to give an intelligible account of his accident to his uncle and Patty, who anxiously inquired what had detained him so long, and what had been the matter. In the midst of the history of his disaster, he was just proving to Patty that his taking the hat-band to spin his top had nothing to do with his misfortune, and he was at the same time endeavoring to refute his uncle's opinion that the waste of the whip-cord that tied the parcel was the original cause of all his evils, when he was summoned to try his skill with his *famous* bow.

"My hands are benumbed; I can scarcely feel," said he, rubbing them, and blowing upon the ends of his fingers.

"Come, come," cried young Sweepstakes, — "I'm within one inch of the mark; who'll go nearer, I shall like to see. Shoot away, Hal; but first understand our laws; we settled them before you came upon the green. You are to have three shots, with your own bow and your own arrows; and nobody's to borrow or lend under pretence of other bows being better or worse, or under any pretence. Do you hear, Hal?"

This young gentleman had good reasons for being so strict in these laws, as he had observed that none of his companions had such an excellent bow as he had provided for himself. Some of the boys had forgotten to bring more than one arrow with them, and by his cunning regulation that each person should shoot with their own arrows, many had lost one or two of their shots.

"You are a lucky fellow; you have your three arrows," said young Sweepstakes. "Come, we can't wait whilst you rub your fingers, man; — shoot away."

Hal was rather surprised at the asperity with which his friend spoke. He little knew how easily acquaintance, who call themselves friends, can change, when their interest comes in the slightest degree in competition with their friendship. Hurried by his impatient rival, and with his hands so much benumbed that he could scarcely feel how to fix the arrow in the string, he drew the bow. The arrow was within a quarter of an inch of Master Sweepstakes' mark, which was the nearest that had yet been hit. Hal seized his second arrow. "If I have any luck," said he — But just as he pronounced the word *luck*, and as he bent his bow, the string broke in two, and the bow fell from his hands.

"There, it's all over with you!" cried Master Sweepstakes, with a triumphant laugh.

"Here's my bow for him, and welcome," said Ben. "No, no, sir," said Master Sweepstakes, "that is not fair; that's against the regulation. You may shoot with your own bow, if you choose it, or you may not, just as you think proper; but you must not lend it, sir."

It was now Ben's turn to make his trial. His first arrow was not successful. His second was exactly as near as Hal's first. "You have but one more," said Master Sweepstakes; "now for it!" Ben, before he ventured his last arrow, prudently examined the string of his bow; and, as he pulled it to try its strength, it cracked. Master Sweepstakes clapped his hands with loud exultations and insulting laughter. But his laughter ceased when our provident hero calmly drew from his pocket an excellent piece of whipcord.

"The everlasting whipcord, I declare!" exclaimed Hal, when he saw that it was the very same that had tied up the parcel. "Yes," said Ben, as he fastened it to his bow, "I put it into my pocket to-day on purpose, because I thought I might happen to want it." He drew his bow the third and last time.

"Oh, papa!" cried little Patty, as his arrow hit the mark, "it's the nearest; is it not the nearest?"

Master Sweepstakes, with anxiety, examined the hit. There could be no doubt. Ben was victorious! The bow, the prize-bow, was now delivered to him; and Hal, as he looked at the whipcord, exclaimed, —

"How *lucky* this whipcord has been to you, Ben!"

"It is *lucky*, perhaps you mean, that he took care of it," said Mr. Gresham.

"Aye," said Hal, "very true; he might well say, 'Waste not, want not.' It is a good thing to have two strings to one's bow."

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

An old Clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the Dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the Hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the Wheels remained motionless with surprise; the Weights hung speechless. Each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others.

At length the Dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stop, when Hands, Wheels, Weights, with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard from the Pendulum, who thus spoke: —

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old Clock became so enraged that it was on the point of striking.

"Lazy Wire!" exclaimed the Dial-plate. "As to that," replied the Pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me — it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness — you who have nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backward and forward year after year, as I do." "As to that," said the Dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"But what of that?" resumed the Pendulum. "Although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment.

"This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours — perhaps some of you above there can tell me the exact sum?" The Minute-hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times." "Exactly so," replied the Pendulum.

"Well, I appeal to you all if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thought I to myself, 'I'll stop!'"

The Dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this suggestion.

"It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; and though this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, Will it fatigue us to *do?* Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?" The Pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the Dial, "was that exertion fatiguing to you?" "Not in the least," replied the Pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the Dial; "but recollect that, although you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the Pendulum. "Then I hope," added the Dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the people will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the Weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the Wheels began to turn, the Hands began to move, the Pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen-shutter, shining full upon the Dial-plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the Clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

BY JONATHAN SWIFT.

CHAPTER I.

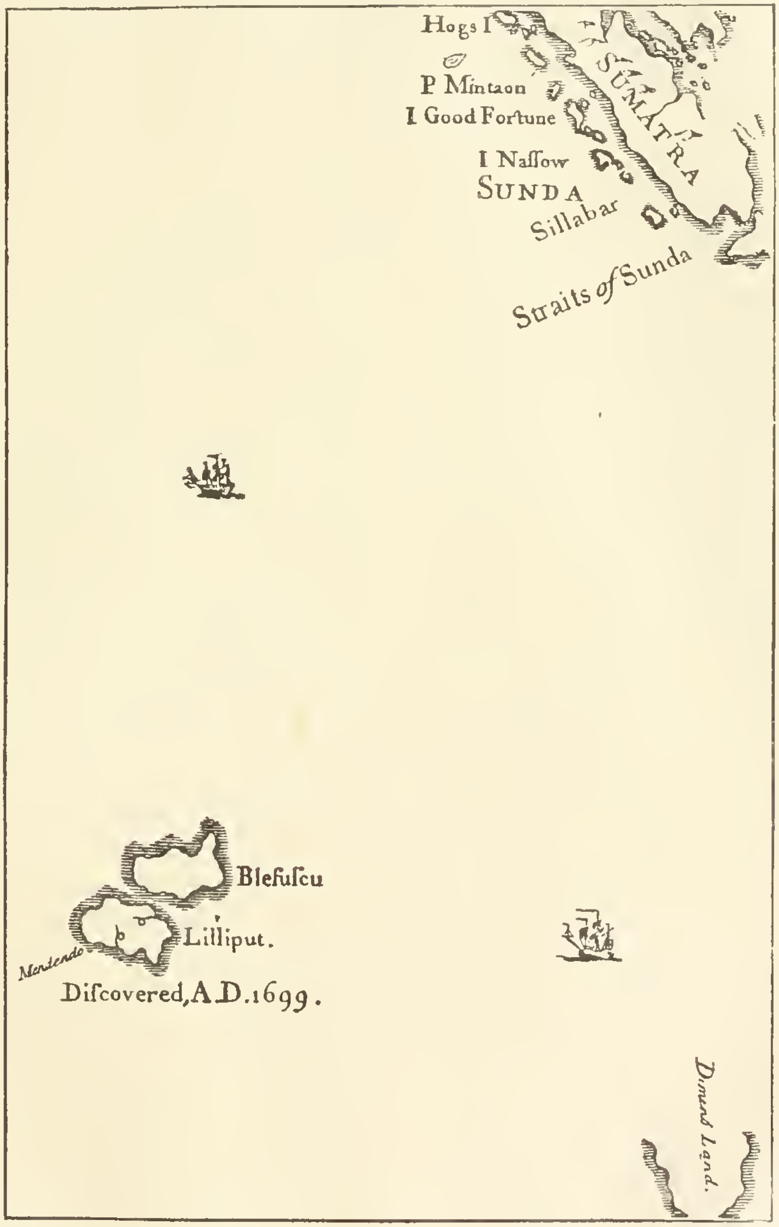
THE AUTHOR GIVES SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF AND FAMILY. — HIS FIRST INDUCEMENTS TO TRAVEL. — HE IS SHIPWRECKED, AND SWIMS FOR HIS LIFE. — GETS SAFE ON SHORE IN THE COUNTRY OF LILLIPUT. — IS MADE A PRISONER, AND CARRIED UP THE COUNTRY.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be, some time or other, my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden; there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages. Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the Swallow, Captain Abraham Pannell, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London; to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Miss Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having, therefore, consulted with my wife and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language; wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors, but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the Antelope, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas; let it suffice to inform him, that in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of thirty degrees, two minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship, but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth, and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that



I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes, I heard a confused noise about me; but in the posture I lay could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt by the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul!* The others repeated the same words several times, but then I knew not what they meant.

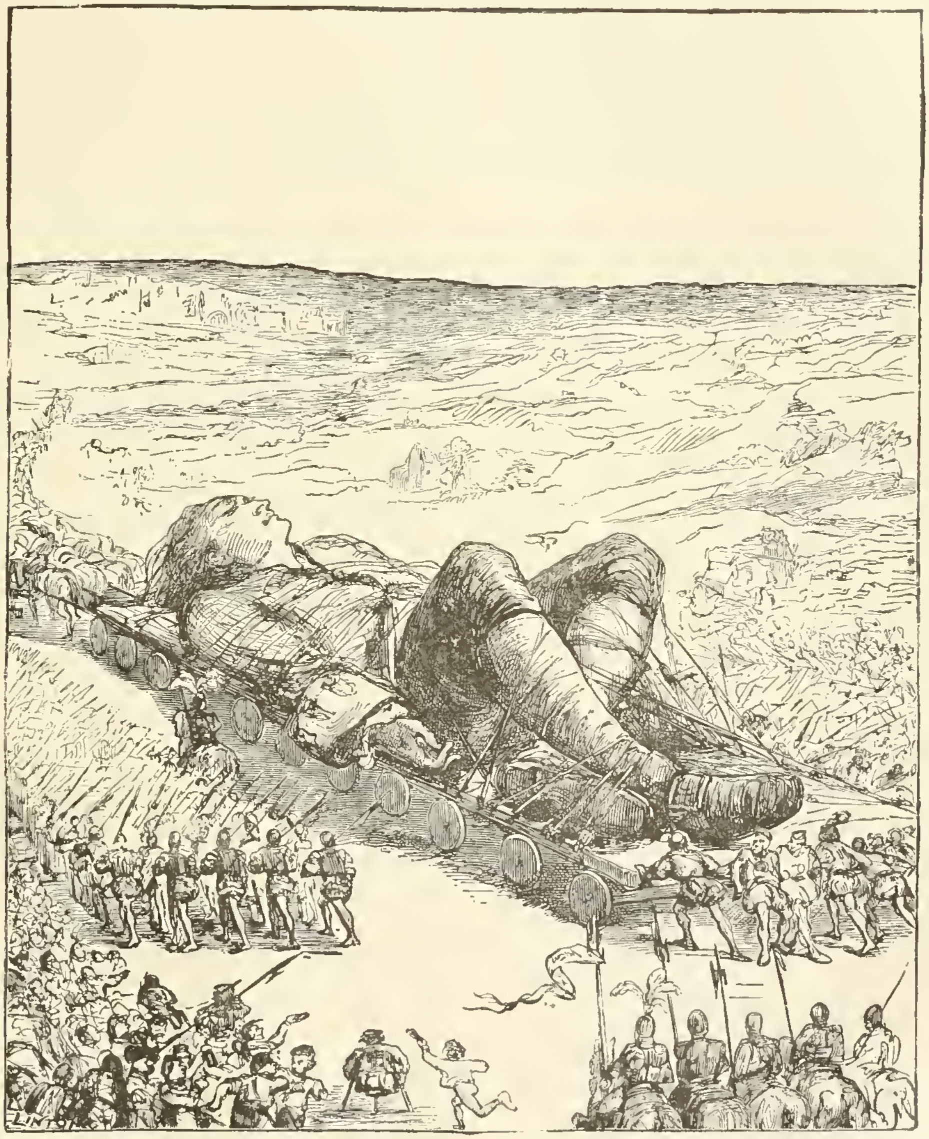
I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness; at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground, for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it had ceased I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac;* when in an instant I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san* (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me). Whereupon, immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the string that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, not having eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite.

I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more: but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did, at first, *Hekinah degul.* They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mevolah;* and when they saw the vessels in the air there was a universal shout of *Hekinah degul.* I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made to them — for so I interpreted my submissive behavior — soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue, and producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determined resolution; often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty.

It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hands in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this, the *hurgo* and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *Peplom selán;* and I felt great numbers of people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right. But, before this, they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured ; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city. This resolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous: for, supposing these people had endeavored to kill me with their spears and arrows, while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might have so far aroused my rage and strength as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me, as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of packthread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for, while the operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.



About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped a while, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off, unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning, at sunrise, we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate, fronting to the north, was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground; into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand, at several times, who mounted my body, by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued, to forbid it, upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAPTER II.

THE EMPEROR OF LILLIPUT, ATTENDED BY SEVERAL OF THE NOBILITY, COMES TO SEE THE AUTHOR IN HIS CONFINEMENT. — THE EMPEROR'S PERSON AND HABITS DESCRIBED. — LEARNED MEN APPOINTED TO TEACH THE AUTHOR THEIR LANGUAGE. — HE GAINS FAVOR BY HIS MILD DISPOSITION. — HIS POCKETS ARE SEARCHED, AND HIS SWORD AND PISTOLS TAKEN FROM HIM.

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the inclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a *stang*,[1] and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre. . . . .

The emperor was already descending from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet: but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration; but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all: twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The empress and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs: but, upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breath of my nail, than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip, and arched nose; his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose: it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers: but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits), who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca; but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice, of the rabble; who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst; and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forwards with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife; but I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

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[1] A stang is a pole or perch; sixteen feet and a half.

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight: during which time, the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure were brought in carriages, and worked up in my house; a hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four double; which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me; so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his imperial majesty had not provided by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconveniency. He directed that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house, without license from the court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the mean time the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon dispatch me; but again they considered that the stench of so large a carcass might produce a plague in the metropolis and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behavior to the six criminals above mentioned; which made so favorable an impression in the breast of his majesty and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine and other liquors; for the due payment of which his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury — for this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes: seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board-wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes, after the fashion of the country; that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution; and in about three weeks I made great progress in learning their language: during which time the emperor frequently honored me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learned, were to express my desire "that he would be pleased to give me my liberty;" which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was "that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *lumos kelmin pesso desmar lon emposo*;" that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom: however, that I should be used with all kindness: and he advised me "to acquire by my patience and discreet behavior the good opinion of himself and his subjects." He desired "I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person." I said, "His majesty should be satisfied; for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him." This I delivered, part in words, and part in signs. He replied, "that, by the laws of the kingdom, I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; and he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them." I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs and another secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein

I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw; and when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows: —

"*Imprimis*, In the right coat-pocket of the great Man-mountain (for so I interpret the words *quinbus flestrin*), after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces, set us both a-sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisadoes before your majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the Man-mountain combs his head, for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate *ranfu-lo*, by which they meant my breeches), we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side, were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped: we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was inclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us, that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter: these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain, which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for, on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill: and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use: we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

"Having thus, in obedience to your majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag, or pouch, divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them: the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

"This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man-mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign: —

"CLEFRIN FRELOCK.
"MARSI FRELOCK."

When the inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scimitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the mean time he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scimitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts, exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes as I waved the scimitar to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect: he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars; by which he meant my pocket pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide), I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of the scimitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself for some time.

I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours: he asked the opinion of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating; although, indeed, I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes), a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniences; which, being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honor to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

CHAPTER III.

THE AUTHOR DIVERTS THE EMPEROR, AND HIS NOBILITY OF BOTH SEXES, IN A VERY UNCOMMON MANNER. — THE DIVERSIONS OF THE COURT OF LILLIPUT DESCRIBED. — THE AUTHOR HAS HIS LIBERTY GRANTED HIM UPON CERTAIN CONDITIONS.

MY gentleness and good behavior had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favorable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand; and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking the language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceeded all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practiced by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favor at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of these candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity! for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the emperor and empress, and the first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favor. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing, one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and the first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with the most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-colored silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand, as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly; and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect; and extended it on all sides, till it was tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of the best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up one by one, in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and, in short, discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up, and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, when she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune, that no ill accident happened in these entertainments; only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt; and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could: however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more, in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his majesty that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round, as wide as his majesty's bed-chamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion, and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and stamping upon it, they found that it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the Man-mountain; and if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident, which I had never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it; and the next day the wagoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and a half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes, these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor, having ordered that part of his army which quarters in and about his metropolis, to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a singular manner. He desired that I would stand like a colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four in a breast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colors flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot, and a thousand horse.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty that his majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was *galbet*, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply, but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under-secretaries and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them, first, in the manner of my own country, and afterward in the method prescribed by their laws, which was, to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

GOLBASTO MOMAREM EVLAME GURDILO SHEFIN MULLY ULLY GUE, most mighty emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand *blustrugs* (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime Majesty proposes to the Man-mountain, lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which, by a solemn oath, he shall be obliged to perform: —

I. The Man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions, without our license under our great seal.

II. He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order; at which time, the inhabitants shall have two hours' warning to keep within doors.

III. The said Man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high-roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

IV. As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

V. If an express requires extraordinary dispatch, the Man-mountain shall be obliged to carry, in his pocket, the messenger and horse a six days' journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

VI. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

VII. That the same Man-mountain shall, at his time of leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones, towards covering the wall of the principal park, and other royal buildings.

VIII. That the said Man-mountain shall in two moons' time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

Lastly, That, upon his solemn oath to observe the above articles, the said Man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favor. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign.

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honorable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high-admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself, in person, did me the honor to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet; but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which to avoid the censure of vanity I shall not repeat, he added, "that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favors he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future."

The reader may please to observe, that in the last article of the recovery of my liberty, the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determined number, he told me that his Majesty's mathematicians, having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

CHAPTER IV.

MILDENDO, THE METROPOLIS OF LILLIPUT, DESCRIBED, TOGETHER WITH THE EMPEROR'S PALACE. — A CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND A PRINCIPAL SECRETARY, CONCERNING THE AFFAIRS OF THAT EMPIRE. — THE AUTHOR OFFERS TO SERVE THE EMPEROR IN HIS WARS.

THE first request I made after I had obtained my liberty was, that I might have license to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice, by proclamation, of my design to visit the town. The wall, which compassed it, is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten feet distance. I stepped over the great western gate, and passed very gently and sidling through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers who might remain on the streets; although the orders were very strict, that all the people should keep in their houses at their own peril.

The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run across and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls: the houses are from three to five stories: the shops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is inclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his majesty's permission to step over this wall; and the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts; in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time the emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about a hundred yards distance from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight feet wide. I then stepped over the building very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined.

There I saw the empress and the young princes, in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with further descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press; containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through a long series of princes; with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning and religion; their plants and animals; their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful: my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions as happened to the public or to myself during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary (as they style him) for private affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said "he might pretend to some merit in it;" but however added, "that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For," said he, "as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labor under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion, by a most potent enemy, from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand, that for above seventy moons past there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Tramecksan* and *Slamecksan*, from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged, indeed, that the high-heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his majesty has determined to make use only of low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe: and particularly that his majesty's imperial heels are lower at least by a *drurr* than any of his court (*drurr* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch). The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat nor drink nor talk with each other. We compute the *Tramecksan*, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high heels; at least, we can plainly discover that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait. Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty. For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain that a hundred mortals of your bulk would in a short time destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty's dominions: besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six-and-thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion: it is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers; whereupon the emperor, his father, published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller ends of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us there have been six rebellions raised on that account: wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy; but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral, which is their Alcoran. This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: that all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end; and which is the convenient end seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine.

"Now, the Big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war has been carried on between the two empires for six-and-thirty moons, with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing great confidence in your valor and strength, has commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you."

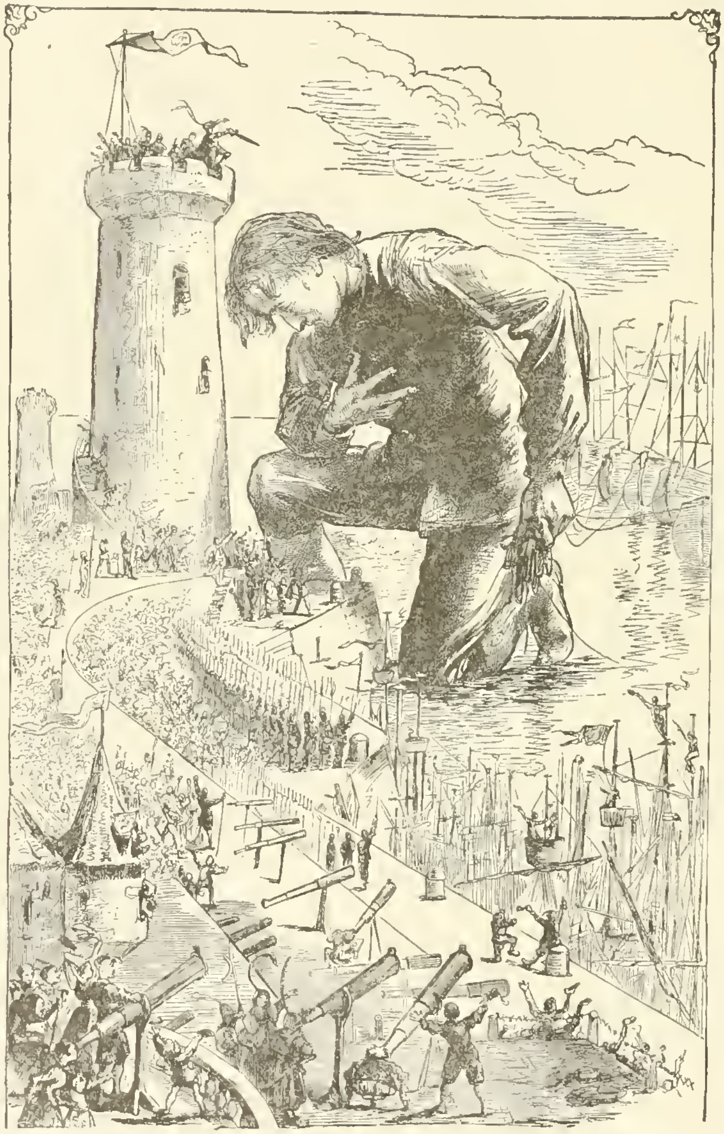
I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor; and to let him know "that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders."

CHAPTER V.

THE AUTHOR, BY AN EXTRAORDINARY STRATAGEM, PREVENTS AN INVASION. — A HIGH TITLE OF HONOR IS CONFERRED UPON HIM. — AMBASSADORS ARRIVE FROM THE EMPEROR OF BLEFUSCU, AND SUE FOR PEACE.

THE empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the northeast of Lilliput, from which it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me; all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbor, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed; who told me, that in the middle, at high water, it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most. I walked towards the northeast coast, over against Blefuscu: where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason, I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the northeast coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground. I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy were so frighted when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls: I then took my tackling, and fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept among other little necessaries, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, farther than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred arrows in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopped a while to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.



The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears; for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable, by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant king of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honor among them.

His majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of destroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavored to divert him from this design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice; and I plainly protested "that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery;" and when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open, bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial majesty, that he could never forgive me. He mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared at least, by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions which by a side wind reflected on me; and from this time began an intrigue between his majesty, and a junto of ministers, maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace; which was soon concluded, upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors with a train of about five hundred persons; and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have, at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valor and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the emperor their master's name, and desired me to show them some proof of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their excellencies, to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honor to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend before I returned to my own country. Accordingly, the next time I had the honor to see our emperor, I desired his general license to wait on the Blefuscudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could perceive, in a very cold manner; but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person, "that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection;" from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongues, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbor: yet our emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials, and make their speech, in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles which is mutual among them, and from the custom, in each empire, to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners; there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the emperor of Blefuscu, which, in the midst of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE INHABITANTS OF LILLIPUT; THEIR LEARNING, LAWS, AND CUSTOMS; THE MANNER OF EDUCATING THEIR CHILDREN. — THE AUTHOR'S WAY OF LIVING IN THAT COUNTRY.

ALTHOUGH I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet, in the mean time, I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and a half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards, till you come to the smallest, which to my sight were almost invisible; but nature has adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view; they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And to show the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk.

Their tallest trees are about seven feet high: I mean some of those in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clinched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which for many ages has flourished in all its branches among them; but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians; nor from up to down, like the Chinese; but aslant, from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downward, because they hold an opinion that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again; in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall, at their resurrection, be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine; but the practice still continues, in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention, relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but if the person accused makes his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and out of his goods or lands the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he has been at of making his defense; or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor also confers on him some public mark of his favor, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they allege that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against superior cunning; and since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit, where fraud is permitted and connived at, or has no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember, when I was once interceding with the king for a criminal who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order, and ran away with; and happening to tell his majesty by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust, the emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer as a defense the greatest aggravation of the crime; and truly I had little to say in return, further than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for, I confess I was heartily ashamed.

Although we usually call reward and punishment the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation, except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof that he has strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, has a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality and condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use: he likewise acquires the title of *snilpall*, or legal, which is added to his name, but does not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of Justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to show she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

In choosing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understanding is fitted to some station or other; and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power; the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and at least, that the mistakes committed by ignorance, in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal as the practice of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the disbelief of a Divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station; for since kings avow themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which he acts.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions, and not the most scandalous corruptions into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For, as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favor and distinction by leaping over sticks and creeping under them, the reader is to observe that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the emperor now reigning, and grew to the present height by the gradual increase of party and faction.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries; for they reason thus: that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he has received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children differ extremely from ours. For since the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the species, the Lilliputians will needs have it, that men and women are joined together like other animals, by the motives of natural instincts; and that their tenderness towards their young proceeds from the like natural principle: for which reason, they will never allow that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world: which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself nor intended so by his parents, whose thoughts, in their love encounters, were otherwise employed. Upon these, and the like reasonings, their opinion is, that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children; and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and laborers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated, when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities and to both sexes. They have certain professors well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities as well as inclinations. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth are provided with grave and learned professors and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honor, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions, consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great; and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together, in smaller or greater numbers, to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a year; the visit is to last but an hour; they are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts are managed proportionably after the same manner; only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old: whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us; but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex; but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practiced by chambermaids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for a life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments, beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust; and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for their maxim is, that among people of quality a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home, with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without the tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of the females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of work proper for their sex, and their several degrees; those intended for apprentices are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept till eleven.

The meaner families who have children at these nurseries are obliged, beside their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings, to be a portion for the child ; and therefore all parents are limited in their expenses by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world and leave the burden of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition : and these funds are always managed with good husbandry and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and laborers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public : but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals ; for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may, perhaps, divert the curious reader, to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred seamstresses were employed to make me shirts and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get, which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The seamstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck, and another at my midleg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more ; for by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes ; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck ; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat ; but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them), they looked like the patchwork made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a color.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes apiece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table ; a hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors slung on their shoulders, all which the waiters above drew up, as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner by certain cords, as we draw a bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large, that I have been forced to make three bites of it ; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually ate at a mouthful, and I confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl, I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired " that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness," as he was pleased to call it, " of dining with me." They came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state, upon my table, just over against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord high-treasurer, attended there likewise, with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but ate more than usual, in honor to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe that this visit from his majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the emperor "the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at a great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine per cent. below par; that I had cost his majesty above a million and a half of *sprugs* (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle); and, upon the whole, that it would be advisable in the emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me."

CHAPTER VII.

THE AUTHOR, BEING INFORMED OF A DESIGN TO ACCUSE HIM OF HIGH TREASON, MAKES HIS ESCAPE TO BLEFUSCU. — HIS RECEPTION THERE.

BEFORE I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue which had been for two months forming against me. I had been hitherto, all my life, a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had indeed heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers, but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the Emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable, at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his imperial majesty) came to my house very privately at night, in a close chair, and, without sending his name, desired admittance. The chairmen were dismissed: I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat pocket; and giving orders to a trusty servant to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table, according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and inquiring into the reason, he desired "I would hear him with patience, in a matter that highly concerned my honor and life." His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me: —

"You are to know," said he, "that several committees of council have been lately called, in the most private manner, on your account; and it is but two days since his majesty came to a full resolution.

"You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgolam (*galbet*, or high-admiral) has been your mortal enemy, almost ever since your arrival. His original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory as admiral is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap, the high-treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you, for treason and other capital crimes."

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt him; when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded: —

"Out of gratitude for the favors you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles; wherein I venture my head for your service."

[The articles recited various grounds of suspicion, especially Quinbus Flestrin's humanity toward Blefuscu after he had brought the imperial fleet into port, and his friendly intercourse with the ambassadors from Blefuscu.]

"In the several debates upon this impeachment, it must be confessed that his majesty gave many marks of his great lenity; often urging the services you had done him, and endeavoring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire to your house at night; and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men, armed with poisoned arrows, to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion, so that for a long time there was a majority against you; but his majesty, resolving, if possible, to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

"Upon this incident, Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did, and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majesty was so justly celebrated. He said the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world that perhaps the most honorable board might think him partial; however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give orders to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived that, by this expedient, justice might in some measure be satisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honor to be his counselors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his majesty; that blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us; that the fear you had for your eyes was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet; and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

"This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the admiral, could not preserve his temper; but, rising up in a fury, said he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor: that the services you had performed were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes; that the same strength which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet might serve, upon the first discontent, to carry it back: that he had good reasons to think you were a Big-endian in your heart; and, as treason begins in the heart before it appears in overt acts, so he accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

"The treasurer was of the same opinion: he showed to what straits his majesty's revenue was reduced by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable: that the secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes was so far from being a remedy against this evil, that it would probably increase it, as is manifest from the common practice of blinding some kind of fowls, after which they fed the faster and grew fat sooner; that his sacred majesty and the council, who are your judges, were, in their own consciences, fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to death, without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law.

"But his imperial majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say that since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard again, in answer to what the treasurer had objected, concerning the great charge his majesty was at in maintaining you, said that his excellency, who had the sole disposal of the emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient food, you will grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcass be then so dangerous, when it should become more than half diminished; and immediately upon your death five or six thousand of his majesty's subjects might, in two or three days, cut your flesh from your bones, take it away by cartloads, and bury it in distant parts to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

"Thus by the great friendship of the secretary the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined that the project of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret; but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books; none dissenting except Bolgolam, the admiral.

"In three days your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favor of his majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his majesty does not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his majesty's surgeons will attend, in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

"I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and to avoid suspicion I must immediately return in as private a manner as I came."

His lordship did so; and I remained alone, under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been assured, from the practice of former times), that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment, or the malice of a favorite, the emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published throughout the kingdom; nor did anything terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his majesty's mercy; because it was observed that the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. Yet as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier, either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things that I could not discover the lenity and favor of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I sometimes thought of standing my trial; for, although I could not deny the facts alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But having in my life perused many state trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision, in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance; for, while I had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favors I received from him, and the high title of *nardac* he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers to persuade myself that his majesty's present severities acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last I fixed upon a resolution for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly, for I confess I owe the preserving of my eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness and want of experience; because, if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should, with great alacrity and readiness, have submitted to so easy a punishment. But hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majesty's license to pay my attendance upon the emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend, the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man-of-war, tied a cable to the prow, and lifting up the anchors, I stripped myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet which I carried under my arm) into the vessel, and drawing it after me, between wading and swimming, arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me; they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them "to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know I there waited his majesty's command." I had an answer in about an hour, "that his majesty, attended by the royal family, and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me." I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the empress and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his majesty's and the empress's hands. I told his majesty "that I was come according to my promise, and with the license of the emperor my master, to have the honor of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power, consistent with my duty to my own prince;" not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design; neither could I reasonably conceive that the emperor would discover the secret, while I was out of his power; wherein, however, it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapped up in my coverlet.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE AUTHOR, BY A LUCKY ACCIDENT, FINDS MEANS TO LEAVE BLEFUSCU; AND, AFTER SOME DIFFICULTIES, RETURNS SAFE TO HIS NATIVE COUNTY.

THREE days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the northeast coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide; and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been driven from a ship: whereupon I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left, after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat. I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a sufficient strength. When the ships came up, I stripped myself, and waded till I came within a hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the forepart of the boat, and the other end to a man-of-war; but I found all my labor to little purpose; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forward as often as I could with one of my hands; and the tide favoring me, I advanced so far that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove, and so on, till the sea was no higher than my armpits; and now the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favorable, the seamen towed, and I shoved, until we arrived within forty yards of the shore, and waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under, by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor "that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way, to carry me to some place whence I might return into my native country; and begged his majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up; together with his license to depart;" which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express relating to me from our emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterwards given privately to understand, that his imperial majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was only gone to Blefuscu in performance of my promise, according to the license he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days, when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of that cabal, a person of quality was dispatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefuscu "the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no further than with the loss of mine eyes; that I had fled from justice; and if I did not return in two hours I should be deprived of my title of *nardac*, and declared a traitor." The envoy further added, "that in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor."

The emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said, "that as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That, however, both their majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given orders to fit up, with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped, in a few weeks, both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance."

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput, and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had passed; offering me at the same time (but under the strictest confidence) his gracious protection if I would continue in his service; wherein although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it; and therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favorable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him, that "since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself on the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs." Neither did I find the emperor at all displeased; and I discovered, by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen folds of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the seashore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows, for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber trees for oars and masts, wherein I was, however, much assisted by his majesty's ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them, after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me; so did the empress and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred *sprugs* apiece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcasses of a hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready-dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country and propagate the breed; and to feed them on board I had a good bundle of hay, and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honor "not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire."

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail, on the twenty-fourth day of September, 1701, at six in the morning; and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at southeast, at six in the evening, I descried a small island about half a league to the northwest. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment and went to my rest. I slept well, and as I conjecture, at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I ate my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favorable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket-compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands which I had reason to believe lay to the northeast of Van Diemen's Land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had, by my computation, made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the southeast; my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in, upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September twenty-sixth; but my heart leaped within me to see her English colors. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman, returning from Japan, by the North and South seas; the captain, Mr. John Biddel, of Deptford, a very civil man and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south; there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound; which I did in a few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I had undergone had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then showed him the gold given me by the emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred *sprugs* each, and promised when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow, and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep: I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a-grazing on a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which, rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England I made a considerable profit by showing my cattle to many persons of quality and others; and before I began my second voyage I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woolen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family, for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land near Epping of about thirty pounds a year, and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter Lane, which yielded me as much more; so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the grammar-school, and a towardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needlework. I took leave of my wife and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the Adventure, a merchant ship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, Captain John Nicholas, of Liverpool, commander. But my account of this voyage must be referred to the Second Part of my Travels.

TRAVELS OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

CHAPTER I.

[*The Baron is supposed to relate these adventures to his friends over a bottle.*]

THE BARON RELATES AN ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST TRAVELS.— THE ASTONISHING EFFECTS OF A STORM. — ARRIVES AT CEYLON; COMBATS AND CONQUERS TWO EXTRAORDINARY OPPONENTS. — RETURNS TO HOLLAND.

SOME years before my beard announced approaching manhood, or, in other words, when I was neither man nor boy, but between both, I expressed in repeated conversations a strong desire of seeing the world, from which I was discouraged by my parents, though my father had been no inconsiderable traveler himself, as will appear before I have reached the end of my singular and, I may add, interesting adventures. A cousin, by my mother's side, took a liking to me, often said I was a fine forward youth, and was much inclined to gratify my curiosity. His eloquence had more effect than mine, for my father consented to my accompanying him in a voyage to the island of Ceylon, where his uncle had resided as governor many years.

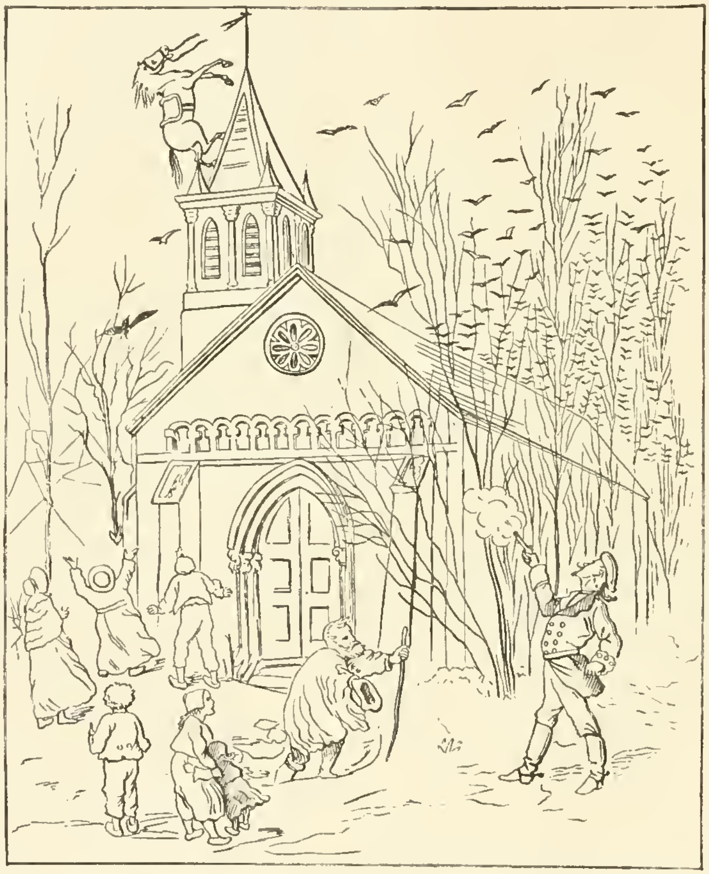
We sailed from Amsterdam with dispatches from their High Mightinesses the States of Holland. The only circumstance which happened on our voyage worth relating was the wonderful effects of a storm, which had torn up by the roots a great number of trees of enormous bulk and height, in an island where we lay at anchor to take in wood and water; some of these trees weighed many tons, yet they were carried by the wind so amazingly high, that they appeared like the feathers of small birds floating in the air, for they were at least five miles above the earth: however, as soon as the storm subsided they all fell perpendicularly into their respective places, and took root again, except the largest, which happened, when it was blown into the air, to have a man and his wife, a very honest old couple, upon its branches, gathering cucumbers (in this part of the globe that useful vegetable grows upon trees): the weight of this couple, as the tree descended, overbalanced the trunk, and brought it down in a horizontal position: it fell upon the chief man of the island, and killed him on the spot; he had quitted his house in the storm, under an apprehension of its falling upon him, and was returning through his own garden when this fortunate accident happened. The word fortunate, here, requires some explanation. This chief was a man of a very avaricious and oppressive disposition, and though he had no family, the natives of the island were half-starved by his oppressive and infamous impositions.

The very goods which he had thus taken from them were spoiling in his stores, while the poor wretches from whom they were plundered were pining in poverty. Though the destruction of this tyrant was accidental, the people chose the cucumber-gatherers for their governors, as a mark of their gratitude for destroying, though accidentally, their late tyrant.

After we had repaired the damages we sustained in this remarkable storm, and taken leave of the new governor and his lady, we sailed with a fair wind for the object of our voyage.

In about six weeks we arrived at Ceylon, where we were received with great marks of friendship and true politeness. The following singular adventures may not prove unentertaining.

After we had resided at Ceylon about a fortnight I accompanied one of the governor's brothers upon a shooting party. He was a strong, athletic man, and being used to that climate (for he had resided there some years), he bore the violent heat of the sun much better than I could; in our excursion he had made a considerable progress through a thick wood when I was only at the entrance.



Near the banks of a large piece of water, which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind; on turning about I was almost petrified (as who would not be?) at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcass, and that without asking my consent. What was to be done in this horrible dilemma? I had not even a moment for reflection; my piece was only charged with swan-shot, and I had no other about me; however, though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also. I immediately let fly, without waiting till he was within reach, and the report did but enrage him, for he now quickened his pace, and seemed to approach me full speed: I attempted to escape, but that only added (if an addition could be made) to my distress; for the moment I turned about I found a large crocodile, with his mouth extended almost ready to receive me. On my right hand was the piece of water before mentioned, and on my left a deep precipice, said to have, as I have since learned, a receptacle at the bottom for venomous creatures; in short, I gave myself up as lost, for the lion was now upon his hind legs, just in the act of seizing me; I fell involuntarily to the ground with fear, and, as it afterwards appeared, he sprang over me. I lay some time in a situation which no language can describe, expecting to feel his teeth or talons in some part of me every moment: after waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds I heard a violent but unusual noise, different from any sound that had ever before assailed my ears; nor is it at all to be wondered at, when I inform you from whence it proceeded: after listening for some time, I ventured to raise my head and look round, when, to my unspeakable joy, I perceived the lion had, by the eagerness with which he sprung at me, jumped forward, as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth! which, as before observed, was wide open; the head of the one stuck in the throat of the other! and they were struggling to extricate themselves! I fortunately recollected my *couteau de chasse*, which was by my side; with this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet! I then, with the butt-end of my fowling piece, rammed the head farther into the throat of the crocodile, and destroyed him by suffocation, for he could neither gorge nor eject it.

Soon after I had thus gained a complete victory over my two powerful adversaries my companion arrived in search of me; for finding I did not follow him into the wood, he returned, apprehending I had lost my way, or met with some accident.

After mutual congratulations, we measured the crocodile, which was just forty feet in length.

As soon as we had related this extraordinary adventure to the governor, he sent a wagon and servants, who brought home the two carcasses. The lion's skin was properly preserved, with its hair on, after which it was made into tobacco-pouches, and presented by me, upon our return to Holland, to the burgomasters, who, in return, requested my acceptance of a thousand ducats.

The skin of the crocodile was stuffed in the usual manner, and makes a capital article in their public museum at Amsterdam, where the exhibitor relates the whole story to each spectator, with such additions as he thinks proper. Some of his variations are rather extravagant; one of them is, that the lion jumped quite through the crocodile, and was making his escape at the back door, when, as soon as his head appeared, Monsieur the Great Baron (as he is pleased to call me) cut it off, and three feet of the crocodile's tail along with it; nay, so little attention has this fellow to the truth, that he sometimes adds, as soon as the crocodile missed his tail, he turned about, snatched the *couteau de chasse* out of Monsieur's hand, and swallowed it with such eagerness that it pierced his heart and killed him immediately!

The little regard which this impudent knave has to veracity makes me sometimes apprehensive that my *real facts* may fall under suspicion, by being found in company with his confounded inventions.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH THE BARON PROVES HIMSELF A GOOD SHOT. — HE LOSES HIS HORSE, AND FINDS A WOLF. — MAKES HIM DRAW HIS SLEDGE. — PROMISES TO ENTERTAIN HIS COMPANY WITH A RELATION OF SUCH FACTS AS ARE WELL DESERVING THEIR NOTICE.

I SET off from Rome on a journey to Russia, in the midst of winter, from a just notion that frost and snow must of course mend the roads, which every traveler had described as uncommonly bad through the northern parts of Germany, Poland, Courland, and Livonia. I went on horseback, as the most convenient manner of traveling; I was but lightly clothed, and of this I felt the inconvenience the more I advanced northeast. What must not a poor old man have suffered in that severe weather and climate, whom I saw on a bleak common in Poland, lying on the road, helpless, shivering, and hardly having wherewithal to cover his nakedness? I pitied the poor soul: though I felt the severity of the air myself, I threw my mantle over him, and immediately I heard a voice from the heavens, blessing me for that piece of charity, saying, —

"You will be rewarded, my son, for this in time."

I went on: night and darkness overtook me. No village was to be seen. The country was covered with snow, and I was unacquainted with the road.

Tired, I alighted, and fastened my horse to something like a pointed stump of a tree, which appeared above the snow; for the sake of safety I placed my pistols under my arm, and laid down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes till full daylight. It is not easy to conceive my astonishment to find myself in the midst of a village, lying in a churchyard; nor was my horse to be seen, but I heard him soon after neigh somewhere above me. On looking upwards I beheld him hanging by his bridle to the weathercock of the steeple. Matters were not very plain to me: the village had been covered with snow overnight; a sudden change of weather had taken place; I had sunk down to the churchyard whilst asleep, gently, and in the same proportion as the snow had melted away; and what in the dark I had taken to be a stump of a little tree appearing above the snow, to which I had tied my horse, proved to have been the cross or weather-cock of the steeple!

Without long consideration I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse, and proceeded on my journey. [Here the Baron seems to have forgotten his feelings; he should certainly have ordered his horse a feed of corn, after fasting so long.]

He carried me well — advancing into the interior parts of Russia. I found traveling on horseback rather unfashionable in winter, therefore I submitted, as I always do, to the custom of the country, took a single horse sledge, and drove briskly towards St. Petersburg. I do not exactly recollect whether it was in Eastland or Jugemanland, but I remember that in the midst of a dreary forest I spied a terrible wolf making after me, with all the speed of ravenous winter hunger. He soon overtook me. There was no possibility of escape. Mechanically I laid myself down flat in the sledge, and let my horse run for our safety. What I wished, but hardly hoped or expected, happened immediately after. The wolf did not mind me in the least, but took a leap over me, and falling furiously on the horse, began instantly to tear and devour the hind-part of the poor animal, which ran the faster for his pain and terror. Thus unnoticed and safe myself, I lifted my head slyly up, and with horror I beheld that the wolf had ate his way into the horse's body; it was not long before he had fairly forced himself into it, when I took my advantage, and fell upon him with the butt-end of my whip. This unexpected attack in his rear frightened him so much, that he leaped forward with all his might: the horse's carcass dropped on the ground, but in his place the wolf was in the harness, and I on my part whipping him continually: we both arrived in full career safe at St. Petersburg, contrary to our respective expectations, and very much to the astonishment of the spectators.

I shall not tire you, gentlemen, with the politics, arts, sciences, and history of this magnificent metropolis of Russia, nor trouble you with the various intrigues and pleasant adventures I had in the politer circles of that country, where the lady of the house always receives the visitor with a dram and a salute. I shall confine myself rather to the greater and nobler objects of your attention, horses and dogs, my favorites in the brute creation; also to foxes, wolves, and bears, with which, and game in general, Russia abounds more than any other part of the world; and to such sports, manly exercises, and feats of gallantry and activity, as show the gentleman better than musty Greek or Latin, or all the perfume, finery, and capers of French wits or *petit-maîtres*.

CHAPTER III.

AN ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE BARON'S NOSE AND A DOOR-POST, WITH ITS WONDERFUL EFFECT. — FIFTY BRACE OF DUCKS AND OTHER FOWL DESTROYED BY ONE SHOT. — FLOGS A FOX OUT OF HIS SKIN. — LEADS AN OLD SOW HOME IN A NEW WAY, AND VANQUISHES A WILD BOAR.

FOR several months (as it was some time before I could obtain a commission in the army) I was perfectly at liberty to sport away my time and money in the most gentleman-like manner. You may easily imagine that I spent much of both out of town with such gallant fellows as knew how to make the most of an open forest country. The very recollection of those amusements gives me fresh spirits, and creates a warm wish for a repetition of them. One morning I saw, through the windows of my bedroom, that a large pond not far off was covered with wild ducks. In an instant I took my gun from the corner, ran downstairs and out of the house in such a hurry that I imprudently struck my face against the door-post. Fire flew out of my eyes, but it did not prevent my intention; I soon came within shot, when, leveling my piece, I observed to my sorrow that even the flint had sprung from the cock by the violence of the shock I had just received. There was no time to be lost. I presently remembered the effect it had on my eyes, therefore opened the pan, leveled my piece against the wild fowls, and my fist against one of my eyes. [The Baron's eyes have retained fire ever since, and appear particularly illuminated when he relates this anecdote.] A hearty blow drew sparks again; the shot went off, and I killed fifty brace of ducks, twenty widgeons, and three couple of teals.

Presence of mind is the soul of manly exercises. If soldiers and sailors owe to it many of their lucky escapes, hunters and sportsmen are not less beholden to it for many of their successes. In a noble forest in Russia I met a fine black fox, whose valuable skin it would have been a pity to tear by ball or shot. Reynard stood close to a tree. In a twinkling I took out my ball, and placed a good spike-nail in its room, fired, and hit him so cleverly that I nailed his brush fast to the tree. I now went up to him, took out my hanger, gave him a cross-cut over the face, laid hold of my whip, and fairly flogged him out of his fine skin.

Chance and good luck often correct our mistakes; of this I had a singular instance soon after, when, in the depth of a forest, I saw a wild pig and sow running close behind each other. My ball had missed them, yet the foremost pig only ran away, and the sow stood motionless, as fixed to the ground. On examining into the matter, I found the latter one to be an old sow, blind with age, which had taken hold of her pig's tail, in order to be led along by filial duty. My ball, having passed between the two, had cut his leading-string, which the old sow continued to hold in her mouth; and as her former guide did not draw her on any longer, she had stopped of course; I therefore laid hold of the remaining end of the pig's tail, and led the old beast home without any further trouble on my part, and without any reluctance or apprehension on the part of the helpless old animal.

Terrible as these wild sows are, yet more fierce and dangerous are the boars, one of which I had once the misfortune to meet in the forest, unprepared for attack or defense. I retired behind an oak-tree just when the furious animal leveled a side-blow at me, with such force that his tusks pierced through the tree, by which means he could neither repeat the blow nor retire. Ho, ho! thought I, I shall soon have you now! and immediately I laid hold of a stone, wherewith I hammered and bent his tusks in such a manner that he could not retreat by any means, and must wait my return from the next village, whither I went for ropes and a cart, to secure him properly, and to carry him off safe and alive, in which I perfectly succeeded.

CHAPTER IV.

REFLECTIONS ON SAINT HUBERT'S STAG.— SHOOTS A STAG WITH CHERRY-STONES; THE WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF IT. — KILLS A BEAR BY EXTRAORDINARY DEXTERITY; HIS DANGER PATHETICALLY DESCRIBED. — ATTACKED BY A WOLF, WHICH HE TURNS INSIDE OUT. — IS ASSAILED BY A MAD DOG, FROM WHICH HE ESCAPES. — THE BARON'S CLOAK SEIZED WITH MADNESS, BY WHICH HIS WHOLE WARDROBE IS THROWN INTO CONFUSION.

I DARE say you have heard of the hunter and sportsman's saint and protector, St. Hubert, and of the noble stag which appeared to him in the forest, with the holy cross between his antlers. I have paid my homage to that saint every year in good fellowship, and seen this stag a thousand times either painted in churches, or embroidered in the stars of his knights; so that, upon the honor and conscience of a good sportsman, I hardly know whether there may not have been formerly, or whether there are not such crossed stags even at this present day. But let me rather tell what I have seen myself. Having one day spent all my shot, I found myself unexpectedly in presence of a stately stag, looking at me as unconcernedly as if he had known of my empty pouches. I charged immediately with powder, and upon it a good handful of cherry-stones, for I had sucked the fruit as far as the hurry would permit. Thus I let fly at him, and hit him just on the middle of the forehead between his antlers; it stunned him — he staggered — yet he made off. A year or two after, being with a party in the same forest, I beheld a noble stag with a fine full-grown cherry-tree above ten feet high between his antlers. I immediately recollected my former adventure, looked upon him as my property, and brought him to the ground by one shot, which at once gave me the haunch and cherry-sauce; for the tree was covered with the richest fruit, the like I had never tasted before. Who knows but some passionate, holy sportsman, or sporting abbot or bishop, may have shot, planted, and fixed the cross between the antlers of St. Hubert's stag, in a manner similar to this? They always have been, and still are, famous for plantations of crosses and antlers; and in a case of distress or dilemma, which too often happens to keen sportsmen, one is apt to grasp at anything for safety, and to try any expedient rather than miss the favorable opportunity. I have many times found myself in that trying situation.

What do you say of this, for example? Daylight and powder were spent one day in a Polish forest. When I was going home a terrible bear made up to me in great speed, with open mouth, ready to fall upon me; all my pockets were searched in an instant for powder and ball, but in vain; I found nothing but two spare flints: one I flung with all my might into the monster's open jaws, down his throat. It gave him pain and made him turn about, so that I could level the second at his back-door, which, indeed, I did with wonderful success; for it flew in, met the first flint in the stomach, struck fire, and blew up the bear with a terrible explosion. Though I came safe off that time, yet I should not wish to try it again, or venture against bears with no other ammunition.

There is a kind of fatality in it. The fiercest and most dangerous animals generally came upon me when defenseless, as if they had a notion or an instinctive intimation of it. Thus a frightful wolf rushed upon me so suddenly, and so close, that I could do nothing but follow mechanical instinct, and thrust my fist into his open mouth. For safety's sake I pushed on and on, till my arm was fairly in up to the shoulder. How should I disengage myself? I was not much pleased with my awkward situation — with a wolf face to face; our ogling was not of the most pleasant kind. If I withdrew my arm, then the animal would fly the more furiously upon me; that I saw in his flaming eyes. In short, I laid hold of his tail, turned him inside out like a glove, and flung him to the ground, where I left him.

The same expedient would not have answered against a mad dog, which soon after came running against me in a narrow street at St. Petersburg. Run who can, I thought; and to do this the better, I threw off my fur cloak, and was safe within doors in an instant. I sent my servant for the cloak, and he put it in the wardrobe with my other clothes. The day after I was amazed and frightened by Jack's bawling, "For God's sake, sir, your fur cloak is mad!" I hastened up to him, and found almost all my clothes tossed about and torn to pieces. The fellow was perfectly right in his apprehensions about the fur cloak's madness. I saw him myself just then falling upon a fine full-dress suit, which he shook and tossed in an unmerciful manner.

CHAPTER V.

THE EFFECTS OF GREAT ACTIVITY AND PRESENCE OF MIND. — A FAVORITE HOUND DESCRIBED, WHICH PUPS WHILE PURSUING A HARE; THE HARE ALSO LITTERS WHILE PURSUED BY THE HOUND. — PRESENTED WITH A FAMOUS HORSE BY COUNT PRZOBOSSKY, WITH WHICH HE PERFORMS MANY EXTRAORDINARY FEATS.

ALL these narrow and lucky escapes, gentlemen, were chances turned to advantage by presence of mind and vigorous exertions, which, taken together, as everybody knows, make the fortunate sportsman, sailor, and soldier; but he would be a very blamable and imprudent sportsman, admiral, or general, who would always depend upon chance and his stars, without troubling himself about those arts which are their particular pursuits, and without providing the very best implements which insure success. I was not blamable either way; for I have always been as remarkable for the excellency of my horses, dogs, guns, and swords, as for the proper manner of using and managing them, so that upon the whole I may hope to be remembered in the forest, upon the turf, and in the field. I shall not enter here into any detail of my stables, kennel, or armory; but a favorite bitch of mine I cannot help mentioning to you; she was a greyhound, and I never had or saw a better. She grew old in my service, and was not remarkable for her size, but rather for her uncommon swiftness. I always coursed with her. Had you seen her you must have admired her, and would not have wondered at my predilection, and at my coursing her so much. She ran so fast, so much, and so long in my service, that she actually ran off her legs; so that, in the latter part of her life, I was under the necessity of working and using her only as a terrier, in which quality she still served me many years.

Coursing one day a hare which appeared to me uncommonly big, I pitied my poor bitch, being big with pups, yet she would course as fast as ever. I could follow her on horseback only at a great distance. At once I heard a cry as it were of a pack of hounds — but so weak and faint that I hardly knew what to make of it. Coming up to them, I was greatly surprised. The hare had littered in running; the same had happened to my bitch in coursing, and there were just as many leverets as pups. By instinct the former ran, the latter coursed: and thus I found myself in possession at once of six hares, and as many dogs, at the end of a course which had only begun with one.

I remember this, my wonderful bitch, with the same pleasure and tenderness as a superb Lithuanian horse, which no money could have bought. He became mine by an accident, which gave me an opportunity of showing my horsemanship to a great advantage. I was at Count Przobossky's noble country-seat in Lithuania, and remained with the ladies at tea in the drawing-room, while the gentlemen were down in the yard to see a young horse of blood which had just arrived from the stud. We suddenly heard a noise of distress; I hastened down-stairs, and found the horse so unruly that nobody durst approach or mount him. The most resolute horsemen stood dismayed and aghast; despondency was expressed in every countenance, when, in one leap, I was on his back, took him by surprise, and worked him quite into gentleness and obedience, with the best display of horsemanship I was master of. Fully to show this to the ladies, and save them unnecessary trouble, I forced him to leap in at one of the open windows of the tea-room, walked round several times, pace, trot, and gallop, and at last made him mount the tea-table, there to repeat his lessons in a pretty style of miniature which was exceedingly pleasing to the ladies, for he performed them amazingly well, and did not break either cup or saucer. It placed me so high in their opinion, and so well in that of the noble lord, that, with his usual politeness, he begged I would accept of this young horse, and ride him full career to conquest and honor in the campaign against the Turks, which was soon to be opened, under the command of Count Munich.

I could not indeed have received a more agreeable present, nor a more ominous one at the opening of that campaign, in which I made my apprenticeship as a soldier. A horse so gentle, so spirited, and so fierce — at once a lamb and a Bucephalus — put me always in mind of the soldier's and the gentleman's duty! of young Alexander, and of the astonishing things he performed in the field.

We took the field, among several other reasons, it seems, with an intention to retrieve the character of the Russian arms, which had been blemished a little by Czar Peter's last campaign on the Pruth; and this we fully accomplished by several very fatiguing and glorious campaigns under the command of that great general I mentioned before.

Modesty forbids individuals to arrogate to themselves great successes or victories, the glory of which is generally engrossed by the commander — nay, which is rather awkward, by kings and queens who never smelled gunpowder but at the field-days and reviews of their troops; never saw a field of battle, or an enemy in battle array.

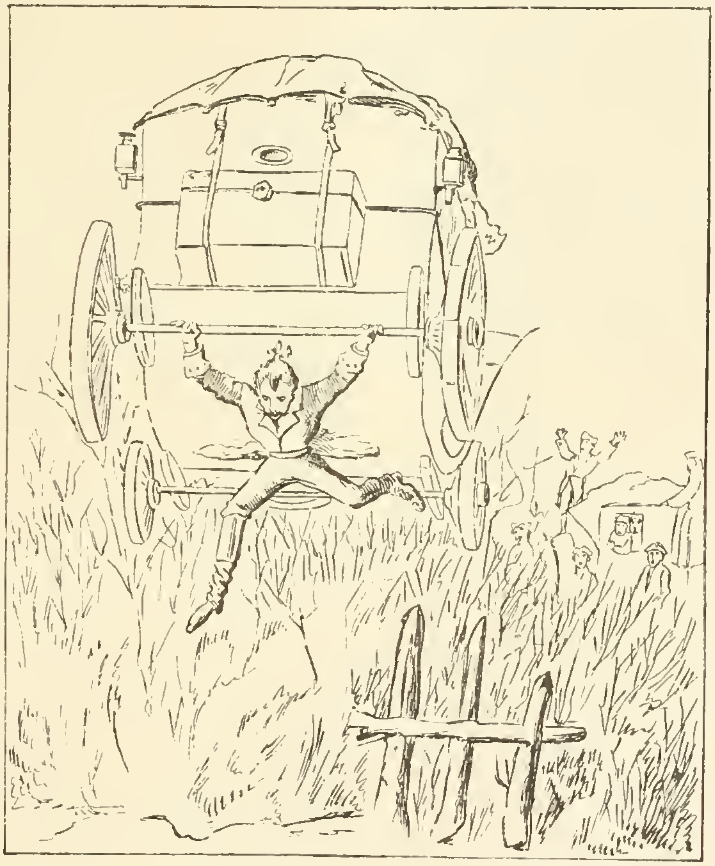
Nor do I claim any particular share of glory in the great engagements with the enemy. We all did our duty, which, in the patriot's, soldier's, and gentleman's language, is a very comprehensive word, of great honor, meaning, and import, and of which the generality of idle quidnuncs and coffee-house politicians can hardly form any but a very mean and contemptible idea. However, having had the command of a body of hussars, I went upon several expeditions, with discretionary powers; and the success I then met with is, I think, fairly and only to be placed to my account, and to that of the brave fellows whom I led on to conquest and to victory. We had very hot work once in the van of the army, when we drove the Turks into Oczakow. My spirited Lithuanian had almost brought me into a scrape: I had an advanced fore-post, and saw the enemy coming against me in a cloud of dust, which left me rather uncertain about their actual numbers and real intentions: to wrap myself up in a similar cloud was common prudence, but would not have much advanced my knowledge, or answered the end for which I had been sent out; therefore I let my flankers on both wings spread to the right and left, and make what dust they could, and I myself led on straight upon the enemy, to have a nearer sight of them; in this I was gratified, for they stood and fought, till, for fear of my flankers, they began to move off rather disorderly. This was the moment to fall upon them with spirit; we broke them entirely — made a terrible havoc amongst them, and drove them not only back to a walled town in their rear, but even through it, contrary to our most sanguine expectation.

The swiftness of my Lithuanian enabled me to be foremost in the pursuit; and seeing the enemy fairly flying through the opposite gate, I thought it would be prudent to stop in the market-place, to order the men to rendezvous. I stopped, gentlemen; but judge of my astonishment when in this market-place I saw not one of my hussars about me! Are they scouring the other streets? or what is become of them? They could not be far off, and must, at all events, soon join me. In that expectation I walked my panting Lithuanian to a spring in this market-place and let him drink. He drank uncommonly, with an eagerness not to be satisfied, but natural enough; for when I looked round for my men, what should I see, gentlemen! the hind part of the poor creature — croup and legs were missing, as if he had been cut in two, and the water ran out as it came in, without refreshing or doing him any good! How it could have happened was quite a mystery to me, till I returned with him to the town gate. There I saw that when I rushed in pell-mell with the flying enemy, they had dropped the portcullis (a heavy falling door, with sharp spikes at the bottom, let down suddenly to prevent the entrance of an enemy into a fortified town) unperceived by me, which had totally cut off his hind part, that still lay quivering on the outside of the gate. It would have been an irreparable loss, had not our farrier contrived to bring both parts together while hot. He sewed them up with sprigs and young shoots of laurels that were at hand; the wound healed, and, what could not have happened but to so glorious a horse, the sprigs took root in his body, grew up and formed a bower over me; so that afterwards I could go upon many other expeditions in the shade of my own and my horse's laurels.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BARON IS MADE A PRISONER OF WAR, AND SOLD FOR A SLAVE. — KEEPS THE SULTAN'S BEES, WHICH ARE ATTACKED BY TWO BEARS. — LOSES ONE OF HIS BEES; A SILVER HATCHET, WHICH HE THROWS AT THE BEARS, REBOUNDS AND FLIES UP TO THE MOON; BRINGS IT BACK BY AN INGENIOUS INVENTION; FALLS TO THE EARTH ON HIS RETURN, AND HELPS HIMSELF OUT OF A PIT. — EXTRICATES HIMSELF FROM A CARRIAGE WHICH MEETS HIS IN A NARROW ROAD, IN A MANNER NEVER BEFORE ATTEMPTED NOR PRACTICED SINCE. — THE WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF THE FROST UPON HIS SERVANT'S FRENCH HORN.

SUCCESS was not always with me. I had the misfortune to be overpowered by numbers, to be made prisoner of war; and, what is worse, but always usual among the Turks, to be sold for a slave. [The Baron was afterwards in great favor with the Grand Seignior, as will appear hereafter.] In that state of humiliation my daily task was not very hard and laborious, but rather singular and irksome. It was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to their pasture-grounds, to attend them all the day long, and against night to drive them back to their hives. One evening I missed a bee, and soon observed that two bears had fallen upon her to tear her to pieces for the honey she carried. I had nothing like an offensive weapon in my hands but the silver hatchet, which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. I threw it at the robbers, with an intention to frighten them away, and set the poor bee at liberty; but by an unlucky turn of my arm, it flew upwards, and continued rising till it reached the moon. How should I recover it? how fetch it down again? I recollected that Turkey-beans grow very quick, and run up to an astonishing height. I planted one immediately; it grew, and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns. I had no more to do now but to climb up by it into the moon, where I safely arrived, and had a troublesome piece of business before I could find my silver hatchet, in a place where everything has the brightness of silver; at last, however, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw. I was now for returning: but, alas! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean; it was totally useless for my descent; so I fell to work, and twisted me a rope of that chopped straw, as long and as well as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's horns, and slid down to the end of it. Here I held myself fast with the left hand, and with the hatchet in my right, I cut the long, now useless, end of the upper part, which, when tied to the lower end, brought me a good deal lower: this repeated splicing and tying of the rope did not improve its quality, or bring me down to the Sultan's farm. I was four or five miles from the earth at least when it broke; I fell to the ground with such amazing violence that I found myself stunned, and in a hole nine fathoms deep at least, made by the weight of my body falling from so great a height: I recovered, but knew not how to get out again; however, I dug slopes or steps with my finger-nails (the Baron's nails were then of forty years' growth), and easily accomplished it.



Peace was soon after concluded with the Turks, and gaining my liberty, I left St. Petersburg at the time of that singular revolution, when the emperor in his cradle, his mother, the Duke of Brunswick, her father, Field-marshal Munich, and many others were sent to Siberia. The winter was then so uncommonly severe all over Europe, that ever since the sun seems to be frost-bitten. At my return to this place, I felt on the road greater inconveniences than those I had experienced on my setting out.

I traveled post, and finding myself in a narrow lane, bid the postilion give a signal with his horn, that other travelers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might; but his endeavors were in vain, he could not make the horn sound, which was unaccountable and rather unfortunate, for soon after we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming the other way: there was no proceeding; however, I got out of my carriage, and being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head: I then jumped over a hedge about nine feet high (which, considering the weight of the coach, was rather difficult) into a field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other carriage: I then went back for the horses, and placing one upon my head, and the other under my left arm, by the same means brought them to my coach, put to, and proceeded to an inn at the end of our stage. I should have told you that the horse under my arm was very spirited, and not above four years old; in making my second spring over the hedge he expressed great dislike to that violent kind of motion by kicking and snorting; however, I confined his hind legs by putting them into my coat-pocket. After we arrived at the inn my postilion and I refreshed ourselves: he hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire; I sat on the other side.

Suddenly we heard a *tereng! tereng! teng! teng!* We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn; his tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver; so that the honest fellow entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes, without putting his mouth to the horn — The King of Prussia's March — Over the Hill and over the Dale — with many other favorite tunes; at length the thawing entertainment concluded, as I shall this short account of my Russian travels.

THE BOOK OF POETRY.

THE PET LAMB.

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice: it said, "Drink, pretty creature drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at its side.

No other sheep were near, the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook,
"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said in such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'T was little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare!
I watched them with delight: they were a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the maiden turned away;
But, ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she stay.

Towards the lamb she looked; and from that shady place
I, unobserved, could see the workings of her face:
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might sing: —

"What ails thee, young one? What? Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest: what is 't that aileth thee?

"Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away:
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home:
A blessed day for thee! Then whither wouldst thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast: the dam that did thee yean
Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have been.

"Thou knowest that twice a day I have brought thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, — warm milk it is and new.

"It will not, will not rest! — poor creature, can it be
That 't is thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear."

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was mine.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must belong.
For she looked with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into mine own."

William Wordsworth.

POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
There 's a thrush that sings loud, — it has sung for three years;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'T is a note of enchantment: what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade, —
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colors have all passed away from her eyes.

William Wordsworth.

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow.
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's hallo!

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippin's russet peel,
And when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn
And swing himself around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humors' sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now, beneath this walnut shade,
He finds his long last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

William Cowper.

LLEWELLYN AND HIS DOG.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
  And cheer'ly smiled the morn;
And many a dog, and many a hound,
  Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
  And gave a louder cheer;
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
  Llewellyn's horn to hear?

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
  The flower of all his race?
So true, so brave — a lamb at home,
  A lion in the chase."

That day Llewellyn little loved
  The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
  For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
  When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
  Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle door,
  Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
  His lips and fangs ran blood!

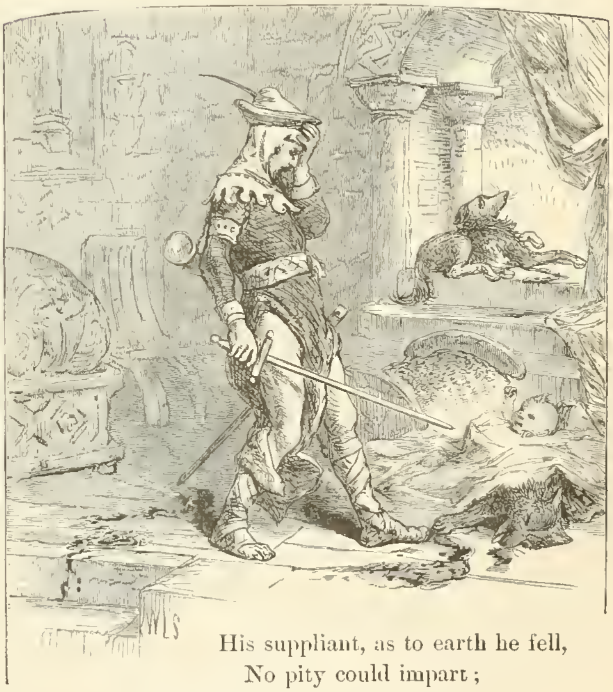
Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise;
  Unused such looks to meet,
His fav'rite checked his joyful guise,
  And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed
  (And on went Gelert too),
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
  Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view!

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
  The blood-stained cover rent;
And all around the walls and ground
  With recent blood besprent.

He called his child — no voice replied;
  He searched with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side,
  But nowhere found his child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child 's devoured!"
  The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
  He plunged in Gelert's side.



His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
  No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
  Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
  Some slumberer wakened nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
  To hear his infant cry!

Concealed beneath a mangled heap,
  His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
  His cherub boy he kissed!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
  But the same couch beneath

Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead, —
  Tremendous still in death!

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
  For now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
  To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
  "Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low
  This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raised,
  With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise
  Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
  Or forester, unmoved,
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
  Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,
  And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
  Poor Gelert's dying yell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

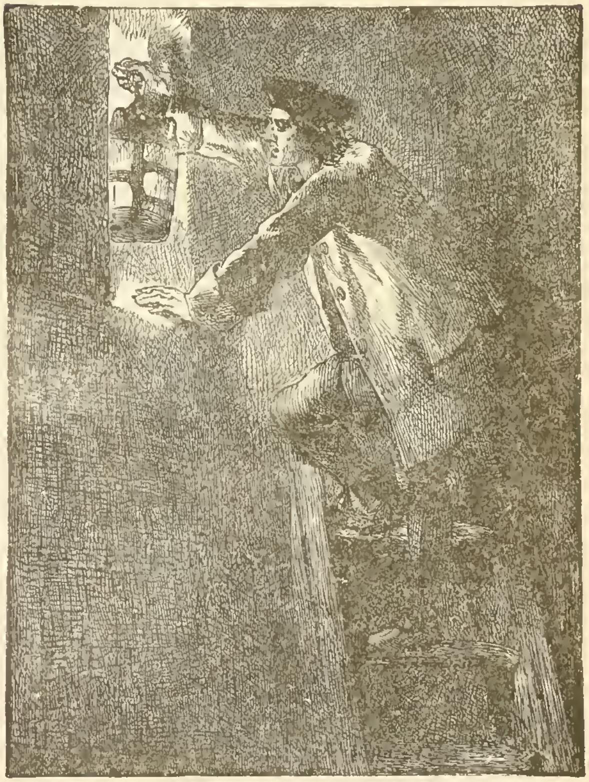
PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

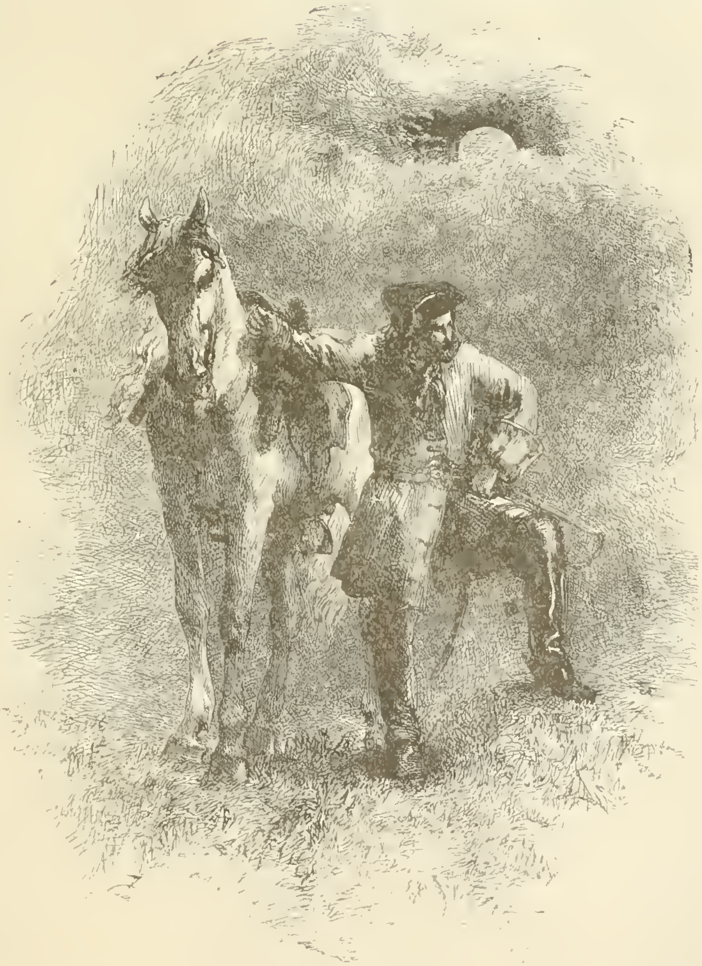
Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.



Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch

On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.



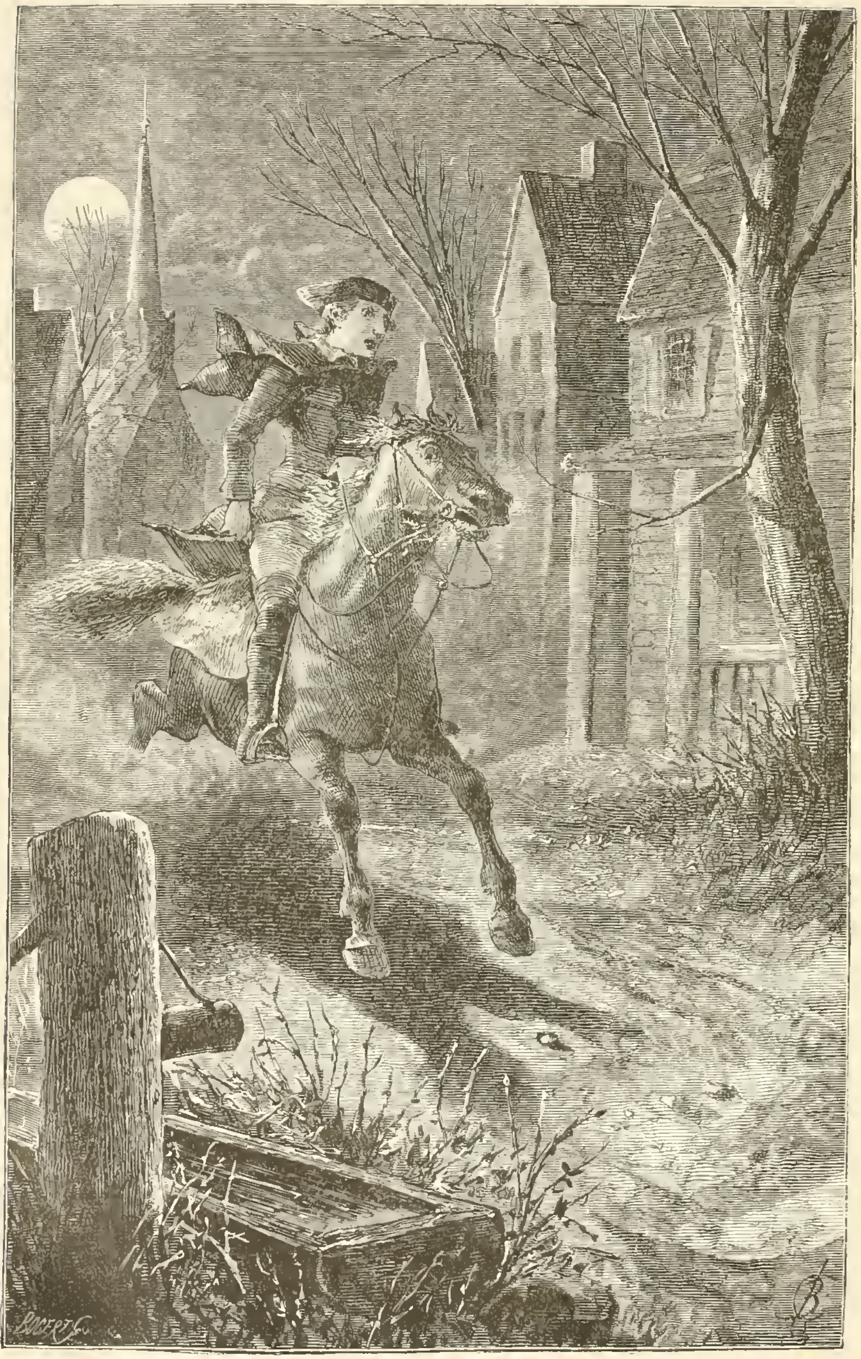
Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night:
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,


BOGERT Sc.

And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

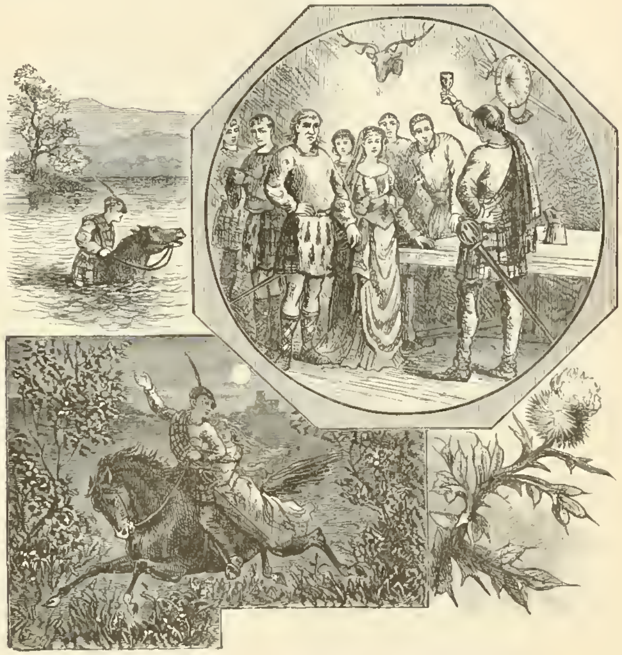
It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

LOCHINVAR.



Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen, and brothers and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;

And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up:
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

WALTER SCOTT.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

A TRUE STORY.

OH! what 's the matter? what 's the matter?
What is 't that ails young Harry Gill,
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still?

Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffil gray, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

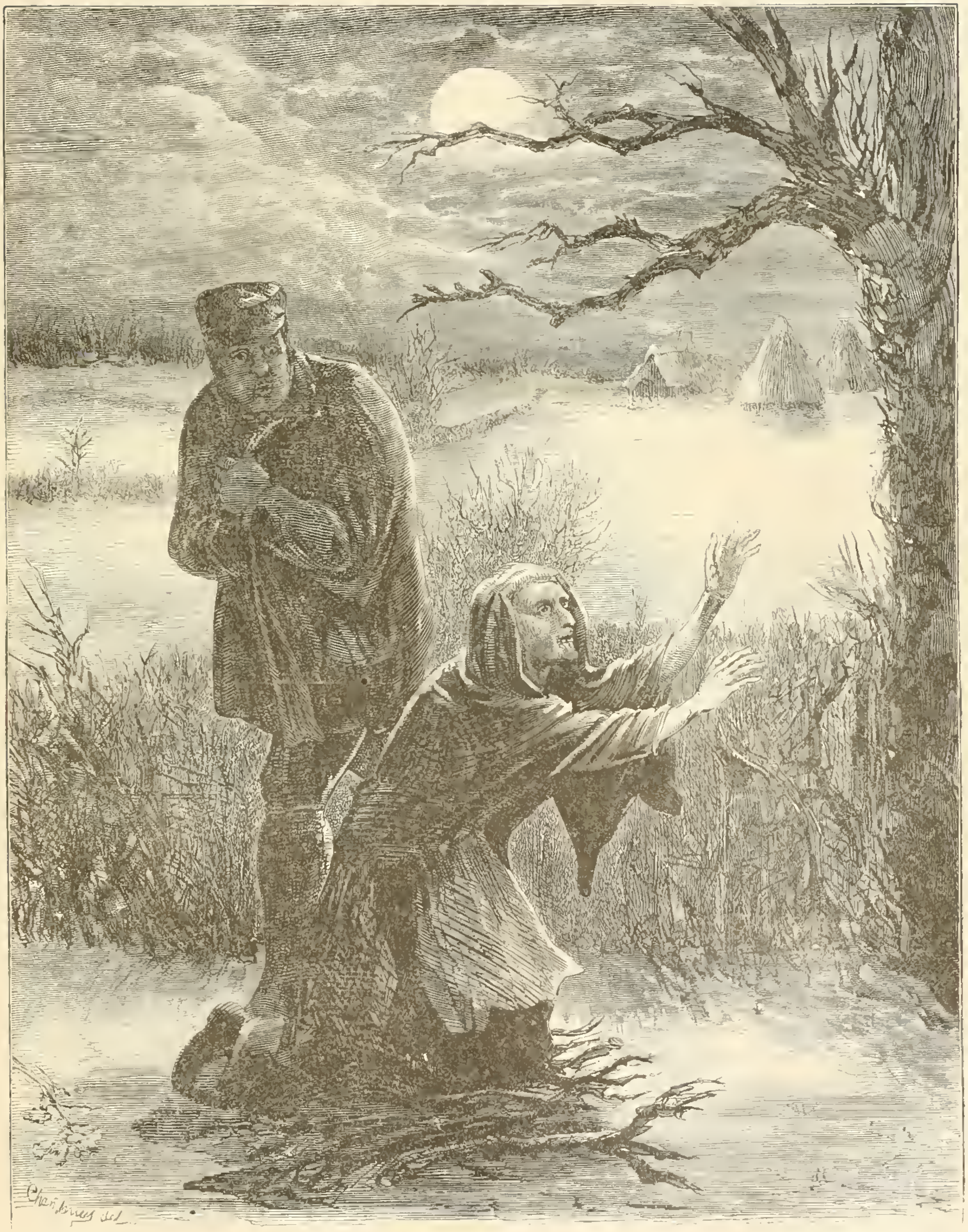
In March, December, and in July,
'T is all the same with Harry Gill;
The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
'T is all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
And who so stout of limb as he?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;
His voice was like the voice of three.
Old Goody Blake was old and poor:
Ill fed she was and thinly clad;
And any man who passed her door
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling:
And then her three hours' work at night,
Alas! 't was hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.
Remote from sheltered village green,
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean,
And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage;
But she, poor woman! housed alone.
'T was well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer day,
Then at her door the scanty dame
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh, then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,
'T was a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead:
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
And then for cold not sleep a wink.



O joy for her! whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout;
And scattered many a lusty splinter,
And many a rotten bough about.

Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could anything be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake;
And vowed that she should be detected —
That he on her would vengeance take;
And oft from his warm fire he 'd go,
And to the fields his road would take;
And there at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand;
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
— He hears a noise — he 's all awake —
Again? — on tiptoe down the hill
He softly creeps — 't is Goody Blake;
She 's at the hedge of Harry Gill!

Right glad was he when he beheld her;
Stick after stick did Goody pull:
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had fill'd her apron full
When with her load she turned about
The by-way back again to take;
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I 've caught you then at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall,
And kneeling on the sticks she prayed
To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm —
"God, who art never out of hearing,
Oh may he never more be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding-coat,
But not a whit the warmer he:
Another was on Thursday bought;
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'T was all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinned;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they chatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say 't is plain,
That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
A-bed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold!"
A-bed or up, by night or day,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill!

William Wordsworth.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was moonset at starting; but, while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boon, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her,
We 'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Loos and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble-like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-tower sprang white,
And "Gallop," cried Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they 'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast my loose buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

LUCY GRAY.

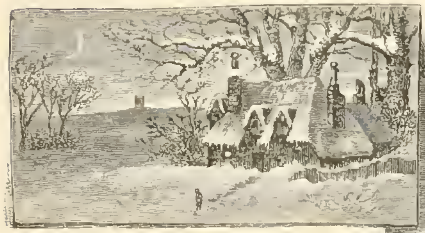
OR SOLITUDE.

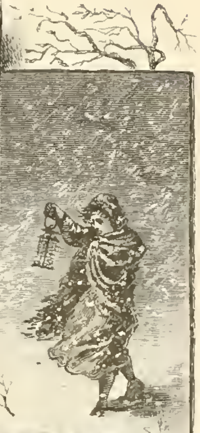
OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor, —
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

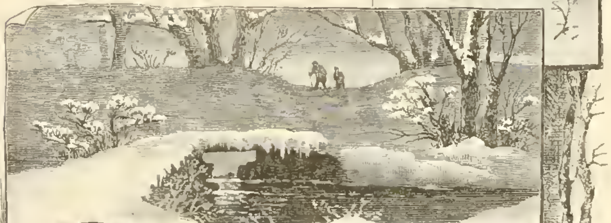
You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night —
You to the town must go :
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."





"That, father, will I gladly do!
'T is scarcely afternoon —
The minster-clock has just struck
two.
And yonder is the moon!"



At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band :
He plied his work ; — and Lucy
took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb;
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet!" —
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small :
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed ;
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

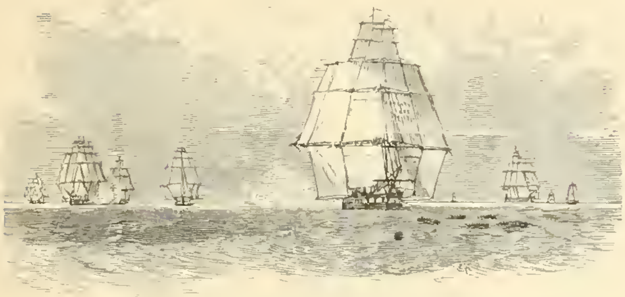
O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind :
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

William Wordsworth.

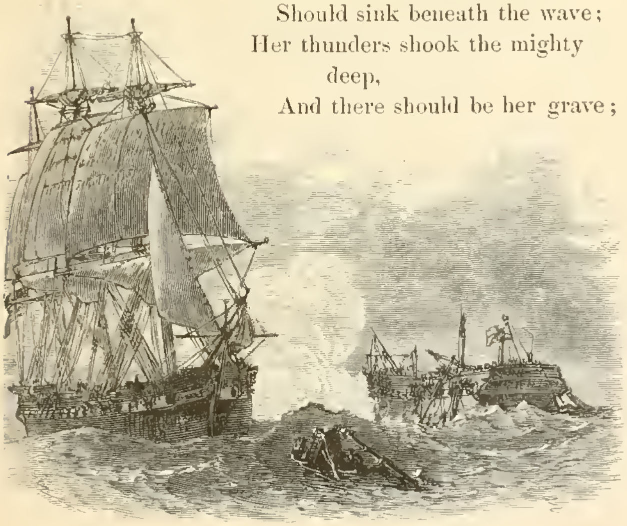
OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky ;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar ;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee; —
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!



Oh better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;



Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HORATIUS.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messenger ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan band;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dove-cote
In Crustumerium stands.

Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here!"
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods,

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius, quoth the Consul,"
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrels
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe:
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar, —
The great wild boar that had his den

Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursèd sail."

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the four-fold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.

With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To sêe the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breath out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:

And, from the ghostly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud.
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! Back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And, whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind:
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"

So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain,
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers,
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see:
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

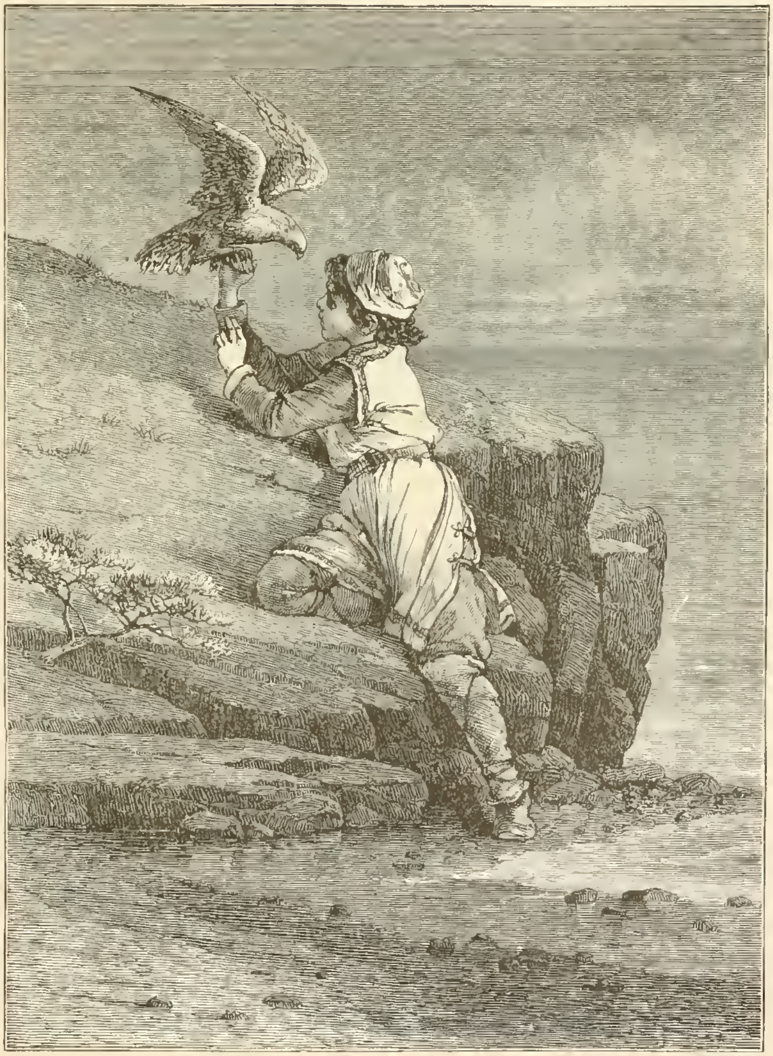
Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;

And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.



"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

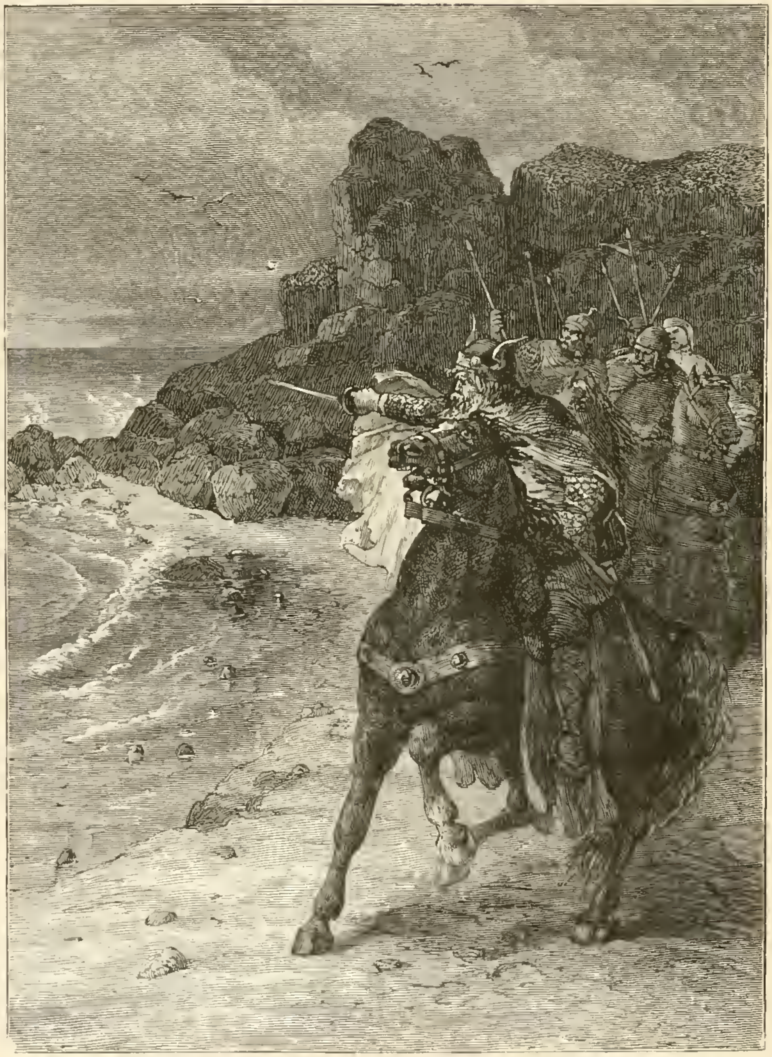
"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.

Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

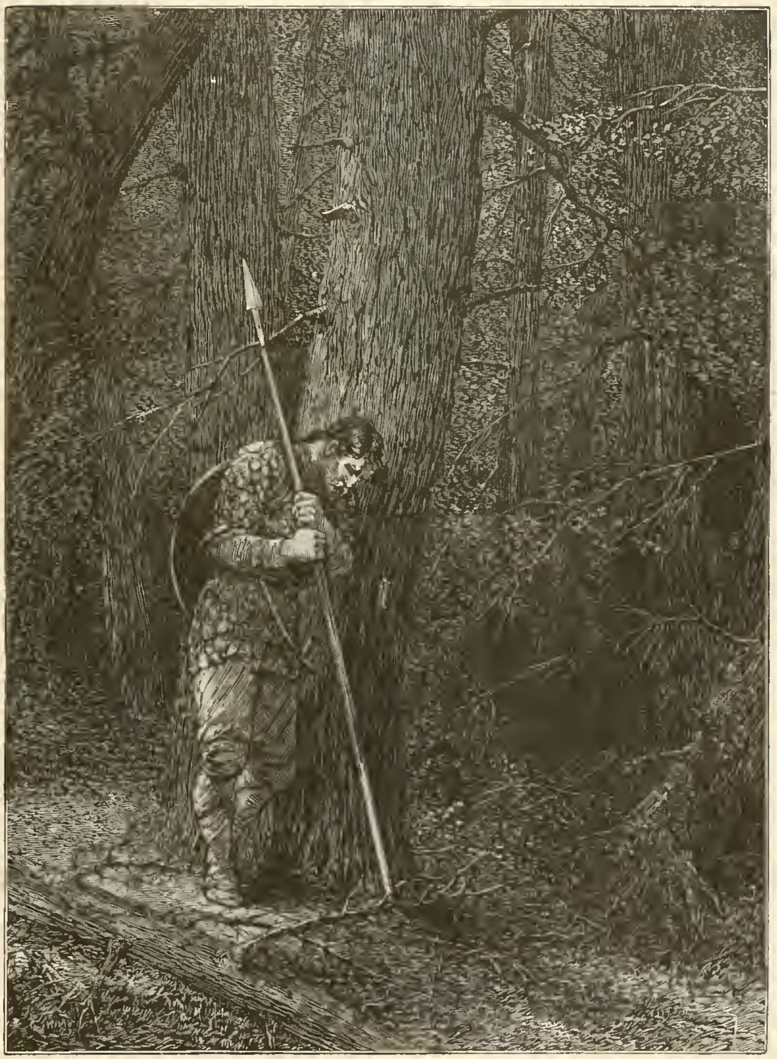


"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,



So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloudlike we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sun-light hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to his native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
Thus the tale ended.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

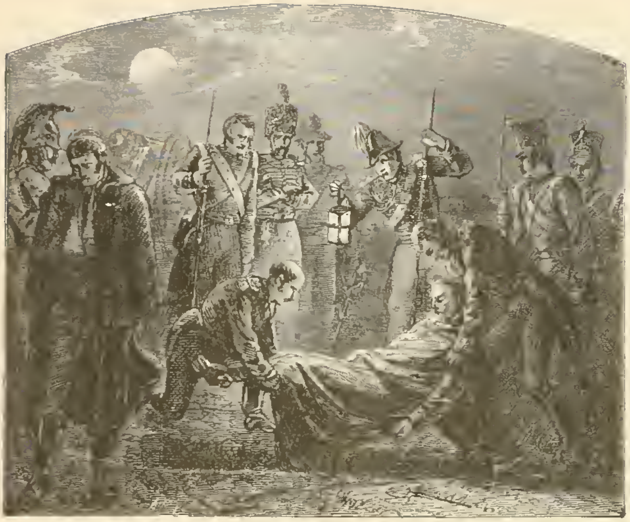
THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;



But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring:
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

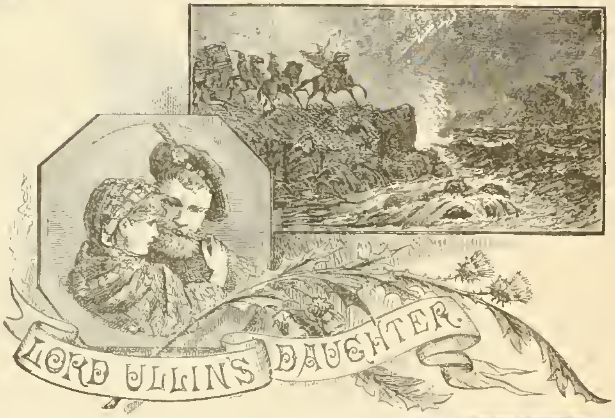
A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I 'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

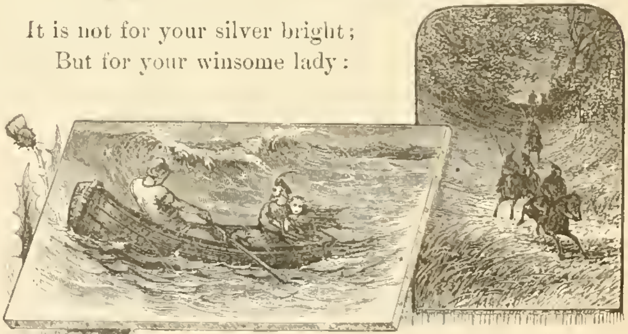
"And fast before her father's men
Three days we 've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I 'll go, my chief, I'm ready:



It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:



"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry:
So though the waves are raging white,
I 'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;

And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left the stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

'T was vain; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

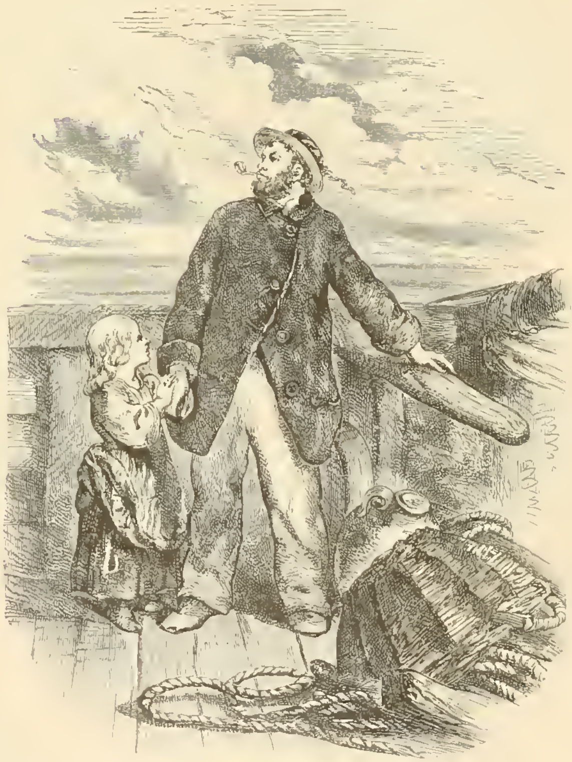
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

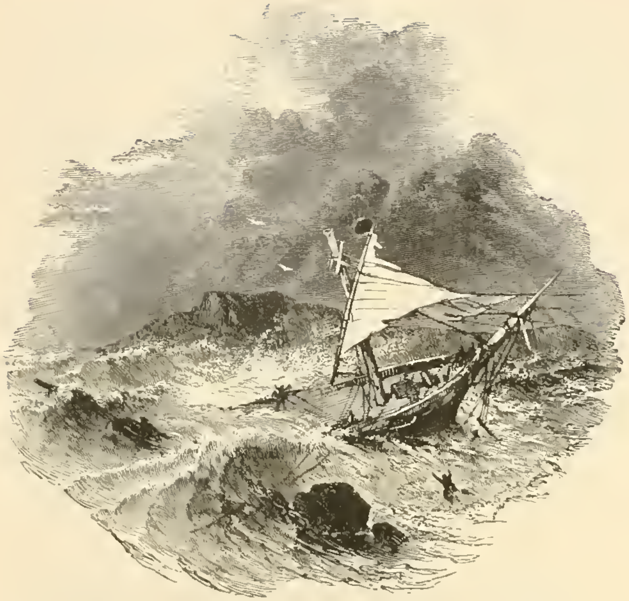
The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.



Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear the hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;



The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word, —
A frozen corpse was he.

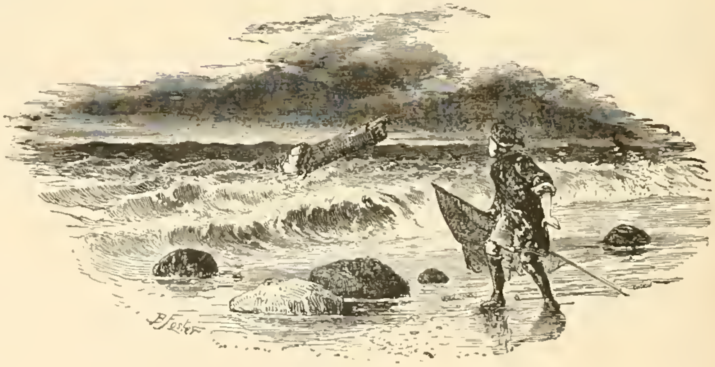
Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ who stilled the waves
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.



She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her sides
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared.

At day-break on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

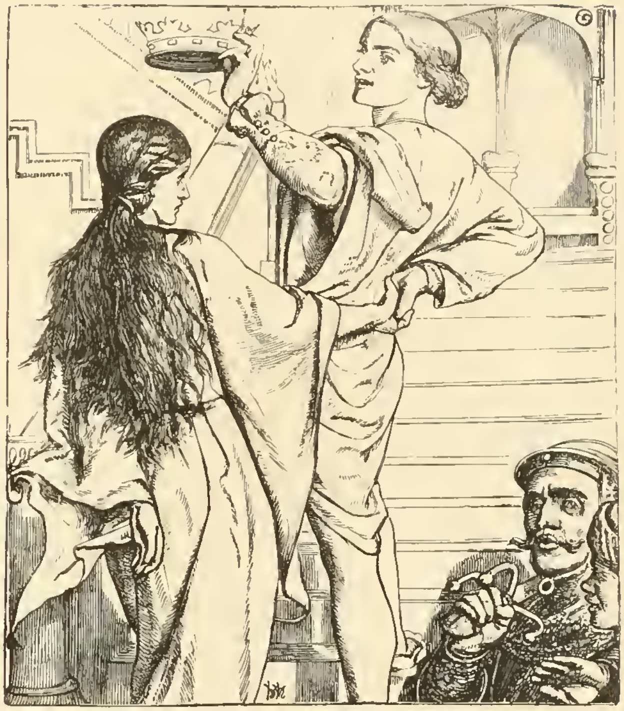
Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Heaven save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BEGGAR MAID.

HER arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say;
Barefooted came the beggar maid
Before the King Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stept down,
To meet and greet her on her way;
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
"She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen:
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.



So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been:
Cophetua swore a royal oath:
"This beggar maid shall be my queen."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE BOOK OF ANCIENT STORIES.

THE HORSE OF WOOD.

FROM CHURCH'S STORIES FROM VIRGIL.

For ten years King Agamemnon and the men of Greece laid siege to Troy. But though sentence had gone forth against the city, yet the day of its fall tarried, because certain of the gods loved it well and defended it, as Apollo, and Mars, the god of war, and Father Jupiter himself. Wherefore Minerva put it into the heart of Epeius, Lord of the Isles, that he should make a cunning device wherewith to take the city. Now the device was this: he made a great horse of wood, feigning it to be a peace-offering to Minerva, that the Greeks might have a safe return to their homes. In the belly of this there hid themselves certain of the bravest of the chiefs, as Menelaus, and Ulysses, and Thoas the Ætolian and Machaon, the great physician, and Pyrrhus, son of Achilles (but Achilles himself was dead, slain by Paris, Apollo helping, even as he was about to take the city), and others also, and with them Epeius himself. But the rest of the people made as if they had departed to their homes; only they went not farther than Tenedos, which was an island near to the coast.

Great joy was there in Troy when it was noised abroad that the men of Greece had departed. The gates were opened, and the people went forth to see the plain and the camp. And one said to another, as they went, "Here they set the battle in array, and there were the tents of the fierce Achilles, and there lay the ships." And some stood and marveled at the great peace-offering to Minerva, even the horse of wood. And Thymœtes, who was one of the elders of the city, was the first who advised that it should be brought within the walls and set in the citadel. But whether he gave this counsel out of a false heart, or because the gods would have it so, no man knows. And Capys, and others with him, said that it should be drowned in water, or burned with fire, or that men should pierce it and see whether there were aught within. And the people were divided, some crying one thing and some another. Then came forward the priest Laocoön, and a great company with him, crying, "What madness is this? Think ye that the men of Greece are indeed departed, or that there is any profit in their gifts? Surely, there are armed men in this mighty horse; or haply they have made it that they may look down upon our walls. Touch it not, for as for these men of Greece, I fear them, even though they bring gifts in their hands."

And as he spake he cast his great spear at the horse, so that it sounded again. But the gods would not that Troy should be saved.

Meanwhile there came certain shepherds, dragging with them one whose hands were bound behind his back. He had come forth to them, they said, of his own accord, when they were in the field. And first the young men gathered about him mocking him, but when he cried aloud, "What place is left for me, for the Greeks suffer me not to live, and the men of Troy cry for vengeance upon me?" they rather pitied him, and bade him speak, and say whence he came and what he had to tell.

Then the man spake, turning to King Priam:

"I will speak the truth, whatever befall me. My name is Sinon, and I deny not that I am a Greek. Haply thou hast heard the name of Palamedes, whom the Greeks slew, but now, being dead, lament; and the cause was that, because he counseled peace, men falsely accused him of treason. Now, of this Palamedes I was a poor kinsman, and followed him to Troy. And when he was dead, through the false witness of Ulysses, I lived in great grief and trouble, nor could I hold my peace, but sware that if ever I came back to Argos I would avenge me of him that had done this deed. Then did Ulysses seek occasion against me, whispering evil things, nor rested till at the last, Calchas the soothsayer helping him — but what profit it that I should tell these things? For doubtless ye hold one Greek to be even as another. Wherefore slay me, and doubtless ye will do a pleasure to Ulysses and the sons of Atreus."

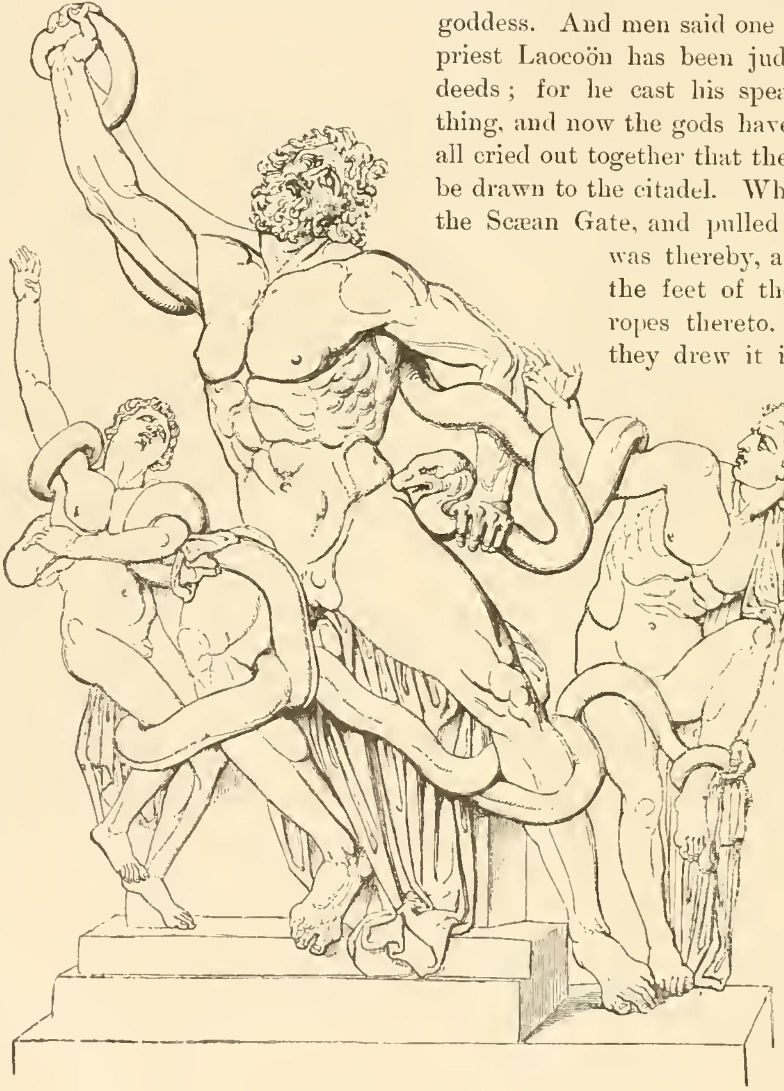
Then they bade him tell on, and he said, —

"Often would the Greeks have fled to their homes, being weary of the war, but still the stormy sea hindered them. And when this horse that ye see had been built, most of all did the dreadful thunder roll from the one end of the heaven to the other. Then the Greeks sent one who should inquire of Apollo; and Apollo answered them thus: 'Men of Greece, even as ye appeased the winds with blood when ye came to Troy, so must ye appease them with blood now that ye would go from thence.' Then did men tremble to think on whom the doom should fall, and Ulysses, with much clamor, drew forth Calchas the soothsayer into the midst, and bade him say who it was that the gods would have as a sacrifice. Then did many forebode evil for me. Ten days did the soothsayer keep silence, saying that he would not give any one to death. But then, for in truth the two had planned the matter beforehand, he spake, appointing me to die. And to this thing they all agreed, each being glad to turn to another that which he feared for himself. But when the day was come, and all things were ready, the salted meal for the sacrifice and the garlands, lo! I burst my bonds and fled, and hid myself in the sedges of a pool, waiting till they should have set sail, if haply that might be. But never shall I see country, or father, or children again. For doubtless on these will they take vengeance for my flight. Only do thou, O king, have pity on me, who have suffered many things, and yet have harmed no man."

And King Priam had pity on him, and bade them loose his bonds, saying, "Whoever thou art, forget now thy country. Henceforth thou art one of us. But tell me true: why made they this huge horse? Who contrived it? What seek they by it? to please the gods or to further their siege?"

Then said Sinon, and as he spake he stretched his hands to the sky, "I call you to witness, ye everlasting fires of heaven, that with good right I now break my oath of fealty and reveal the secrets of my countrymen. Listen then, O king. All our hope has ever been in the help of Minerva. But, from the day when Diomed and Ulysses dared, having bloody hands, to snatch her image from her holy place in Troy, her face was turned from us. Well do I remember how the eyes of the image, well-nigh before they had set it in the camp, blazed with wrath, and how the salt sweat stood upon its limbs, aye, and how it thrice leaped from the ground, shaking shield and spear. Then Calchas told us that we must cross the seas again, and seek at home fresh omens for our war. And this, indeed, they are doing even now, and will return anon. Also the soothsayer said, 'Meanwhile ye must make the likeness of a horse, to be a peace-offering to Minerva. And take heed that ye make it huge of bulk, so that the men of Troy may not receive it into their gates, nor bring it within their walls, and get safety for themselves thereby. For if,' he said, 'the men of Troy harm this image at all, they shall surely perish; but if they bring it into their city, then shall Asia lay siege hereafter to the city of Pelops, and our children shall suffer the doom which we would fain have brought on Troy.'"

These words wrought much on the men of Troy, and as they pondered on them, lo! the gods sent another marvel to deceive them. For while Laocoön, the priest of Neptune, was slaying a bull at the altar of his god, there came two serpents across the sea from Tenedos, whose heads and, necks whereon were thick manes of hair, were high above the waves, and many scaly coils trailed behind in the waters. And when they reached the land they still sped forward. Their eyes were red as blood and blazed with fire, and their forked tongues hissed loud for rage. Then all the men of Troy grew pale with fear and fled away, but these turned not aside this way or that, seeking Laocoon where he stood. And first they wrapped themselves about his little sons, one serpent about each, and began to devour them. And when the father would have given help to his children, having a sword in his hand, they seized upon himself, and bound him fast with their folds. Twice they compassed about his body, and twice his neck, lifting their heads far above him. And all the while he strove to tear them away with his hands, his priest's garlands dripping with blood. Nor did he cease to cry horribly aloud, even as a bull bellows when after an ill stroke of the axe it flees from the altar. But when their work was done, the two glided to the citadel of Minerva, and hid themselves beneath the feet and the shield of the goddess. And men said one to another, "Lo! the priest Laocoön has been judged according to his deeds; for he cast his spear against this holy thing, and now the gods have slain him." Then all cried out together that the horse of wood must be drawn to the citadel. Whereupon they opened the Scæan Gate, and pulled down the wall that was thereby, and put rollers under the feet of the horse, and joined ropes thereto. So, in much joy, they drew it into the city, youths and maidens singing about it the while, and laying their hands to the ropes with great gladness. And yet there wanted not signs and tokens of evil to come. Four times it halted on the threshold of the gate, and men might have heard the clashing of arms within. Cassandra also opened her mouth, prophesying evil: but no man heeded her, for that was ever the doom upon her, not to be believed speaking truth. So the men of Troy drew the horse into the city. And that night they kept a feast to all the gods with great joy, not knowing that the last day of the great city had come.



THE CYCLOPS.

FROM CHURCH'S STORIES FROM HOMER.

When the great city of Troy was taken, all the chiefs who had fought against it set sail for their homes. But there was wrath in heaven against them, for indeed they had borne themselves haughtily and cruelly in the day of their victory. Few, therefore, found a safe and happy return. For one was shipwrecked, and another was shamefully slain by his false wife in his palace, and others found all things at home troubled and changed, and were driven to seek new dwellings elsewhere. And some, whose wives and friends and people had been still true to them through those ten long years of absence, were driven far and wide about the world before they saw their native land again. And of all, the wise Ulysses was he who wandered farthest and suffered most.

He was well-nigh the last to sail, for he had tarried many days to do pleasure to Agamemnon, lord of all the Greeks. Twelve ships he had with him — twelve he had brought to Troy — and in each there were some fifty men, being scarce half of those that had sailed in them in the old days, so many valiant heroes slept the last sleep by Simoïs and Scamander, and in the plain and on the sea-shore, slain in battle or by the shafts of Apollo.

First they sailed northwest to the Thracian coast, where the Ciconians dwelt, who had helped the men of Troy. Their city they took, and in it much plunder, slaves and oxen, and jars of fragrant wine, and might have escaped unhurt, but that they stayed to hold revel on the shore. For the Ciconians gathered their neighbors, being men of the same blood, and did battle with the invaders, and drove them to their ship. And when Ulysses numbered his men, he found that he had lost six out of each ship.

Scarce had he set out again when the wind began to blow fiercely; so, seeing a smooth sandy beach, they drave the ships ashore and dragged them out of reach of the waves, and waited till the storm should abate. And the third morning being fair, they sailed again, and journeyed prosperously till they came to the very end of the great Peloponnesian land, where Cape Malea looks out upon the southern sea. But contrary currents baffled them, so that they could not round it, and the north wind blew so strongly that they must fain drive before it. And on the tenth day they came to the land where the lotus grows — a wondrous fruit, of which whosoever eats cares not to see country or wife or children again. Now the lotus-eaters, for so they called the people of the land, were a kindly folk, and gave of the fruit to some of the sailors, not meaning them any harm, but thinking it to be the best that they had to give. These, when they had eaten, said that they would not sail any more over the sea; which, when the wise Ulysses heard, he bade their comrades bind them and carry them, sadly complaining, to the ships.

Then, the wind having abated, they took to their oars, and rowed for many days till they came to the country where the Cyclopes dwell. Now, a mile or so from the shore there was an island, very fair and fertile, but no man dwells there or tills the soil, and in the island a harbor where a ship may be safe from all winds, and at the head of the harbor a stream falling from a rock, and whispering alders all about it. Into this the ships passed safely, and were hauled up on the beach, and the crews slept by them, waiting for the morning. And the next day they hunted the wild goats, of which there was great store on the island, and feasted right merrily on what they caught, with draughts of red wine which they had carried off from the town of the Ciconians.

But on the morrow Ulysses, for he was ever fond of adventure, and would know of every land to which he came what manner of men they were that dwelt there, took one of his twelve ships and bade row to the land. There was a great hill sloping to the shore, and there rose up here and there a smoke from the caves where the Cyclopes dwelt apart, holding no converse with each other, for they were a rude and savage folk, but ruled each his own household, not caring for others. Now very close to the shore was one of these caves, very huge and deep, with laurels round about the mouth, and in front a fold with walls built of rough stone, and shaded by tall oaks and pines. So Ulysses chose out of the crew the twelve bravest, and bade the rest guard the ship, and went to see what manner of dwelling this was, and who abode there. He had his sword by his side, and on his shoulder a mighty skin of wine, sweet-smelling and strong, with which he might win the heart of some fierce savage, should he chance to meet with such, as indeed his prudent heart forecasted that he might.

So they entered the cave, and judged that it was the dwelling of some rich and skillful shepherd. For within there were pens for the young of the sheep and of the goats, divided all according to their age, and there were baskets full of cheeses, and full milk pails ranged along the wall. But the Cyclops himself was away in the pastures. Then the companions of Ulysses besought him that he would depart, taking with him, if he would, a store of cheeses and sundry of the lambs and of the kids. But he would not, for he wished to see, after his wont, what manner of host this strange shepherd might be. And truly he saw it to his cost!

It was evening when the Cyclops came home, a mighty giant, twenty feet in height, or more. On his shoulder he bore a vast bundle of pine logs for his fire, and threw them down outside the cave with a great crash, and drove the flocks within, and closed the entrance with a huge rock, which twenty wagons and more could not bear. Then he milked the ewes and all the she-goats, and half of the milk he curdled for cheese, and half he set ready for himself, when he should sup. Next he kindled a fire with the pine logs, and the flame lighted up all the cave, showing him Ulysses and his comrades.

"Who are ye?" cried Polyphemus, for that was the giant's name. "Are ye traders, or, haply, pirates?"

For in those days it was not counted shame to be called a pirate.

Ulysses shuddered at the dreadful voice and shape, but bore him bravely, and answered, "We are no pirates, mighty sir, but Greeks, sailing back from Troy, and subjects of the great King Agamemnon, whose fame is spread from one end of heaven to the other. And we are come to beg hospitality of thee in the name of Zeus, who rewards or punishes hosts and guests according as they be faithful the one to the other, or no."

"Nay," said the giant, "it is but idle talk to tell me of Zeus and the other gods. We Cyclopes take no account of gods, holding ourselves to be much better and stronger than they. But come, tell me where have you left your ship?"

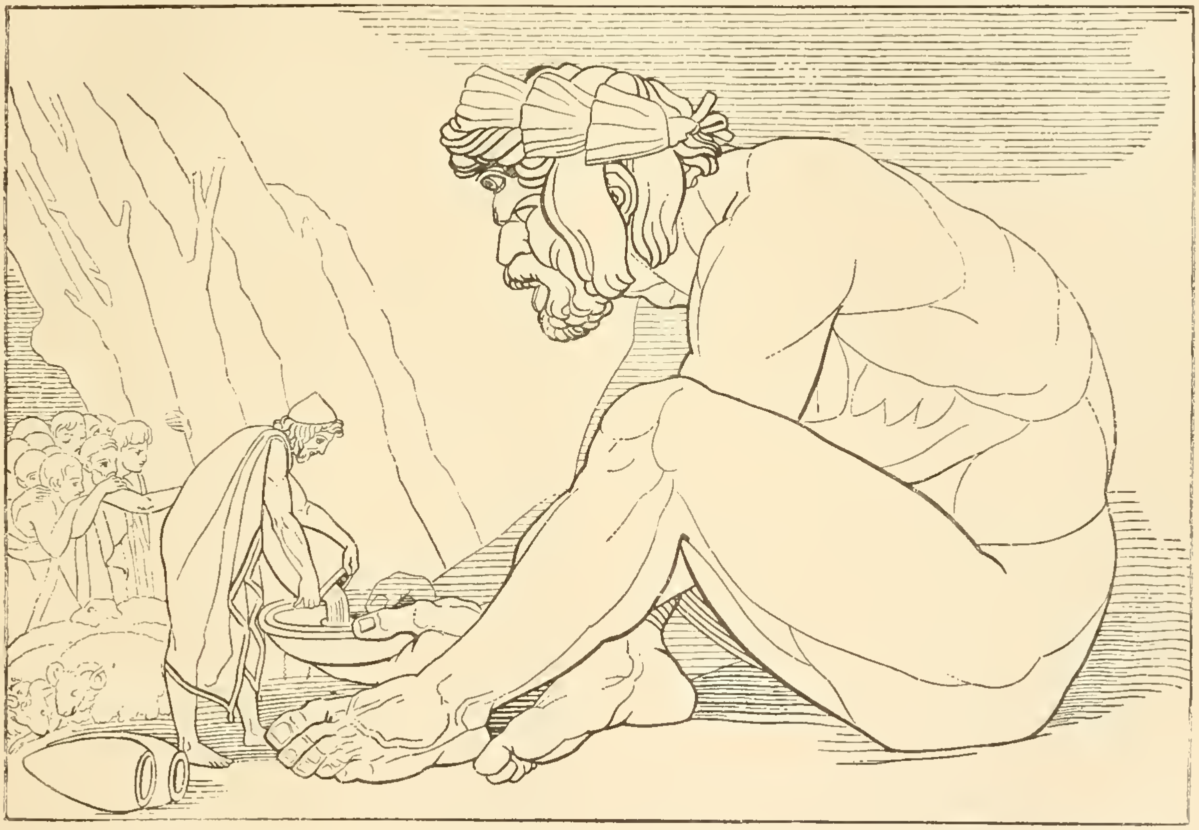
But Ulysses saw his thought when he asked about the ship, how he was minded to break it, and take from them all hope of flight. Therefore he answered him craftily, —

"Ship have we none, for that which was ours King Poseidon brake, driving it on a jutting rock on this coast, and we whom thou seest are all that are escaped from the waves."

Polyphemus answered nothing, but without more ado caught up two of the men, as a man might catch up the whelps of a dog, and dashed them on the ground and tore them, with huge draughts of milk between, limb from limb, and devoured them, leaving not a morsel, not even the very bones. But the others, when they saw the dreadful deed, could only weep and pray to Zeus for help. And when the giant had ended his foul meal, he lay down among his sheep and slept.

Then Ulysses questioned much in his heart whether he should slay the monster as he slept, for he doubted not that his good sword would pierce to the giant's heart, mighty as he was.

But, being very wise, he remembered that, should he slay him, he and his comrades would yet perish miserably. For who should move away the great rock that lay against the door of the cave? So they waited till the morning. And the monster woke, and milked his flocks, and afterwards, seizing two men, devoured them for his meal. Then he went to the pastures, but put the great rock on the mouth of the cave, just as a man puts down the lid upon his quiver. All that day the wise Ulysses was thinking what he might do to save himself and his companions, and the end of his thinking was this: There was a mighty pole in the cave, green wood of an olive tree, big as a ship's mast, which Polyphemus purposed to use, when the smoke should have dried it, as a walking staff. Of this he cut off a fathom's length, and his comrades sharpened it and hardened it in the fire, and then hid it away. At evening the giant came back, and drove his sheep into the cave, nor left the rams outside, as he had been wont to do before, but shut them in. And having duly done his shepherd's work, he made his cruel feast as before. Then Ulysses came forward with the wine-skin in his hand, and said, —



"Drink, Cyclops, now that thou hast feasted. Drink, and see what precious things we had in our ship. But no one hereafter will come to thee with such like, if thou dealest with strangers as cruelly as thou hast dealt with us."

Then the Cyclops drank, and was mightily pleased, and said, "Give me again to drink, and tell me thy name, stranger, and I will give thee a gift such as a host should give. In good truth this is a rare liquor. We, too, have vines, but they bear not wine like this, which indeed must be such as the gods drink in heaven."

Then Ulysses gave him the cup again, and he drank. Thrice he gave it to him, and thrice he drank, not knowing what it was, and how it would work within his brain.

Then Ulysses spake to him. "Thou didst ask my name, Cyclops. Lo! my name is No Man. And now that thou knowest my name, thou shouldst give me thy gift."

And he said, "My gift shall be that I will eat thee last of all thy company."

And as he spoke he fell back in a drunken sleep. Then Ulysses bade his comrades be of good courage, for the time was come when they should be delivered. And they thrust the stake of olive wood into the fire till it was ready, green as it was, to burst into flame, and they thrust it into the monster's eye; for he had but one eye, and that in the midst of his forehead, with the eyebrow below it. And Ulysses leaned with all his force upon the stake, and thrust it in with might and main. And the burning wood hissed in the eye, just as the red-hot iron hisses in the water when a man seeks to temper steel for a sword.

Then the giant leaped up, and tore away the stake, and cried aloud, so that all the Cyclopes who dwelt on the mountain side heard him and came about his cave, asking him, "What aileth thee, Polyphemus, that thou makest this uproar in the peaceful night, driving away sleep? Is any one robbing thee of thy sheep, or seeking to slay thee by craft or force?"

And the giant answered, "No Man slays me by craft."

"Nay, but," they said, "if no man does thee wrong, we cannot help thee. The sickness which great Zeus may send, who can avoid? Pray to our father, Poseidon, for help."

Then they departed; and Ulysses was glad at heart for the good success of his device, when he said that he was No Man.

But the Cyclops rolled away the great stone from the door of the cave, and sat in the midst, stretching out his hands, to feel whether perchance the men within the cave would seek to go out among the sheep.

Long did Ulysses think how he and his comrades should best escape. At last he lighted upon a good device, and much he thanked Zeus for that this once the giant had driven the rams with the other sheep into the cave. For, these being great and strong, he fastened his comrades under the bellies of the beasts, tying them with osier twigs, of which the giant made his bed. One ram he took, and fastened a man beneath it, and two others he set, one on either side. So he did with the six, for but six were left out of the twelve who had ventured with him from the ship. And there was one mighty ram, far larger than all the others, and to this Ulysses clung, grasping the fleece tight with both his hands. So they waited for the morning. And when the morning came, the rams rushed forth to the pasture; but the giant sat in the door and felt the back of each as it went by, nor thought to try what might be underneath. Last of all went the great ram. And the Cyclops knew him as he passed, and said, —

"How is this, thou, who art the leader of the flock? Thou art not wont thus to lag behind. Thou hast always been the first to run to the pastures and streams in the morning, and the first to come back to the fold when evening fell; and now thou art last of all. Perhaps thou art troubled about thy master's eye, which some wretch — No Man, they call him — has destroyed, having first mastered me with wine. He has not escaped, I ween. I would that thou couldst speak, and tell me where he is lurking. Of a truth I would dash out his brains upon the ground, and avenge me of this No Man."

So speaking, he let him pass out of the cave. But when they were out of reach of the giant, Ulysses loosed his hold of the ram, and then unbound his comrades. And they hastened to their ship, not forgetting to drive before them a good store of the Cyclops' fat sheep. Right glad were those that had abode by the ship to see them. Nor did they lament for those that had died, though they were fain to do so, for Ulysses forbade, fearing lest the noise of their weeping should betray them to the giant, where they were. Then they all climbed into the ship, and sitting well in order on the benches, smote the sea with their oars, laying to right lustily, that they might the sooner get away from the accursed land. And when they had rowed a hundred yards or so, so that a man's voice could yet be heard by one who stood upon the shore, Ulysses stood up in the ship and shouted: —

"He was no coward, O Cyclops, whose comrades thou didst so foully slay in thy den. Justly art thou punished, monster, that devourest thy guests in thy dwelling. May the gods make thee suffer yet worse things than these!"

Then the Cyclops, in his wrath, broke off the top of a great hill a mighty rock, and hurled it where he had heard the voice. Right in front of the ship's bow it fell, and a great wave rose as it sank, and washed the ship back to the shore. But Ulysses seized a long pole with both hands and pushed the ship from the land, and bade his comrades ply their oars, nodding with his head, for he was too wise to speak, lest the Cyclops should know where they were. Then they rowed with all their might and main.

And when they had gotten twice as far as before, Ulysses made as if he would speak again; but his comrades sought to hinder him, saying, "Nay, my lord, anger not the giant any more. Surely we thought before we were lost, when he threw the great rock, and washed our ship back to the shore. And if he hear thee now, he may crush our ship and us, for the man throws a mighty bolt and throws it far."

But Ulysses would not be persuaded, but stood up and said, "Hear, Cyclops! If any man ask who blinded thee, say that it was the warrior Ulysses, son of Laertes, dwelling in Ithaca."

And the Cyclops answered with a groan, "Of a truth, the old oracles are fulfilled, for long ago there came to this land one Telemus, a prophet, and dwelt among us even to old age. This man foretold to me that one Ulysses would rob me of my sight. But I looked for a great man and a strong, who should subdue me by force, and now a weakling has done the deed, having cheated me with wine. But come thou hither, Ulysses, and I will be a host indeed to thee. Or, at least, may Poseidon give thee such a voyage to thy home as I would wish thee to have. For know that Poseidon is my sire. May be that he may heal me of my grievous wound."

And Ulysses said, "Would to God I could send thee down to the abode of the dead, where thou wouldst be past all healing, even from Poseidon's self."

Then Cyclops lifted up his hands to Poseidon and prayed: —

"Hear me, Poseidon, if I am indeed thy son and thou my father. May this Ulysses never reach his home! or, if the Fates have ordered that he should reach it, may he come alone, all his comrades lost, and come to find sore trouble in his house!"

And as he ended he hurled another mighty rock, which almost lighted on the rudder's end, yet missed it, as by a hair's breadth. So Ulysses and his comrades escaped, and came to the island of the wild goats, where they found their comrades, who indeed had waited long for them, in sore fear lest they had perished. Then Ulysses divided amongst his company all the sheep which they had taken from the Cyclops. And all, with one consent, gave him for his share the great ram which had carried him out of the cave, and he sacrificed it to Zeus. And all that day they feasted right merrily on the flesh of sheep and on sweet wine, and when the night was come they lay down upon the shore and slept.

THE STORY OF KING CRŒSUS.

FROM CHURCH'S STORIES OF THE EAST.

Crœsus, the son of Alyattes, began to reign over Lydia, being thirty and five years old. This Crœsus made war upon all the Greeks that dwelt in the western parts of Asia, seeking some occasion of quarrel with every city. And if he could find some great matter, he used it gladly; but if not, a little thing would serve his turn. Now, the first of all the cities which he fought against was Ephesus; and when the Ephesians were besieged by him they offered their city as an offering to the goddess Artemis, fastening a rope to the wall from her temple. (The space between the temple and the wall was seven furlongs.) All the cities of the Greeks that are on the main-land did Crœsus subdue, so that they paid tribute to him. And when he had ended this business, he purposed in his heart to build ships, and to make war on the Greeks that dwelt in the islands. But when all things were now ready for the building of the ships, there came to Sardis a certain Greek, a man renowned for wisdom. Some say that this Greek was Bias, the wise man of Priene, and some that he was Pittacus of Mitylene. This Greek caused Crœsus to cease from his shipbuilding, for when the king would know whether he had any news from Greece, he said to him, "O king, the islanders are buying ten thousand horses, that they may set riders upon them, and so march against thee and thy city of Sardis." When Crœsus heard this he was glad, hoping that the man spake truth, and said, "Now may the gods put this into the hearts of the islanders, that they should make war with horses against the sons of the Lydians." Then the Greek answered and said, "O king, I see that thou prayest with all thy heart that thou mayest find the islanders coming against thee here on the main-land with horses, and verily thou doest well. What then dost thou think that the islanders pray for now that they know thee to be building ships? Surely that they may find the Lydians coming against them on the sea, that so they may take vengeance on thee for their brethren on the main-land, whom thou hast brought into slavery." This saying pleased King Crœsus mightily; and because the Greek seemed to him to speak truly, he ceased straightway from his shipbuilding, and made alliance with the Greeks that dwelt in the islands.

Now after certain years, when all Asia that lieth to the westward of the river Halys had been subdued by Crœsus (only Lydia and Cilicia were not subdued), and his kingdom flourished with great wealth and honor, there came to Sardis all the wise men of the Greeks, as many as there were in those days. But the greatest of all that came was Solon of Athens. This Solon had made laws for the Athenians, for they would have him make them, and afterwards he dwelt abroad for ten years. And he said that he did this that he might see foreign countries; but in truth he departed that he might not be compelled to change any of the laws that he had made. For the Athenians themselves could not change any, having bound themselves with great oaths to Solon, that they would live for the space of ten years under the laws which he had made for them.

Solon therefore came to Sardis, and Crœsus entertained him in his palace. And on the third or fourth day after his coming the King commanded his servants that they should show Solon all the royal treasures. So the servants showed him all the things that the king possessed, a very great store of riches. And when he had seen everything and considered it, and a fitting time was come, the king said to him, "Man of Athens, I have heard much of thee in time past, of thy wisdom and of thy journeyings to and fro, for they say that thou wanderest over many lands, seeking for knowledge. I have therefore a desire to ask of thee one question: 'Whom thinkest thou to be the happiest of all the men that thou hast seen?'" And this he said hoping that Solon would answer, "Thou, O king, art the happiest man that I have seen." But Solon flattered him not a whit, but spake the truth, saying, "O king, the happiest man that I have seen was Tellus the Athenian." Then Crœsus, marveling much at these words, said, "And why thinkest thou that Tellus the Athenian was the happiest of men?" Then Solon answered, "Tellus saw his country in great prosperity, and he had children born to him that were fair and noble, and to each of these also he saw children born, of whom there died not one. Thus did all things prosper with him in life, as we count prosperity, and the end of his days also was great and glorious; for when the Athenians fought with certain neighbors of theirs in Eleusis, he came to the help of his countrymen against their enemies, and put these to flight, and so died with great honor; and the whole people of the Athenians buried him in the same place wherein he fell, and honored him greatly."

But when Solon had ended speaking to the king of Tellus, how happy he was, the king asked him again, "Whom, then, hast thou seen that was next in happiness to this Tellus?" For he thought to himself, "Surely now he will give me the second place." Then Solon said, "I judge Cleobis and Biton to have been second in happiness to Tellus."

Cleobis and Biton were youths of the city of Argos. They had a livelihood such as sufficed them; and their strength was greater than that of other men. For not only did they win prizes of strength, but also they did this thing that shall now be told. The men of Argos held a feast to Heré, who hath a great and famous temple in their city; and it must needs be that the mother of the two young men, being priestess of Heré, should be drawn in a wagon from the city to the temple; but the oxen that should have drawn the wagon were not yet come from the fields. Then, as the time pressed and the matter was urgent, the young men harnessed themselves to the wagon and dragged it, and their mother the priestess sat upon it. And the space for which they dragged it was forty and five furlongs; and so they came to the temple. And when they had done this in the eyes of all the assembly, there befell them such a death that nothing could be more to be desired: the gods, indeed, making it manifest that it is far better for a man to die than to live. For indeed the thing fell out thus. When all the people of Argos came about the woman and her sons, and the men praised the youths for their great strength, and the women praised the mother that she had borne such noble sons, the mother in the joy of her heart stood before the image and prayed that the goddess would give to her sons, even Cleobis and Biton, that which the gods judge it best for a man to have. And when the priestess had so prayed, and the young men had offered sacrifice, and made merry with their companions, they lay down to sleep in the temple, and woke not again, but so ended their days. And the men of Argos commanded the artificers that they should make statues of the young men, and these they offered to the god at Delphi.

But when Solon thus gave the second place of happiness to these young men, King Crœsus was very wroth, and said, "Man of Athens, thou countest my happiness as nothing worth, not deeming me fit to be compared even with common men." Then Solon made answer, "O Crœsus, thou askest me about mortal life to say whether it be happy or no, but I know that the gods are jealous and apt to bring trouble upon men. I know also that if a man's years be prolonged he shall see many things that he would fain not see, aye, and suffer many things also. Now I reckon that the years of a man's life are threescore and ten, and that in these years there are twenty and five thousand days and two hundred. For this is the number, if a man reckon not the intercalated month. But if he reckon this, seeing that in threescore and ten years are thirty and five such months, and the days of these months are one thousand and fifty, then the whole sum of the days of a man's life is twenty and six thousand two hundred and fifty. Now of these days, being so many, not one bringeth to a man things like to those which another hath brought. Wherefore, O king, the whole life of man is full of chance. I see indeed that thou hast exceeding great wealth and art king of many men. But as to that which thou askest of me, I call thee not happy, till I shall know that thou hast ended thy days prosperously. For the man that hath exceeding great riches is in no wise happier than he that hath sufficient only for the day, unless good fortune also remain with him, and give him all things that are to be desired, even unto the end of his days. For many men that are wealthy beyond measure are nevertheless unhappy, and many that have neither poverty nor riches have yet great happiness, and he that is exceeding rich and unhappy withal, excelleth him that hath moderate possessions with happiness in two things only, but the other excelleth in many things. For the first hath the more strength to satisfy the desires of his soul, and also to bear up against any misfortune that cometh upon him; but the second hath not this strength; and indeed he needeth it not, for his good fortune keepeth such things far from him. Also he is whole in body, and of good health, neither doth misfortune trouble him, and he hath good children, and is fair to look upon. And if, over and above these things, he also end his life well, then I judge him to be the happy man whom thou seekest. But till he die, so long do I hold my judgment, and call him not happy indeed, but fortunate. It is impossible also that any man should comprehend in his life all things that be good. For even as a country sufficeth not for itself nor produceth all things, but hath certain things of its own and receiveth certain from others, and as that country which produceth the most is counted the best, even so is it with men, for no man's body sufficeth for all things, but hath one thing and lacketh another. Whosoever, O king, keepeth ever the greatest store of things, and so endeth his life in a seemly fashion, this man deserveth in my judgment to be called happy. But we must needs regard the end of all things, how they shall turn out; for the gods give to many men some earnest of happiness, but yet in the end overthrow them utterly."

These were the words of Solon. But they pleased not King Crœsus by any means. Therefore the king made no account of him, and dismissed him as being a foolish and ignorant person, seeing that he took no heed of the blessings that men have in their hands, bidding them always have regard unto their end.

Now it came to pass after Solon had departed from Sardis that there came great wrath from the gods upon King Crœsus, and this, doubtless, because he judged himself to be the happiest of all men. And it happened in this wise: He saw a vision in his sleep, that told him of the trouble that should come upon him with respect to his son. For the king had two sons; but the one was afflicted of the gods, being dumb from his birth, but the other far surpassed his equals of age in all things. And the name of his son was Atys. Now the vision that he saw in his sleep showed him that Atys should be smitten with a spear-point of iron, and so die. Therefore when he woke from his sleep and considered the matter, being much terrified by the dream, he sought how he might best keep his son from this peril. First, then, he married him to a wife; and next, he suffered him not to go forth any more to battle, though he had been wont aforetime to be the captain of the host; and, besides all this, he took away all javelins and spears, and such like things that men are wont to use in battle, from the chambers of the men, and stored them elsewhere, lest perchance one of them should fall from its place where it hung upon the wall and give the youth a hurt.

Now it chanced that while the matter of the young man's marriage was in hand, there came to Sardis a certain stranger, upon whom there had come the great trouble of blood-guiltiness. The man was a Phrygian by birth, and of the royal house: and he came into the palace of Crœsus, after the custom of that country, and sought for one that should cleanse him from his guilt; and

Crœsus cleansed him. (Now the manner of cleansing is the same, for the most part, among the Lydians as it is among the Greeks.) And when the king had done for him according to all that was prescribed in the law, he would fain know who he was, and whence he had come. Wherefore he asked him, saying, "My friend, who art thou? and from what city of Phrygia — for that thou art a Phrygian I know — art thou come, taking sanctuary at my hearth? And what man or woman didst thou slay?" And the man answered, "O king, I am the son of Gordias, the son of Midas, and my name is Adrastus, and I slew my own brother, not wittingly. For this cause am I come to thee, for my father drave me out from my home, and I am utterly bereft of all things." To this King Crœsus made reply, "Thou art the son of friends, and to a friend art thou come. Verily as long as thou abidest here thou shalt lack for nothing that I can give thee. And as for thy trouble, it will be best for thee to bear it as easily as may be." So the man lived thenceforth in the king's palace.

Now about this time there was a mighty wild boar in Olympus, that is a mountain of Mysia. It had its den in the mountain, and going out thence did much damage to the possessions of the Mysians; and the Mysians had often sought to slay him, but harmed him not at all, but rather received harm themselves. At the last they sent messengers to the king; who stood before him, and said, "O king, a mighty monster of a wild boar hath his abode in our country and destroyeth our possessions, and though we would fain kill him we cannot. Now, therefore, we pray thee that thou wilt send thy son, and chosen youths with him, and dogs for hunting, that they may go with us, and that we may drive this great beast out of our land." But when they made this request Crœsus remembered the dream which he had dreamed, and said, "As to my son, talk no more about him, for I will by no means let him go, seeing that the youth is newly married to a wife, and careth now for other things. But chosen youths of the Lydians shall go with you, and all the hunting dogs that I have; and I will bid them do their utmost to help you, that ye may drive this wild beast out of your land." This was the king's answer; and the Mysians were fain to be content with it. But in the meanwhile the youth came in, for he had heard what the Mysians demanded of his father; and he spake to the king, saying, "O my father, I was wont aforetime to win for myself great credit and honor going forth to battle and to hunting. But now thou forbiddest me both the one and the other, not having seen any cowardice in me or lack of spirit. Tell me, my father, what countenance can I show to my fellows when I go to the market, or when I come from thence? What manner of man do I seem to be to my countrymen? and what manner of man to the wife that I have newly married? What thinketh she of her husband? Let me therefore go to this hunting, or, if not, prove to me that it is better for me to live as I am living this day." To this Crœsus made answer, "My son, I have seen no cowardice or baseness or any such thing in thee; but there appeared to me a vision in my sleep, and it stood over me and said that thy days should be few, for that thou shouldest die being smitten by a spear-point of iron. For this reason I made this marriage for thee, and send thee not forth on such occasions as I was wont to send thee on, keeping thee under guard, if so be that I may shield thee from thy fate at the least so long as I shall live. For thou art now my only son, for of him whom the gods have afflicted, making him dumb, I take no count." To this the young man made answer, "Thou hast good reason, my father, to keep guard over me, seeing that thou hast had such a dream concerning me; yet I will tell thee a thing that thou hast not understood nor comprehended in the dream. Thou sayest that the vision told thee that I should perish by a spear-point of iron. Consider now, therefore, what hands hath a wild boar and what spear-point of iron, that thou shouldest fear for me? For if indeed the vision had said that I should perish by a tooth, or by any other thing that is like to a tooth, then thou mightest well do what thou doest; but seeing that it spake of a spear-point, not so. Now, therefore, that we have not to do battle with men, but with beasts, I pray thee that thou let me go." Then said King Crœsus, "It is well said, my son; as to the dream, thou hast persuaded me. Therefore I have changed my purpose, and suffer thee to go to this hunting." When he had said this, he sent for Adrastus the Phrygian; and when the man was come into his presence, he spake, saying, "Adrastus, I took thee when thou wast afflicted with a grievous trouble, though indeed with this I upbraid thee not, and I cleansed thee from thy guilt, and received thee into my palace, and sustained thee without any cost of thine. Now, therefore, it is well that thou shouldest make me some return for all these benefits. I would make thee keeper of my son now that he goeth forth to this hunting, if it should chance that any robbers or such folk should be found on the way to do him hurt. Moreover, it becometh thee, for thine own sake, to go on an errand from which thou mayest win renown; for thou art of a royal house and art besides valiant and strong." To this Adrastus made answer, "O king, I had not indeed gone to this sport but for thy words. For he to whom such trouble hath come as hath come to me should not company with happy men; nor indeed hath he the will to do it. But now, as thou art earnest in this matter, I must needs yield to thy request. Therefore I am ready to do as thou wilt; be sure, therefore, that I will deliver thee thy son, whom thou biddest me keep, safe and unhurt, so far as his keeper may so do." So the young men departed, and chosen youths with them, and dogs for hunting. And when they were come to the mountain of Olympus they searched for the wild boar, and when they had found it, they stood in a circle about it, and threw their spears at it. And so it fell out that this stranger, the same that had been cleansed from the guilt of manslaying, whose name was Adrastus, throwing his spear at the wild boar and missing his aim, smote the son of Crœsus. And the youth died of the wound, so that the vision of the king was fulfilled, that he should die by a spear-point. And straightway there ran one to tell the thing to Crœsus. And when he had come to Sardis, he told the king how they had fought with the wild boar, and how his son had died.

Crœsus was very grievously troubled by the death of his son; and this the more because he had been slain by the man whom he had himself cleansed from the guilt of blood. And in his great grief he cried out very vehemently against the gods, and specially against Zeus, the god of cleansing, seeing that he had cleansed this stranger, and now suffered grievous wrong at his hands. He reproached him also as the god of hospitality and of friendship — of hospitality, because he had entertained this man, and knew not that he was entertaining the slayer of his own son; and of friendship, because he had sent him to be a keeper and friend to his son, yet had found him to be an enemy and destroyer. And when he had done speaking there came Lydians bearing the dead body of the young man, and the slayer followed behind. So soon, therefore, as the man was come into the presence of the king, he gave himself up, stretching forth his hands, and bidding the king slay him on the dead body. And he spake of the dreadful deed that he had done before, and that now he had added to it a worse thing, bringing destruction on him that had cleansed him; and he cried out that he was not fit to live. But when Crœsus heard him speak, he pitied him, for all that he was in grievous trouble of his own, and spake to him, "I have had from thee, O my friend, all the vengeance that I need, seeing that thou hast pronounced sentence of death against thyself. But indeed thou art not the cause of this trouble, save only that thou hast brought it to pass unwittingly; some god is the cause, the same that long since foretold to me this very thing that hath now befallen me." So Crœsus buried his son with all due rites. But Adrastus the son of Gordias the son of Midas, that had been the slayer of his own brother, and had now slain the son of him that had cleansed him, waited behind till all men had left the sepulchre, and then slew himself upon it; for he knew that of all the men in the world he was the most unhappy.

THE EXPEDITION OF THE ARGONAUTS.

BY B. G. NIEBUHR.

THERE was a king in Greece whose name was Athamas, and his wife's name was Nephela. They had two children, a son and a daughter, who were very good, and loved each other very much. The son's name was Phrixus, and the daughter's Helle. But the father was wicked and put away his wife, the mother of the good children, and married another wife whose name was Ino, and who was very wicked. She treated the poor children very badly, gave them bad things to eat, and bad clothes, and beat them, although they were good, because they wept after their mother. Ino was a very bad stepmother. At last both Athamas and Ino sought to kill Phrixus and to offer him as a sacrifice.

But when he was brought to the altar, the god Hermes brought a fine large ram who had wool of gold and could walk on the clouds. On this ram with the golden fleece, Hermes placed Phrixus and also his sister Helle, and told them to go through the air to the country of Colchis.

The ram knew his way. The children were told to cling with one hand to one of the horns, and they bent their other arm about each other's waists: but Helle let go her hold, and fell down into the sea. Phrixus wept very much because his good sister was dead, but went on riding until he came to Colchis. There he sacrificed his ram, and nailed the fleece against an oak-tree.

Afterwards there was in Thessaly another king, whose name was Pelias. He had a brother whose name was Æson, and Æson a son whose name was Jason. Jason was a young and brave warrior who dwelt with his father out of the town. Now it had been said to King Pelias, that if a man with only one shoe should come to him, he would take away his kingdom. Then it happened that King Pelias gave a great dinner, to which he invited also Jason. Jason was obliged to wade through a brook in coming to the town, for there was no bridge over the brook. There had been in the night a heavy thunder-storm, and it had rained very heavily; the brook was full of water, and flowed strongly when the heavy rain happened. Then the ties of one of Jason's shoes were loosened so that he lost it in the water, and he came with only one shoe into the king's house. When King Pelias saw this, he was greatly frightened, and told Jason he should depart out of the country, and not come back unless he brought him the golden fleece at Colchis.

Jason was not at all afraid, and sent an invitation to all brave warriors to go with him. In order to get the fleece, it was necessary to fight with evil beasts and with evil men.

Jason built a large ship for himself and for his comrades. Then the goddess Minerva, who loved him, lent him assistance, and made him a present of a tree for his mast, which, if Jason questioned it, told him what he was to do.

The ship's name was Argo, and they who went in her were called Argonauts. Amongst the Argonauts there was one Hercules, and two brothers who had wings and could fly through the air: and another hero's name was Pollux: he knocked every man down who boxed with him.

Then the Argonauts came with their ship to a country where there was a king whose name was Amycus; and whenever strangers came to his country they were compelled to fight him, and he was very strong and struck all dead. But Pollux knocked him down and struck him dead; for Amycus had been very wicked.

After that, the Argonauts came in their ship to the town of Salmydessus, where there lived a king whose name was Phineus. He had rendered Jupiter angry, and Jupiter, to punish him, made him blind. Whenever Phineus sat down to his dinner, there came nasty great birds which they called harpies. These harpies had a skin of iron like a coat of mail, and if the attendants of the blind king shot after them or struck at them, they could not wound them. The harpies had also long sharp iron claws, with which they tore the people to pieces who wished to drive them away. As soon as dinner was served, they would come and carry it away, and if they could not carry away all, they dirtied the dishes and the table, so that it stank most detestably. Thus, as poor Phineus could never dine comfortably, he was very near starving. When the heroes came to him, he related to them his misfortunes, and wept sorely, and begged them to help him. The heroes sat down with him at the table, and when the meals were brought in, then the harpies came flying in. Jason and his comrades drew their swords and struck at them, but it availed not a bit. The two sons of Boreas, Zetes and Calais, who had wings, jumped into the air; then the harpies lost courage and flew away, and the two heroes flew after them: the harpies at last became quite weary and still more frightened, and fell into the sea and were drowned. Then Zetes and Calais came back, and now poor Phineus had rest and could eat.

When the wind was favorable, the heroes went back to their ship Argo, to sail towards Colchis, and when they bade farewell to Phineus, he took them into his arms and kissed them, and thanked them a great many times that they had helped him out of his disagreeable trouble; and as a recompense for the service, he gave them good advice. In the great sea over which they were to sail there floated two great rocks, as icebergs float in the sea where there is no summer, but always winter. Those mountains were as high as Monte Cavo, and whenever they struck against each other they crushed everything to pieces that had got between them; if fishes swam in the water they crushed them to death; and if birds flew through the air, when the rocks dashed together they crushed them to death; and if a ship was about to sail through, they rushed together when the ship was in the middle, and crushed it into small pieces, and all that were in it died. Jupiter had placed these rocks in the sea, lest any ship should come to Colchis. Phineus, however, knew that the rocks always parted very widely from each other after having crushed together, and they always came together whenever a fish was about to swim through, or a bird fly through, or a ship sail between them.

Therefore he gave clever advice to the Argonauts, and they did what he advised them and got safely through, and I will tell you how they managed it.

When they came near the place where the rocks swam, the rocks were lying widely asunder (about fifteen miles), but they immediately prepared to meet each other. The Argonauts sailed straight towards the middle of them, and when they were close to them, one of the heroes stood up on the ship and held a dove in his hand, and he let it fly; whenever any living thing got between the rocks, they were obliged to crush together, and then again they parted widely asunder. The dove was quick, and the goddess Minerva helped her, because she was a very good dove: she was quite white. When the rocks had crushed together, only her tail was left behind, which was torn out, but the feathers soon grew again. Then the rocks again parted widely asunder, and then the heroes rowed with all their might and got happily through: when the rocks crushed together again, they could only catch a small bit of the ship's stern, which they knocked off. The dove sat again down on the ship, and was not angry at all at the Argonauts; and afterwards Minerva took her and placed her in the firmament, where she is now a beautiful constellation.

When the Argonauts had passed happily through the Symplegades (as these rocks were called), they entered at last the river Phasis, which flows through Colchis. Some remained in the ship; but Jason and Pollux and many other heroes went into the town where the king dwelt. The king's name was Æetes, and he had a daughter whose name was Medea. Jason told King Æetes that Pelias had sent him to fetch the golden fleece, and requested him that he would give it to him. Æetes was unwilling to lose the fleece, but could not refuse it to Jason, it having been predestined that he must give it whenever any one came from Greece and asked for it. He therefore told Jason that he should have it, but first, that he must yoke certain brazen bulls to a plow, and plow up a great tract of land, and then sow the teeth of a certain dragon. The brazen bulls had been made by Vulcan; they walked and moved and were living like real bulls, but they belched out fire from nose and mouth, and were far more fierce and strong than real bulls. Therefore there was built a stable of great stones and iron for them, in which they were bound with strong iron chains.

And when the dragon's teeth got under the earth, as corn gets under the earth when it has been sowed, there would grow out of the earth iron men with lances and swords, who would kill him who had sown them. Thus the king wished that the bulls should kill Jason; and if the bulls should not kill him, then he thought that the iron men would do it.

Medea, the daughter of the king, saw Jason at her father's, and conceived a fondness for him; and she was sorry that Jason should perish. She was able to brew magic liquors: and placed herself on a chariot drawn by flying serpents: and thus she flew through the air and collected herbs on many mountains and in many vales, on the brinks of brooks, and from all these herbs she pressed out the juice and prepared it; and then she went to Jason without her father knowing it, and brought him the juice, and told him to rub his face and his hands, and arms and legs, and also his armor, his sword and lance, with the juice, whereby he would become for a whole day stronger than all the other heroes together, and fire would not burn him, and steel would not wound him, or go through his shield or armor, but his sword and his lance would pierce steel as if it were butter.

Then a day was appointed when Jason should yoke the bulls and sow the teeth; and early in the morning, before the sun rose, there came King Æetes, with his daughter, and his ministers, generals, chamberlains, and his courtiers, and sat down on a throne near the place where Jason was to plow, and the others sat down on benches as they do on the Corso at the races, and all people went out of the town to see how it would happen, and the boys climbed up the trees in order to see better.

Jason rubbed himself and his weapons with the juice as Medea had told him, and came to the place. The stall in which the bulls were shut up stood on the place. Then the doors were opened with a key, and Jason courageously stepped in and was not at all afraid. He loosened the bulls from the chain, and seized each with one hand by its horn, and dragged them out. The bulls bellowed most horribly, and all that time fire came out from their noses and mouths; and as much smoke as when a house is burning, or when Mount Vesuvius is spitting fire. Then the wicked King Æetes felt quite glad: but when the good among the spectators saw what a beautiful man and how courageous Jason was, they were grieved and feared he would die; for they did not know that Medea was helping him. Jason, however, pressed the heads of both the bulls down to the ground; then they kicked with their hind legs, but Jason pressed them down so strongly that they fell on their knees.

The plow to which they were to be yoked was all of iron; Pollux brought it near and threw the yoke over their necks and the chain around their horns; whilst Jason kept their mouths and noses so close to the ground that they could not belch out fire. When Pollux had done and the bulls were yoked, he leaped quickly away, and Jason then seized the chain in one hand and the handle of the plow in the other, and let loose his grasp of the horns; the bulls jumped up meaning to run away, but Jason held the chain so fast that they were obliged to walk quite slowly, and to plow quite orderly. It was sunrise when they were yoked, and when it was noon Jason had plowed up the whole field. Then he unyoked the bulls and let them loose; but the bulls were as shy as a cat after a beating, and they ran without looking behind them to the mountains. There they would have set all the woods on fire if Vulcan had not appeared, and caught them and led them away.

When Jason had done plowing, he went to King Æetes, telling him he must now give him the dragon's teeth. Dragons and serpents have their mouths full of small teeth, and Æetes gave to Jason a helmet all filled with their teeth. Jason took them out with his hand and went up and down the field and threw them in all directions; and then he took his large spear and beat the clods, the large lumps of earth, into small pieces, and then he smoothed the soil as the gardener does after having sowed. And then he went away and lay down to rest until the evening, for he was very weary.

Towards sunset he returned to the field, and iron men were everywhere growing out of the soil. Some had grown out to the feet, others to the knees, others to the hips, others to the under part of the shoulders, of some only the helmet or forehead could be seen, whilst the remainder of their bodies stuck in the ground. Those who had their arms already out of the earth and could move them, shook their lances, and brandished their swords. Some were just freeing their feet and preparing to come against Jason.

Then Jason did what his friend Medea had told him, and taking a big stone, he threw it on the field just in the midst of them. When the iron men saw the stone, they sprang quick to take it. I suppose that it must have been a fine great marble stone. Then they began to bicker amongst each other, because each wished to have it, and to cut and thrust at each other, and as soon as one got his feet out of the soil, he ran to join the others, and all of them fought together, until every one of them was killed. Jason meanwhile leisurely walked over the field and cut off the heads of those that were about to grow out. In this way all the iron men perished, and the King Æetes became furious like a madman: but Medea and the heroes and the spectators were uncommonly pleased.

The next morning, Jason went to King Æetes and asked him now to give him the fleece; but the king did not give it to him, and said that he should come again: he wished to have Jason murdered. Medea told that to Jason, and told him also that he must fetch the fleece himself, or else he would never get it. The fleece was nailed to an oak, and at the foot of the oak there lay a dragon that never slept, and ate all men, excepting King Æetes, that should touch the fleece. As the dragon was immortal, Medea could not help Jason to kill him. But the dragon ate sweet cakes with delight, and Medea gave to Jason honey-cakes, in which she had mixed a juice which obliged the dragon to go fast asleep. Jason came with his cakes and threw them before him; the stupid dragon ate all of them, and fell asleep immediately. Then Jason stepped over him and drew out with pincers the nails with which the fleece was fastened to the oak, and then taking down the fleece, he wrapped it in his cloak and carried it off to the ship. Medea came also and became Jason's wife, and went with him to Greece.

Æetes thinking the Argonauts would go back in the Argo the same way they had come, sent a great many vessels to attack them; but they took another way and went up the large river Ister, and then the heroes carried the Argo into the Ocean (which goes all around the earth), and then they came again to Iolcos: but the Colchians always waited at the Symplegades, which now stood fastened, and the Argo never coming, they returned at last home again; and King Æetes was terribly angry; for he had lost the fleece, and the brazen bulls, and the dragon's teeth; and his daughter was gone, and had also taken with her all her jewels, and everybody laughed at him.

When Medea arrived with Jason in Thessaly, she made old Æson young again, so that his white hair became black again, and all his teeth came again; he grew as strong as any young man, and lived a great many more years: but she killed Pelias, and Æson became king in his stead.

CENTRAL CIRCULATION
CHILDREN'S ROOM
10